THE
PLAYS AND POEMS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE FIFTH.

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PLAYS AND POEMS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE EIGHTH.

CONTAINING

KING RICHARD II.
KING HENRY IV. PART FIRST
KING HENRY IV. PART SECOND
KING HENRY V.

LONDON: PRINTED BY H. BALDWIN,

for J. Rivington and Sons, L. Davis, B. White and Son, T. Longman, B. Law, H. S. Woodfall, C. Dilly, J. Robson, J. Johnson, T. Vernor, G. G. J. and J. Robinson, T. Cadell, J. Murray, R. Baldwin, H. L. Gardner, J. Sewell, J. Nicholls, J. Bew, T. Payne, jun. S. Hayes, R. Faulder, W. Lowndes, G. and T. Wilkie, Scatcherd and Whitaker, T. and J. Egerton, C. Stalker, J. Barker, J. Edwards, Ogilvie and Speare, J. Cuthell, J. Lackington, and E. Newbery.

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KING RICHARD II.

Perſons Repreſented.

King Richard the Second.
Edmund of Langley, *duke of* York; } *uncles to the king.*
John of Gaunt, *duke of* Lancaſter; }
Henry, *ſurnamed* Bolingbroke, *duke of* Hereford, *ſon to* John of Gaunt; *afterwards* King Henry IV.
Duke of Aumerle[1], *ſon to the duke of* York.
Mowbray, *duke of* Norfolk.
Duke of Surrey.
Earl of Saliſbury. Earl Berkley[2].
Buſhy, }
Bagot, } *creatures to king* Richard.
Green, }
Earl of Northumberland:
Henry Percy, *his ſon.*
Lord Roſs[3]. Lord Willoughby. Lord Fitzwater.
Biſhop of Carliſle. *Abbot of* Weſtminſter.
Lord Marſhal; *and another lord.*
Sir Pierce of Exton. Sir Stephen Scroop.
Captain of a band of Welchmen.

Queen to king Richard.
Dutcheſs of Gloſter.
Dutcheſs of York.
Lady, attending on the Queen.

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, two gardeners, keeper, meſſenger, groom, and other attendants.

SCENE, *diſperſedly, in England and Wales.*

[1] *Duke of* Aumerle,] *Aumerle*, or *Aumale*, is the French for what we now call *Albemarle*, which is a town in Normandy. The old hiſtorians generally uſe the French title. STEEVENS.

[2] Earl *Berkley*.] It ought to be *Lord* Berkley. There was no *Earl* Berkley till ſome ages after. STEEVENS.

[3] *Lord* Roſs.] Now ſpelt *Roos*, one of the duke of Rutland's titles. STEEVENS.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF

KING RICHARD II[1].

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter king RICHARD, *attended*; John *of* GAUNT, *and other nobles, with him.*

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaſter,
Haſt thou, according to thy oath and band[2],
Brought

[1] *The life and death of King Richard II.*] But this hiſtory compriſes little more than the two laſt years of this prince. The action of the drama begins with Bolingbroke's appealing the duke of Norfolk, on an accuſation of high treaſon, which fell out in the year 1398; and it cloſes with the murder of king Richard at Pomfret-caſtle towards the end of the year 1400, or the beginning of the enſuing year. THEOBALD.

It is evident from a paſſage in Camden's *Annals*, that there was an old play on the ſubject of Richard the Second; but I know not in what language. Sir Gillie Merick, who was concerned in the hare-brained buſineſs of the earl of Eſſex, and was hanged for it, with the ingenious Cuffe, in 1601, is accuſed, amongſt other things, "quod exoletam tragœdiam de tragicâ abdicatione regis Ricardi Secundi in publico theatro coram conjuratis datâ pecuniâ agi curaſſet."

I have ſince met with a paſſage in my lord Bacon, which proves this play to have been in Engliſh. It is in the arraignments of *Cuffe and Merick*, vol. iv. p. 412, of Mallet's edition: "The afternoon before the rebellion, Merick, with a great company of others, that afterwards were all in the action, had procured to be played before them the play of depoſing king *Richard the Second*;—when it was told him by one of the players, that the play was *old*, and they ſhould have loſs in playing it, becauſe few would come to it, there was forty ſhillings extraordinary given to play it, and ſo thereupon played it was."

It may be worth enquiry, whether ſome of the *rhyming* parts of the preſent play, which Mr. Pope thought of a different hand, might not be borrowed from the old one. Certainly however, the general tendency of it muſt have been very different; ſince, as Dr. Johnſon obſerves,

Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold ſon;
Here to make good the boiſterous late appeal,
Which then our leiſure would not let us hear,
Againſt the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me moreover, haſt thou ſounded him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;
Or worthily, as a good ſubject ſhould,
On ſome known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could ſift him on that argument,—
On ſome apparent danger ſeen in him,
Aim'd at your highneſs, no inveterate malice.

there are ſome expreſſions in this of Shakſpeare, which ſtrongly inculcate the doctrine of *indefeaſible right.* FARMER.

It is probable, I think, that the play which Sir Gilly Merick procured to be repreſented, bore the title of HENRY IV. and not of RICHARD II.

Camden calls it — "*exoletam tragediam de tragicâ abdicatione regis Richardi ſecundi*; and lord Bacon (in his account of *The Effect of that which paſſed* at the arraignment of *Merick* and others) ſays, "That, the afternoon before the rebellion, *Merick* had procured to be played before them, the play *of depoſing* King *Richard the Second.*" But in a more particular account of the proceeding againſt *Merick*, which is printed in the *State Trials*, vol. vii. p. 60, the matter is ſtated thus: that "the ſtory of HENRY IV. being ſet forth in a play, and in that play there being ſet forth the killing of the king upon a ſtage; the Friday before, Sir *Gilly Merick* and ſome others of the earl's train having an humour to ſee a play, they muſt needs have *the play of* HENRY IV. The players told them, that was ſtale; they ſhould get nothing by playing that; but no play elſe would ſerve: and Sir *Gilly Merick* gives forty ſhillings to *Philips* the player to play this, beſides whatſoever he could get."

Auguſtine Philippes was one of the patentees of the Globe playhouſe with *Shakſpeare* in 1603; but the play here deſcribed was certainly not *Shakſpeare's* HENRY IV. as that commences above a year after the death of *Richard.* TYRWHITT.

This play of Shakſpeare was firſt entered at Stationers' Hall by Andrew Wiſe, Aug. 29, 1597. STEEVENS.

It was written, I imagine, in the ſame year. MALONE.

[2] — *thy oath and* band,] When theſe publick challenges were accepted, each combatant found a pledge for his appearance at the time and place appointed. STEEVENS.

Band and *Bond* were formerly ſynonymous. See vol, ii. p. 178. n. 7. MALONE.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Then call them to our preſence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourſelves will hear
The accuſer, and the accuſed, freely ſpeak:—
[*Exeunt ſome Attendants.*
High-ſtomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the ſea, haſty as fire.

Re-enter Attendants, with BOLINGBROKE *and* NORFOLK.

Boling. Many years of happy days befal
My gracious ſovereign, my moſt loving liege!
Nor. Each day ſtill better other's happineſs;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!
K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cauſe you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treaſon.—
Couſin of Hereford, what doſt thou object
Againſt the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?
Boling. Firſt, (heaven be the record to my ſpeech!)
In the devotion of a ſubject's love,
Tendering the precious ſafety of my prince,
And free from other miſbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely preſence.—
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I ſpeak,
My body ſhall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine ſoul anſwer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor, and a miſcreant;
Too good to be ſo, and too bad to live;
Since, the more fair and cryſtal is the ſky,
The uglier ſeem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name ſtuff I thy throat;
And wiſh, (ſo pleaſe my ſovereign,) ere I move,
What my tongue ſpeaks, my right-drawn [3] ſword may prove.
Nor. Let not my cold words here accuſe my zeal:
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,

3 — *right-drawn*] Drawn in a right or juſt cauſe. JOHNSON.

Can arbitrate this cauſe betwixt us twain;
The blood is hot, that muſt be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of ſuch tame patience boaſt,
As to be huſh'd, and nought at all to ſay:
Firſt, the fair reverence of your highneſs curbs me
From giving reins and ſpurs to my free ſpeech;
Which elſe would poſt, until it had return'd
Theſe terms of treaſon doubled down his throat.
Setting aſide his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinſman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I ſpit at him;
Call him—a ſlanderous coward, and a villain:
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;
And meet him, were I ty'd to run a-foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable[4]
Where ever Engliſhman durſt ſet his foot.
Mean time, let this defend my loyalty,—
By all my hopes moſt falſely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Diſclaiming here the kindred of a king;
And lay aſide my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:
If guilty dread hath left thee ſo much ſtrength,
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then ſtoop;
By that, and all the rites of knighthood elſe,
Will I make good againſt thee, arm to arm,
What I have ſpoke, or thou canſt worſe deviſe.

Nor. I take it up; and, by that ſword I ſwear,
Which gently lay'd my knighthood on my ſhoulder,
I'll anſwer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous deſign of knightly trial:
And, when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjuſtly fight!

4 — *inhabitable*] That is, *not habitable*, *uninhabitable*. JOHNSON.
Ben Jonſon uſes the word in the ſame ſenſe in his *Catiline*:
"And pour'd on ſome *inhabitable* place." STEEVENS.
So alſo Braithwaite, in his *Survey of Hiſtories*, 1614: "Others, in imitation of ſome valiant knights, have frequented deſarts and *inhabited* provinces." MALONE.

K. Rich. What doth our couſin lay to Mowbray's charge?
It muſt be great, that can inherit us [5]
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I ſpeak my life ſhall prove it true;—
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thouſand nobles,
In name of lendings for your highneſs' ſoldiers;
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments[6],
Like a falſe traitor, and injurious villain.
Beſides I ſay, and will in battle prove,—
Or here, or elſewhere, to the furtheſt verge
That ever was ſurvey'd by Engliſh eye,—
That all the treaſons, for theſe eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch from falſe Mowbray their firſt head and ſpring.
Further I ſay,—and further will maintain
Upon his bad life, to make all this good,—
That he did plot the duke of Gloſter's death *;
Suggeſt his ſoon-believing adverſaries;
And, conſequently, like a traitor coward,
Sluic'd out his innocent ſoul through ſtreams of blood:
Which blood, like ſacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueleſs caverns of the earth,
To me, for juſtice, and rough chaſtiſement;
And, by the glorious worth of my deſcent,
This arm ſhall do it, or this life be ſpent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his reſolution ſoars!
Thomas of Norfolk, what ſay'ſt thou to this?

Nor. O, let my ſovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this ſlander of his blood,

5 — *that can* inherit *us* &c.] To *inherit* is no more than to *poſſeſs*, though ſuch a uſe of the word may be peculiar to Shakſpeare. Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. ſc. ii:

" ——— ſuch delight
" Among freſh female buds ſhall you this night
" *Inherit* at my houſe." STEEVENS.

See vol. i. p. 79. n. 9. MALONE.

6 — *for* lewd *employments*,] *Lewd* here ſignifies *wicked*. It is ſo uſed in many of our old ſtatutes. MALONE.

* — *the duke of Gloſter's death*;] Thomas of *Woodſtock*, the youngeſt ſon of Edward III.; who was murdered at Calais in 1397. MALONE.

How God, and good men, hate ſo foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes, and ears:
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
(As he is but my father's brother's ſon,)
Now by my ſcepter's awe [7] I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearneſs to our ſacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unſtooping firmneſs of my upright ſoul:
He is our ſubject, Mowbray, ſo art thou;
Free ſpeech, and fearleſs, I to thee allow.

Nor. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the falſe paſſage of thy throat, thou lieſt!
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,
Diſburs'd I duly to his highneſs' ſoldiers:
The other part reſerv'd I by conſent;
For that my ſovereign liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since laſt I went to France to fetch his queen:
Now ſwallow down that lie.—For Gloſter's death,—
I ſlew him not; but, to my own diſgrace,
Neglected my ſworn duty in that caſe.—
For you, my noble lord of Lancaſter,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambuſh for your life,
A treſpaſs that doth vex my grieved ſoul:
But, ere I laſt receiv'd the ſacrament,
I did confeſs it; and exactly begg'd
Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.
This is my fault: As for the reſt appeal'd,
It iſſues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and moſt degenerate traitor:
Which in myſelf I boldly will defend;
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this over-weening traitor's foot,
To prove myſelf a loyal gentleman
Even in the beſt blood chamber'd in his boſom:
In haſte whereof, moſt heartily I pray
Your highneſs to aſſign our trial day.

[6] — *my ſcepter's awe* —] The reverence due to my ſcepter. JOHNSON.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me;
Let's purge this choler without letting blood:
This we preſcribe, though no phyſician;
Deep malice makes too deep inciſion:
Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed;
Our doctors ſay, this is no time to bleed.—
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your ſon.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace ſhall become my age:—
Throw down, my ſon, the duke of Norfolk's gage.

K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, Harry [8]? when?
Obedience bids, I ſhould not bid again.

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down; we bid; there is no boot [9].

Nor. Myſelf I throw, dread ſovereign, at thy foot:
My life thou ſhalt command, but not my ſhame;
The one, my duty owes; but my fair name,
(Deſpight of death, that lives upon my grave [1],)
To dark diſhonour's uſe thou ſhalt not have.
I am diſgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here *;
Pierc'd to the ſoul with ſlander's venom'd ſpear;
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood

[8] When, *Harry?*] This obſolete exclamation of impatience, is likewiſe found in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613; again, in *Look about you*, 1600. STEEVENS.

[9] — *no boot.*] That is, *no advantage, no uſe*, in delay or refuſal. JOHNS.

[1] — *my fair name*, &c.] That is, *my name that lives on my grave* in *deſpight of death*. This eaſy paſſage moſt of the editors ſeem to have miſtaken. JOHNSON.

* — *and* baffled *here*;] *Baffled* in this place means treated with the greateſt ignominy imaginable. So, Holinſhed, vol. iii. p. 827, and 1218, or annis 1513, and 1570, explains it: "*Bafulling*, ſays he, is a great diſgrace among the Scots, and it is uſed when a man is openlie perjured, and then they make of him an image painted, reverſed, with his heels upward, with his name, wondering, crieing, and blowing out of him with horns." Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, b. v. c. 3. ſt. 37; and b. vi. c. 7. ſt. 27. has the word in the ſame ſignification. TOLLET.

The ſame expreſſion occurs again in *Twelfth Night*, ſc. *ult.*

"Alas, poor fool! how have they *baffled* thee?"

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. Act I. ſc. ii:

"——an I do not, call me villain, and *baffle* me." STEEVENS.

Which

Which breath'd this poiſon.

K. Rich. Rage muſt be withſtood:
Give me his gage:—Lions make leopards tame.

Nor. Yea, but not change their ſpots[2]: take but my ſhame,
And I reſign my gage. My dear dear lord,
The pureſt treaſure mortal times afford,
Is—ſpotleſs reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up cheſt
Is—a bold ſpirit in a loyal breaſt.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done:
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Couſin, throw down your gage; do you begin.

Boling. O God defend my ſoul from ſuch foul ſin!
Shall I ſeem creſt-fall'n in my father's ſight?
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height
Before this out-dar'd daſtard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honour with ſuch feeble wrong,
Or ſound ſo baſe a parle, my teeth ſhall tear
The ſlaviſh motive[3] of recanting fear;
And ſpit it bleeding, in his high diſgrace,
Where ſhame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.

[*Exit* GAUNT.

K. Rich. We were not born to ſue, but to command:
Which ſince we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives ſhall anſwer it,
At Coventry, upon ſaint Lambert's day;
There ſhall your ſwords and lances arbitrate
The ſwelling difference of your ſettled hate;
Since we cannot attone you, we ſhall ſee
Juſtice deſign[4] the victor's chivalry.—

Lord

[2] —*but not change* their *ſpots:*] The old copies have—*bis* ſpots. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[3] *The ſlaviſh* motive—] That which fear puts in motion. JOHNSON.

[4] *Juſtice* deſign—] To *deſign* in our author's time ſignified to *mark out.* See Minſheu's DICT. in v. "To *deſigne* or *ſhew by a token.* Ital. *Denotare.* Lat. *Deſignare.*" At the end of the article the reader is referred

Lord Marſhal, command our officers at arms
Be ready to direct theſe home-alarms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Room in the duke of Lancaſter's *Palace.*

Enter GAUNT, *and dutcheſs of* Gloſter[5].

Gaunt. Alas! the part I had[6] in Gloſter's blood
Doth more ſolicit me, than your exclaims,
To ſtir againſt the butchers of his life.
But ſince correction lieth in thoſe hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;
Who, when they ſee the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Dutch. Finds brotherhood in thee no ſharper ſpur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's ſeven ſons, whereof thyſelf art one,
Were as ſeven phials of his ſacred blood,
Or ſeven fair branches ſpringing from one root:
Some of thoſe ſeven are dry'd by nature's courſe,
Some of thoſe branches by the deſtinies cut:
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloſter,
One phial full of Edward's ſacred blood,
One flouriſhing branch of his moſt royal root,—
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor ſpilt;
Is hack'd down, and his ſummer leaves all faded,
By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine; that bed, that womb,
That mettle, that ſelf-mould, that faſhion'd thee,
Made him a man; and though thou liv'ſt, and breath'ſt,
Yet art thou ſlain in him: thou doſt conſent
In ſome large meaſure to thy father's death,

ferred to the words "to *marke, note, demonſtrate* or *ſhew.*"—The word is ſtill uſed with this ſignification in Scotland.—Mr. Pope and all the ſubſequent editors read—*decide.* MALONE.

5 — *dutcheſs of Gloſter.*] The Dutcheſs of Gloſter was Eleanor Bohun, widow of Duke Thomas, ſon of Edward III. WALPOLE.

6 — *the part I had*—] That is, my relation of conſanguinity to Gloſter. HANMER.

In

In that thou ſeeſt thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is deſpair:
In ſuffering thus thy brother to be ſlaughter'd,
Thou ſhew'ſt the naked path-way to thy life,
Teaching ſtern murder how to butcher thee:
That which in mean men we entitle—patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breaſts.
What ſhall I ſay? to ſafeguard thine own life,
The beſt way is—to 'venge my Gloſter's death.

Gaunt. Heaven's is the quarrel; for heaven's ſubſtitute,
His deputy annointed in his ſight,
Hath caus'd his death: the which if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift
An angry arm againſt his miniſter.

Dutch. Where then, alas! may I complain myſelf[7]?

Gaunt. To heaven, the widow's champion and defence.

Dutch. Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.
Thou go'ſt to Coventry, there to behold
Our couſin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight:
O, ſit my huſband's wrongs on Hereford's ſpear,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breaſt!
Or, if misfortune miſs the firſt career,
Be Mowbray's ſins ſo heavy in his boſom,
That they may break his foaming courſer's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the liſts,
A caitiff recreant[8] to my couſin Hereford!
Farewell, old Gaunt; thy ſometimes brother's wife,
With her companion grief muſt end her life.

[7] — *may I* complain *myſelf?*] To *complain* is commonly a verb neuter, but it is here uſed as a verb active. Dryden employs the word in the ſame ſenſe in his Fables. STEEVENS.

So alſo Fairfax and other contemporaries of our author. MALONE.

[8] *A caitiff recreant*—] *Caitiff* originally ſignified a *priſoner*; next *a ſlave*, from the condition of priſoners; then a *ſcoundrel*, from the qualities of a ſlave.

Ημισυ τῆς ἀρετῆς ἀποαίνυται δουλιον ἦμαρ.

In this paſſage it partakes of all theſe ſignifications. JOHNSON.

I do not believe that *caitiff* in our language ever ſignified *a priſoner*. I take it to be derived, not from *captif*, but from *chetif*, Fr. poor miſerable. TYRWHITT.

Gaunt.

Gaunt. Siſter, farewell: I muſt to Coventry:
As much good ſtay with thee, as go with me!
Dutch. Yet one word more;—Grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowneſs, but weight:
I take my leave before I have begun;
For ſorrow ends not when it ſeemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.
Lo, this is all:—Nay, yet depart not ſo;
Though this be all, do not ſo quickly go;
I ſhall remember more. Bid him—O, what?—
With all good ſpeed at Plaſhy viſit me.
Alack, and what ſhall good old York there ſee,
But empty lodgings, and unfurniſh'd walls[9],
Unpeopled offices, untrodden ſtones?
And what hear there for welcome, but my groans?
Therefore commend me; let him not come there,
To ſeek out ſorrow that dwells every where[1]:
Deſolate, deſolate, will I hence, and die;
The laſt leave of thee takes my weeping eye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Gosford-Green *near* Coventry.

Liſts ſet out, and a throne. Heralds, &c. attending.

Enter the Lord Marſhal[2] *and* AUMERLE.

Mar. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?
Aum. Yea, at all points; and longs to enter in,

[9] — *unfurniſh'd walls,*] In our ancient caſtles the naked ſtone walls were only covered with tapeſtry, or arras, hung upon tenter-hooks, from which it was eaſily taken down on every removal of the family. See the Preface to the *Houſehold Book of the Fifth Earl of Northumberland*, begun in 1512. STEEVENS.

[1] *To ſeek out ſorrow that dwells every where:*] Perhaps the pointing might be reformed without injury to the ſenſe:

——— let him not come there
To ſeek out ſorrow:—that dwells every where. WHALLEY.

[2] — *Lord Marſhal*] Shakſpeare has here committed a ſlight miſtake. The office of Lord Marſhal was executed on this occaſion by Thomas Holland, Duke of Surrey. Our author has inadvertently introduced that nobleman as a diſtinct perſon from the Marſhal, in the preſent drama. MALONE.

Mar.

Mar. The duke of Norfolk, ſprightfully and bold,
Stays but the ſummons of the appellant's trumpet.

Aum. Why then, the champions are prepar'd, and ſtay
For nothing but his majeſty's approach.

Flouriſh of trumpets. Enter King RICHARD, *who takes his ſeat on his throne;* GAUNT, *and ſeveral noblemen, who take their places. A trumpet is ſounded, and anſwered by another trumpet within. Then enter* NORFOLK *in armour, preceded by a herald.*

K. Rich. Marſhal, demand of yonder champion
The cauſe of his arrival here in arms:
Aſk him his name; and orderly proceed
To ſwear him in the juſtice of his cauſe.

Mar. In God's name, and the king's, ſay who thou art,
And why thou com'ſt, thus knightly clad in arms:
Againſt what man thou com'ſt, and what thy quarrel:
Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thy oath!
And ſo[3] defend thee heaven, and thy valour!

Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk[4];
Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which, heaven defend, a knight ſhould violate!)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my king, and my ſucceeding iſſue[5],
Againſt the duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,

3 And *ſo*—] The old copies read—As *ſo*. STEEVENS.
Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

4 — *Norfolk*,] Mr. Edwards, in his MS. notes, obſerves, both from Matthew Paris and Holinſhed, that the duke of Hereford, appellant, entered the liſts firſt; and this indeed muſt have been the regular method of the combat; for the natural order of things requires, that the accuſer or challenger ſhould be at the place of appointment firſt. STEEV.

5 — *and* my *ſucceeding iſſue*,] Thus the firſt quarto. The folio reads—*his* ſucceeding iſſue. The firſt quarto copy of this play, in 1597, being in general much more correct than the folio, and the quartos of 1608, and 1615, from the latter of which the folio appears to have been printed, I have preferred the elder reading. MALONE.

Mowbray's iſſue was, by this accuſation in danger of an attainder, and therefore he might come among other reaſons for their ſake; but the reading of the folio is more juſt and grammatical. JOHNSON.

To

To prove him, in defending of myſelf,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven! [*He takes his ſeat.*

Trumpet ſounds. Enter BOLINGBROKE *in armour; preceded by a herald.*

K. Rich. Marſhal, aſk yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war;
And formally according to our law
Depoſe him in the juſtice of his cauſe.

Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore com'ſt thou hither,
Before king Richard, in his royal liſts?
Againſt whom comeſt thou? and what's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, ſo defend thee heaven!

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaſter, and Derby,
Am I; who ready here do ſtand in arms,
To prove, by heaven's grace, and my body's valour,
In liſts, on Thomas Mowbray duke of Norfolk,
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, king Richard, and to me;
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

Mar. On pain of death, no perſon be ſo bold,
Or daring-hardy, as to touch the liſts;
Except the marſhal, and ſuch officers
Appointed to direct theſe fair deſigns.

Boling. Lord Marſhal, let me kiſs my ſovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his majeſty:
For Mowbray, and myſelf, are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave,
And loving farewell, of our ſeveral friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your highneſs,
And craves to kiſs your hand, and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will deſcend, and fold him in our arms.
Couſin of Hereford, as thy cauſe is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!
Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou ſhed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling.

Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's ſpear:
As confident, as is the falcon's flight
Againſt a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.—
My loving lord, [*to Lord* Marſh.] I take my leave of you;—
Of you, my noble couſin, lord Aumerle;—
Not ſick, although I have to do with death;
But luſty, young, and chearly drawing breath.—
Lo, as at Engliſh feaſts, ſo I regreet
The daintieſt laſt, to make the end moſt ſweet:
O thou, the earthly authour of my blood,— [*to* Gaunt.
Whoſe youthful ſpirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,—
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy bleſſings ſteel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat[6],
And furbiſh new the name of John of Gaunt,
Even in the luſty 'haviour of his ſon.

Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cauſe make thee proſperous!
Be ſwift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the caſque
Of thy adverſe pernicious enemy:
Rouze up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

Boling. Mine innocency[7], and ſaint George to thrive!
[*He takes his ſeat.*

Nor. [*riſing.*] However heaven, or fortune, caſt my lot,
There lives, or dies, true to king Richard's throne,
A loyal, juſt, and upright gentleman:
Never did captive with a freer heart
Caſt off his chains of bondage, and embrace

[6] — waxen *coat,*] *Waxen* may mean either *ſoft*, and conſequently *penetrable*, or *flexible*. The brigandines or coats of mail, then in uſe, were compoſed of ſmall pieces of ſteel quilted over one another, and yet ſo flexible as to accommodate the dreſs they form, to every motion of the body. Of theſe many are to be ſeen in the Tower of London. STEEVENS.

[7] — *mine innocency*—] Old Copies—*innocence*. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

His

His golden uncontroll'd enfranchiſement,
More than my dancing ſoul doth celebrate
This feaſt of battle[8] with mine adverſary.—
Moſt mighty liege,—and my companion peers,—
Take from my mouth the wiſh of happy years:
As gentle and as jocund, as to jeſt[9],
Go I to fight; Truth hath a quiet breaſt.

K. Rich. Farewel, my lord: ſecurely I eſpy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.—
Order the trial, marſhal, and begin.

[*The king and the lords return to their ſeats.*

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaſter, and Derby,
Receive thy lance; and God defend the right!

Boling. [*riſing.*] Strong as a tower in hope, I cry—amen.

Mar. Go bear this lance [*to an officer.*] to Thomas duke of Norfolk.

1. *Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaſter, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his ſovereign, and himſelf,
On pain to be found falſe and recreant,
To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king, and him,
And dares him to ſet forward to the fight.

2. *Her.* Here ſtandeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
On pain to be found falſe and recreant,
Both to defend himſelf, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaſter, and Derby,
To God, his ſovereign, and to him, diſloyal;
Courageouſly, and with a free deſire,
Attending but the ſignal to begin.

Mar. Sound, trumpets; and ſet forward, combatants.

[*A charge ſounded.*

Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down[1].

[8] *This* feaſt *of battle*—] "War is death's *feaſt*," is a proverbial ſaying. See Ray's Collection. STEEVENS.

[9] — *as to* jeſt,] To *jeſt* ſometimes ſignifies in old language, *to play a part in a maſk*. FARMER.

[1] — *hath thrown his* warder *down.*] A *warder* appears to have been a kind of truncheon carried by the perſon who preſided at theſe ſingle combats. STEEVENS.

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their ſpears,
And both return back to their chairs again:—
Withdraw with us:—and let the trumpets ſound,
While we return theſe dukes what we decree.—
[*A long flouriſh.*
Draw near, [*to the Combatants.*
And liſt, what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth ſhould not be ſoil'd
With that dear blood which it hath foſtered;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aſpect
Of cruel wounds plough'd up with neighbours' ſwords;
[And for we think the eagle-winged pride [2]
Of ſky-aſpiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, ſet you on [3]
To wake our peace [4], which in our country's cradle
Draws the ſweet infant breath of gentle ſleep;]
Which ſo rouz'd up with boiſterous untun'd drums,
With harſh-reſounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating ſhock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood;—
Therefore, we baniſh you our territories:—
You, couſin Hereford, upon pain of death,
Till twice five ſummers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regreet our fair dominions,
But tread the ſtranger paths of baniſhment.

Boling. Your will be done: This muſt my comfort be,—
That ſun, that warms you here, ſhall ſhine on me;

[2] *And for we think the eagle-winged pride* &c.] Theſe five verſes are omitted in the other editions, and reſtored from the firſt of 1598. POPE.

Dr. Warburton thinks with ſome probability that theſe lines were rejected by Shakſpeare himſelf. His idle cavil, that "peace awake is ſtill peace, as well as when aſleep", is refuted by Mr. Steevens in the ſubſequent note. MALONE.

[3] —*ſet* you on] The old copy reads—on you. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[4] *To wake our peace,*] It is true, that *peace awake is ſtill peace, as well as when aſleep*; but peace awakened by the tumults of theſe jarring nobles, and peace indulging in profound tranquillity, convey images ſufficiently oppoſed to each other for the poet's purpoſe. *To wake peace* is *to introduce diſcord. Peace aſleep*, is peace exerting its natural influence, from which it would be frighted by the clamours of war. STEEVENS.

And

And thoſe his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my baniſhment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with ſome unwillingneſs pronounce:
The fly-ſlow hours[5] ſhall not determinate
The dateleſs limit of thy dear exile;—
The hopeleſs word of—never to return—
Breathe I againſt thee, upon pain of life.

Nor. A heavy ſentence, my moſt ſovereign liege,
And all unlook'd for from your highneſs' mouth:
A dearer merit[6], not ſo deep a maim
As to be caſt forth in the common air,
Have I deſerved at your highneſs' hand.
The language I have learn'd theſe forty years,
My native Engliſh, now I muſt forego:
And now my tongue's uſe is to me no more,
Than an unſtringed viol, or a harp;
Or like a cunning inſtrument cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd, with my teeth, and lips;
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurſe,
Too far in years to be a pupil now;
What is thy ſentence then, but ſpeechleſs death.
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compaſſionate[7];
After our ſentence plaining comes too late.

Nor. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in ſolemn ſhades of endleſs night. [*retiring.*

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.
Lay on our royal ſword your baniſh'd hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven,

5 *The* fly-ſlow *hours*—] Mr. Pope reads—*fly*-ſlow. The former word appears to me more intelligible:—"the thieviſh minutes as they paſs." MALONE.

6 A *dearer* merit—] *Merit* is here uſed for *meed* or *reward*. MALONE.

7 — *compaſſionate*;] for *plaintive*. WARBURTON.

(Our part therein we baniſh with yourſelves [8],)
To keep the oath that we adminiſter:—
You never ſhall (ſo help you truth and heaven!)
Embrace each other's love in baniſhment;
Nor never look upon each other's face;
Nor never write, regreet, nor reconcile
This lowering tempeſt of your home-bred hate;
Nor never by adviſed purpoſe meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
'Gainſt us, our ſtate, our ſubjects, or our land.

Boling. I ſwear.

Nor. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk, ſo far as to mine enemy [9];—
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our ſouls had wander'd in the air,
Baniſh'd this frail ſepúlcher of our fleſh,
As now our fleſh is baniſh'd from this land:
Confeſs thy treaſons, ere thou fly the realm;
Since thou haſt far to go, bear not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty ſoul.

Nor. No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven baniſh'd, as from hence!
But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know;
And all too ſoon, I fear the king ſhall rue.—
Farewel, my liege:—Now no way can I ſtray;

[8] *(Our part* &c.] It is a queſtion much debated amongſt the writers of the law of nations, whether a baniſh'd man may be ſtill tied in allegiance to the ſtate which ſent him into exile. Tully and lord chancellor Clarendon declare for the affirmative: Hobbes and Puffendorf hold the negative. Our author, by this line, ſeems to be of the ſame opinion. WARBURTON.

[9] *Norfolk, ſo far* &c.] I do not clearly ſee what is the ſenſe of this abrupt line, but ſuppoſe the meaning to be this: *Norfolk, ſo far* I have addreſſed myſelf to thee *as to mine enemy*, I now utter my laſt words with kindneſs and tenderneſs, *Confeſs thy treaſons.* JOHNSON.

All the old copies read: ſo *fare.* STEEVENS.

Surely *fare* was a miſprint for *farre*, the old ſpelling of the word now placed in the text—Perhaps the author intended that Hereford in ſpeaking this line ſhould ſhew ſome courteſy to Mowbray;—and the meaning may be, So much civility as an enemy has a right to, I am willing to offer to thee. MALONE.

Save

Save back to England, all the world's my way[1]. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glaſſes of thine eyes
I ſee thy grieved heart: thy ſad aſpéct
Hath from the number of his baniſh'd years
Pluck'd four away;—Six frozen winters ſpent,
Return [*to* Bol.] with welcome home from baniſhment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters, and four wanton ſprings,
End in a word; Such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that, in regard of me,
He ſhortens four years of my ſon's exile:
But little vantage ſhall I reap thereby;
For, ere the ſix years, that he hath to ſpend,
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
My oil-dry'd lamp, and time-bewaſted light,
Shall be extinct with age, and endleſs night;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me ſee my ſon.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou haſt many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canſt give:
Shorten my days thou canſt with ſullen ſorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow[2]:
Thou canſt help time to furrow me with age,
But ſtop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
Thy word is current with him for my death;
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy ſon is baniſh'd upon good advice[3],

[1] — *all the world's my way.*] Perhaps Milton had this in his mind when he wrote theſe lines:

"The world was all before them, where to chooſe
"Their place of reſt, and Providence their guide." JOHNSON.

The Duke of Norfolk after his baniſhment went to Venice, where, ſays Holinſhed, "for thought and melancholy he deceaſed." MALONE.

I ſhould point the paſſage thus:

—— Now no way can I ſtray
Save back to England:—all the world's my way.

There's no way for me to go wrong, except back to England. MASON.

[2] *And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow:*] It is matter of very melancholy conſideration, that all human advantages confer more power of doing evil than good. JOHNSON.

[3] — *upon good advice,*] Upon great conſideration. See Vol. I. p. 137, n. 8. MALONE.

Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave[4];
Why at our juſtice ſeem'ſt thou then to lour?

Gaunt. Things ſweet to taſte, prove in digeſtion ſour.
You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather,
You would have bid me argue like father:—
O, had it been a ſtranger, not my child,
To ſmooth his fault I ſhould have been more mild:
A partial ſlander[5] ſought I to avoid,
And in the ſentence my own life deſtroy'd.
Alas, I look'd, when ſome of you ſhould ſay,
I was too ſtrict, to make mine own away;
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Againſt my will, to do myſelf this wrong.

K. Rich. Couſin farewel:—and, uncle, bid him ſo;
Six years we baniſh him, and he ſhall go.

[*Flouriſh. Exeunt* K. RICHARD *and Train.*

Aum. Couſin, farewel: what preſence muſt not know,
From where you do remain, let paper ſhow.

Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your ſide.

Gaunt. O, to what purpoſe doſt thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'ſt no greeting to thy friends?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office ſhould be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy abſence for a time.

Boling. Joy abſent, grief is preſent for that time.

Gaunt. What is ſix winters? they are quickly gone.

Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'ſt for pleaſure.

Boling. My heart will ſigh, when I miſcall it ſo,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The ſullen paſſage of thy weary ſteps
Eſteem a foil, wherein thou art to ſet
The precious jewel of thy home-return.

Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious ſtride I make

4 —*a* party-*verdict gave*;] i. e. you had yourſelf a *part* or ſhare in the verdict that I pronounced. MALONE.

5 *A partial ſlander*—] That is, the *reproach* of *partiality*. This is a juſt picture of the ſtruggle between principle and affection. JOHNSON.

Will but remember me, what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Muſt I not ſerve a long apprenticehood
To foreign paſſages; and in the end,
Having my freedom, boaſt of nothing elſe,
But that I was a journeyman to grief?

Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven viſits,
Are to a wiſe man ports and happy havens:
Teach thy neceſſity to reaſon thus;
There is no virtue like neceſſity.
Think not, the king did baniſh thee;
But thou the king: Woe doth the heavier ſit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, ſay—I ſent thee forth to purchaſe honour,
And not—the king exil'd thee: or ſuppoſe,
Devouring peſtilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a freſher clime.
Look, what thy ſoul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'ſt, not whence thou com'ſt:
Suppoſe the ſinging birds, muſicians;
The graſs whereon thou tread'ſt, the preſence ſtrew'd[6];
The flowers, fair ladies; and thy ſteps, no more
Than a delightful meaſure[7] or a dance:
For gnarling ſorrow hath leſs power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and ſets it light.

Boling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand[8],
By thinking on the froſty Caucaſus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,

[6] —*ſtrew'd*;] i. e. with ruſhes. See Hentzner's account of the preſence-chamber, in the palace at Greenwich, in 1598. ITINERAR. p. 135. MALONE.

[7] — *a delightful* meaſure—] See Vol. II. p. 405, n. 4. MALONE.

[8] *O, who can hold a fire in his hand*, &c.] *Fire* is here, as in many other places, uſed as a diſſyllable. MALONE.

It has been remarked, that there is a paſſage reſembling this in *Tully's Fifth Book of Tuſculan Queſtions*. Speaking of Epicurus, he ſays:—"Sed unâ ſe dicit recordatione acquieſcere præteritarum voluptatum: ut ſi quis æſtuans, cum vim caloris non facile patiatur, recordari velit ſe aliquando in Arpinati noſtro gelidis fluminibus circumfuſum fuiſſe. Non enim video, quomodo ſedare poſſint mala præſentia præteritæ voluptates." The *Tuſculan Queſtions* of Cicero had been tranſlated early enough for Shakſpeare to have ſeen them. STEEVENS.

By bare imagination of a feaſt?
Or wallow naked in December ſnow,
By thinking on fantaſtick ſummer's heat?
O, no! the apprehenſion of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worſe:
Fell ſorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the ſore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my ſon, I'll bring thee on thy way:
Had I thy youth, and cauſe, I would not ſtay.

Boling. Then, England's ground, farewel; ſweet ſoil, adieu;
My mother, and my nurſe, that bears me yet!
Where-e'er I wander, boaſt of this I can,—
Though baniſh'd, yet a true-born Engliſhman[9]. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame. A Room in the King's Caſtle.

Enter King RICHARD, BAGOT, *and* GREENE; AUMERLE *following.*

K. Rich. We did obſerve.—Couſin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him ſo,
But to the next high-way, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And, ſay, what ſtore of parting tears were ſhed?

Aum. 'Faith, none by me[1]: except the north-eaſt wind,
Which then blew bitterly againſt our faces,
Awak'd the ſleeping rheum; and ſo, by chance,
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What ſaid our couſin, when you parted with him?

[9] —*yet a true-born Engliſhman.*] Here the firſt act ought to end, that between the firſt and ſecond acts there may be time for John of Gaunt to accompany his ſon, return, and fall ſick. Then the firſt ſcene of the ſecond act begins with a natural converſation, interrupted by a meſſage from John of Gaunt, by which the king is called to viſit him, which viſit is paid in the following ſcene. As the play is now divided, more time paſſes between the two laſt ſcenes of the firſt act, than between the firſt act and the ſecond. JOHNSON.

[1] —*none by me:*] The old copies read—*for* me. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

Aum.

Aum. Farewel:
And for my heart diſdained that my tongue
Should ſo prophane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppreſſion of ſuch grief,
That words ſeem'd buried in my ſorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word farewel have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his ſhort baniſhment,
He ſhould have had a volume of farewels;
But, ſince it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our couſin, couſin; but 'tis doubt,
When time ſhall call him home from baniſhment,
Whether our kinſman come to ſee his friends.
Ourſelf, and Buſhy, Bagot here, and Green[2],
Obſerv'd his courtſhip to the common people:—
How he did ſeem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courteſy;
What reverence he did throw away on ſlaves;
Wooing poor craftſmen, with the craft of ſmiles,
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 'twere, to baniſh their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyſter-wench;
A brace of dray-men bid—God ſpeed him well,
And had the tribute of his ſupple knee,
With—*Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends*;—
As were our England in reverſion his,
And he our ſubjects' next degree in hope[3].

Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go theſe thoughts.
Now for the rebels, which ſtand out in Ireland;—
Expedient[4] manage muſt be made, my liege;
Ere further leiſure yield them further means,
For their advantage, and your highneſs' loſs.

K. Rich. We will ourſelf in perſon to this war.
And, for our coffers—with too great a court,
And liberal largeſs,—are grown ſomewhat light,

[2] — Bagot here, *and Greene,*] The old copies read—*here Bagot.* The tranſpoſition was made in a quarto of no value, printed in 1634. MALONE.

[3] *And he our ſubjects'* next degree in hope.] Spes altera Romæ. *Virg.* MALONE.

[4] *Expedient*—] is *expeditious.* STEEVENS.
See Vol. III. p. 167, n. 6; p. 404, n. 8. MALONE.

We

We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm;
The revenue whereof ſhall furniſh us
For our affairs in hand: If that come ſhort,
Our ſubſtitutes at home ſhall have blank charters;
Whereto, when they ſhall know what men are rich,
They ſhall ſubſcribe them for large ſums of gold,
And ſend them after to ſupply our wants;
For we will make for Ireland preſently.

Enter BUSHY.

K. Rich. Buſhy, what news?

Buſhy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous ſick, my lord;
Suddenly taken; and hath ſent poſt-haſte,
To entreat your majeſty to viſit him.

K. Rich. Where lies he?

Buſhy. At Ely-houſe.

K. Rich. Now put it, heaven, in his phyſician's mind,
To help him to his grave immediately!
The lining of his coffers ſhall make coats
To deck our ſoldiers for theſe Iriſh wars.—
Come, gentlemen, let's all go viſit him:
Pray God, we may make haſte, and come too late!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

London. *A Room in Ely-houſe.*

GAUNT *on a couch; the duke of* YORK [5] *and others ſtanding by him.*

Gaunt. Will the king come? that I may breathe my laſt
In wholeſome counſel to his unſtay'd youth.

York. Vex not yourſelf, nor ſtrive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counſel to his ear.

Gaunt. O, but, they ſay, the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention, like deep harmony:
Where words are ſcarce, they are ſeldom ſpent in vain;
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.

[5] — *the duke of York*—] was Edmund, ſon of Edward III. WALPOLE.

He

He, that no more muſt ſay, is liſten'd more
Then they whom youth and eaſe have taught to gloſe;
More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before:
The ſetting ſun, and muſick at the cloſe[6],
As the laſt taſte of ſweets, is ſweeteſt laſt;
Writ in remembrance, more than things long paſt:
Though Richard my life's counſel would not hear,
My death's ſad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No; it is ſtopp'd with other flattering ſounds,
As, praiſes of his ſtate; then, there are found
Laſcivious metres; to whoſe venom ſound
The open ear of youth doth always liſten:
Report of faſhions in proud Italy[7];
Whoſe manners ſtill our tardy apiſh nation
Limps after, in baſe imitation.
Where doth the world thruſt forth a vanity,
(So it be new, there's no reſpect how vile,)
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counſel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard[8].
Direct not him, whoſe way himſelf will chooſe[9];
'Tis breath thou lack'ſt, and that breath wilt thou loſe.

Gaunt. Methinks, I am a prophet new inſpir'd;
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him:
His raſh[1] fierce blaze of riot cannot laſt;
For violent fires ſoon burn out themſelves:
Small ſhowers laſt long, but ſudden ſtorms are ſhort;
He tires betimes that ſpurs too faſt betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder:

6 — *at the* cloſe,] This I ſuppoſe to be a muſical term. STEEVENS.

7 *Report of faſhions in proud Italy*;] Our author, who gives to all nations the cuſtoms of England, and to all ages the manners of his own, has charged the times of Richard with a folly not perhaps known then, but very frequent in Shakſpeare's time, and much lamented by the wiſeſt and beſt of our anceſtors. JOHNSON.

8 *Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.*] Where the will rebels, againſt the notices of the underſtanding. JOHNSON.

9 — *whoſe way himſelf will chooſe*;] Do not attempt to *guide him, who*, whatever thou ſhalt ſay, *will take his own courſe*. JOHNSON.

1 —*raſh*—] That is, *haſty, violent*. JOHNSON.

Light

Light vanity, inſatiate cormorant,
Conſuming means, ſoon preys upon itſelf.
This royal throne of kings, this ſcepter'd iſle,
This earth of majeſty, this ſeat of Mars,
This other Eden, demy paradiſe;
This fortreſs, built by nature for herſelf,
Againſt infection, and the hand of war[2];
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious ſtone ſet in the ſilver ſea,
Which ſerves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defenſive to a houſe,
Againſt the envy of leſs happier lands[3];
This bleſſed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurſe, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed[4], and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
(For Chriſtian ſervice, and true chivalry,)
As is the ſepulcher in ſtubborn Jewry,
Of the world's ranſom, bleſſed Mary's ſon:
This land of ſuch dear ſouls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out (I die pronouncing it,)
Like to a tenement, or pelting farm[5]:
England, bound in with the triumphant ſea,
Whoſe rocky ſhore beats back the envious ſiege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with ſhame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds[6];

That

[2] *Againſt infection*, &c.] I ſuppoſe Shakſpeare meant to ſay, that iſlanders are ſecured by their ſituation both from *war* and *peſtilence*. JOHNSON.

In Allot's *England's Parnaſſus*, 1600, this paſſage is quoted—"Againſt *inteſtion*, &c." Perhaps the word might be *infeſtion*, if ſuch a word was in uſe. FARMER.

3 — *leſs happier lands*;] So read all the editions, except Hanmer's, which has *leſs happy*. I believe Shakſpeare, from the habit of ſaying *more happier* according to the cuſtom of his time, inadvertently writ *leſs happier*. JOHNSON.

4 *Fear'd* by *their breed*,] i. e. by means of their breed. MALONE.

5 — *or* pelting *farm*;] See Vol. II. p. 40. n. 5. MALONE.

6 — *rotten parchment bonds*;] Alluding to the great ſums raiſed by loans and other exactions, in this reign, upon the Engliſh ſubjects. GREY.

Gaunt

That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a ſhameful conqueſt of itſelf:
O, would the ſcandal vaniſh with my life,
How happy then were my enſuing death!

Enter King RICHARD, *and* Queen[7]; AUMERLE[8], BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS[9], *and* WILLOUGHBY[1].

York. The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;
For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaſter?

K. Rich. What comfort, man? How is't with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt. O, how that name befits my compoſition!
Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious faſt;
And who abſtains from meat, that is not gaunt?
For ſleeping England long time have I watch'd;
Watching breeds leanneſs, leanneſs is all gaunt:
The pleaſure, that ſome fathers feed upon,
Is my ſtrict faſt, I mean—my children's looks;
And, therein faſting, haſt thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whoſe hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Rich. Can ſick men play ſo nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No, miſery makes ſport to mock itſelf:
Since thou doſt ſeek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

Gaunt does not allude to any loans or exactions extorted by Richard, but to the circumſtance of his having actually farmed out his royal realm, as he himſelf ſtyles it. In the laſt ſcene of the firſt act he ſays,

"And, for our coffers are grown ſomewhat light,
"We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm." MASON.

7 — *Queen*;] Shakſpeare, as Mr. Walpole ſuggeſts to me, has deviated from hiſtorical truth in the introduction of Richard's queen as a woman in the preſent piece; for Anne, his firſt wife, was dead before the play commences, and Iſabella, his ſecond wife, was a child at the time of his death. MALONE.

8 — *Aumerle*,] was Edward, eldeſt ſon of Edmund Duke of York, whom he ſucceeded in the title. He was killed at Agincourt. WALPOLE.

9 *Roſs*—] was William Lord *Roos*, (and ſo ſhould be printed) of Hamlake, afterwards Lord Treaſurer to Henry IV. WALPOLE.

1 *Willoughby*—] was William Lord Willoughby of Ereſby, who afterwards married Joan, widow of Edmund Duke of York. WALPOLE.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with thoſe that live?
Gaunt. No! no; men living flatter thoſe that die.
K. Rich. Thou, now a dying, ſay'ſt—thou flatter'ſt me.
Gaunt. Oh! no; thou dy'ſt, though I the ſicker be.
K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, I ſee thee ill.
Gaunt. Now, He that made me, knows I ſee thee ill;
Ill in myſelf to ſee, and in thee ſeeing ill.
Thy death-bed is no leſſer than the land,
Wherein thou lieſt in reputation ſick;
And thou, too careleſs patient as thou art,
Commit'ſt thy annointed body to the cure
Of thoſe phyſicians that firſt wounded thee:
A thouſand flatterers ſit within thy crown,
Whoſe compaſs is no bigger than thy head;
And yet, incaged in ſo ſmall a verge,
The waſte is no whit leſſer than thy land.
O, had thy grandſire, with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his ſon's ſon ſhould deſtroy his ſons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy ſhame;
Depoſing thee before thou wert poſſeſs'd,
Which art poſſeſs'd now to depoſe thyſelf.
Why, couſin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a ſhame, to let this land by leaſe:
But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than ſhame to ſhame it ſo?
Landlord of England art thou now, not king:
Thy ſtate of law is bond-ſlave to the law[2];
And—
K. Rich. —Thou, a lunatick lean-witted fool,
Preſuming on an ague's privilege,

[2] *Thy ſtate of law is bond-ſlave to the law*;] The reaſoning of Gaunt, I think, is this: *By ſetting the royalties* to farm *thou haſt reduced thyſelf to a ſtate below ſovereignty, thou art* now no longer king but landlord of England, *ſubject to the ſame reſtraint and limitations as other landlords: by making thy condition* a ſtate of law, *a condition upon which the common rules of law can operate*, thou art become a bond-ſlave to the law; *thou haſt made thyſelf amenable to laws from which thou wert originally exempt.* JOHNSON.

Mr. Heath explains the words *ſtate of law* ſomewhat differently: "Thy royal *eſtate, which is eſtabliſhed by the law*, is now in virtue of thy having leaſed it out, ſubjected &c. MALONE.

Dar'ſt

Dar'ſt with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek; chaſing the royal blood,
With fury, from his native reſidence.
Now by my ſeat's right royal majeſty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's ſon,
This tongue that runs ſo roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy unreverend ſhoulders.

Gaunt. O, ſpare me not, my brother Edward's ſon,
For that I was his father Edward's ſon;
That blood already, like the pelican,
Haſt thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd:
My brother Gloſter, plain well-meaning ſoul,
(Whom fair befal in heaven 'mong'ſt happy ſouls!)
May be a precedent and witneſs good,
That thou reſpect'ſt not ſpilling Edward's blood:
Join with the preſent ſickneſs that I have;
And thy unkindneſs be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower[3].
Live in thy ſhame, but die not ſhame with thee!—
Theſe words hereafter thy tormentors be!—
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:—

3 *And thy unkindneſs be like* crooked *age,*
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.] Shakſpeare, I believe, took this idea from the figure of Time, who was repreſented as carrying a *ſickle* as well as a *ſcythe*. A *ſickle* was anciently called a *crook*, and ſometimes, as in the following inſtances, *crooked* may mean armed with a *crook*. So, in *Kendall's Epigrams*, 1577:

"The regall king and *crooked* clowne,
"All one alike death driveth downe."

Again, in the 100th ſonnet of Shakſpeare:

"Give my love, fame, faſter than time waſtes life,
"So thou prevent'ſt his ſcythe and *crooked knife*."

Again, in the 119th:

"Love's not Time's fool, though roſy lips and cheeks
"Within his *bending ſickle's* compaſs come."

It may be mentioned, however, that *crooked* is an epithet beſtowed on age in the *Tragedy of Locrine*, 1595:

"Now yield to death o'er-laid by *crooked* age."

In that paſſage no alluſion to a *ſcythe* can be ſuppoſed. STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare had probably two different but kindred ideas in his mind, the bend of age and the ſickle of time, which he confounded together. MASON.

Love

Love they[4] to live, that love and honour have.

[*Exit, borne out by his attendants.*

K. Rich. And let them die, that age and ſullens have;
For both haſt thou, and both become the grave.

York. I do beſeech your majeſty, impute his words
To wayward ſicklineſs and age in him:
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right; you ſay true: as Hereford's love, ſo his.
As theirs, ſo mine; and all be as it is.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND[5].

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majeſty.

K. Rich. What ſays he?

North. Nay, nothing; all is ſaid:
His tongue is now a ſtringleſs inſtrument;
Words, life, and all, old Lancaſter hath ſpent.

York. Be York the next that muſt be bankrupt ſo!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripeſt fruit firſt falls, and ſo doth he;
His time is ſpent, our pilgrimage muſt be[6]:
So much for that.—Now for our Iriſh wars:
We muſt ſupplant thoſe rough rug-headed kerns;
Which live like venom, where no venom elſe[7],
But only they, hath privilege to live.
And, for theſe great affairs do aſk ſome charge,
Towards our aſſiſtance, we do ſeize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did ſtand poſſeſs'd.

York. How long ſhall I be patient? Ah, how long
Shall tender duty make me ſuffer wrong?
Not Gloſter's death, nor Hereford's baniſhment,

4 *Love they*—] That is, *let them love.* JOHNSON.

5 — *Northumberland*—] was Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland. WALPOLE.

6 — *our pilgrimage* muſt be:] i. e. is yet to come. MASON.

7 — *where no venom elſe,*] This alludes to a tradition that St. Patrick freed the kingdom of Ireland from venomous reptiles of every kind. STEEVENS.

Not

Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage [8], nor my own diſgrace,
Have ever made me ſour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my ſovereign's face.—
I am the laſt of noble Edward's ſons,
Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was firſt;
In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman:
His face thou haſt, for even ſo look'd he,
Accompliſh'd with the number of thy hours [9];
But, when he frown'd, it was againſt the French,
And not againſt his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did ſpend, and ſpent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
O, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or elſe he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?

York. O, my liege,
Pardon me, if you pleaſe; if not, I pleas'd
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Sèek you to ſeize, and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of baniſh'd Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt juſt? and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deſerve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deſerving ſon?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time
His charters, and his cuſtomary rights;

[8] *Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke*
About his marriage,] When the duke of Hereford, after his baniſhment, went into France, he was honourably entertained at that court, and would have obtained in marriage the only daughter of the duke of Berry, uncle to the French king, had not Richard prevented the match. STEEVENS.

[9] *Accompliſh'd with the number of thy hours;*] i. e. when he was of thy age. MALONE.

Let not to-morrow then enſue to-day;
Be not thyſelf, for how art thou a king,
But by fair ſequence and ſucceſſion?
Now, afore God, (God forbid, I ſay true!)
If you do wrongfully ſeize Hereford's rights,
Call in the letters patents that he hath
By his attornies-general to ſue
His livery, and deny his offer'd homage[1],
You pluck a thouſand dangers on your head,
You loſe a thouſand well-diſpoſed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to thoſe thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will; we ſeize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York. I'll not be by, the while: My liege, farewel:
What will enſue hereof, there's none can tell;
But by bad courſes may be underſtood,
That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. Go, Buſhy, to the earl of Wiltſhire ſtraight;
Bid him repair to us to Ely-houſe,
To ſee this buſineſs: To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow;
And we create, in abſence of ourſelf,
Our uncle York lord-governor of England,
For he is juſt, and always lov'd us well.—
Come on, our queen: to-morrow muſt we part;
Be merry, for our time of ſtay is ſhort. [*Flouriſh.*

[*Exeunt* King, Queen, Bus. Aum. Gre. *and* Bag.

North. Well, lords, the duke of Lancaſter is dead.

Roſs. And living too; for now his ſon is duke.

Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.

North. Richly in both, if juſtice had her right.

Roſs. My heart is great; but it muſt break with ſilence,
Ere't be diſburden'd with a liberal tongue.

North. Nay, ſpeak thy mind; and let him ne'er ſpeak more,
That ſpeaks thy words again, to do thee harm!

[1] — *deny his offer'd homage,*] That is, *refuſe* to admit the *homage*, by which he is to hold his lands. Johnson.

Willo.

Willo. Tends that thou'dſt ſpeak, to the duke of Hereford?
If it be ſo, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear, to hear of good towards him.
Roſs. No good at all, that I can do for him;
Unleſs you call it good, to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.
North. Now, afore heaven, 'tis ſhame, ſuch wrongs are borne,
In him a royal prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The king is not himſelf, but baſely led
By flatterers, and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainſt any of us all,
That will the king ſeverely proſecute
'Gainſt us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.
Roſs. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,
And quite loſt their hearts: the nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite loſt their hearts.
Willo. And daily new exactions are devis'd;
As—blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what:
But what, o'God's name, doth become of this?
North. Wars have not waſted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But baſely yielded upon compromiſe
That which his anceſtors atchiev'd with blows:
More hath he ſpent in peace, than they in wars.
Roſs. The earl of Wiltſhire hath the realm in farm.
Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.
North. Reproach, and diſſolution, hangeth over him.
Roſs. He hath not money for theſe Iriſh wars,
His burthenous taxations notwithſtanding,
But by the robbing of the baniſh'd duke.
North. His noble kinſman:—Moſt degenerate king!
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempeſt ſing,
Yet ſeek no ſhelter to avoid the ſtorm:
We ſee the wind ſit ſore upon our ſails,
And yet we ſtrike not[2], but ſecurely periſh[3].

Roſs.

[2] *And yet we ſtrike not,*] To *ſtrike* the *ſails*, is, to *contract* them when there is too much wind. JOHNSON.

[3] —*but* ſecurely *periſh.*] We periſh by too great confidence in our

Roſs. We ſee the very wreck that we muſt ſuffer;
And unavoided is the danger[4] now
For ſuffering ſo the cauſes of our wreck.

North. Not ſo; even through the hollow eyes of death,
I ſpy life peering; but I dare not ſay,
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Willo. Nay, let us ſhare thy thoughts, as thou doſt ours.

Roſs. Be confident to ſpeak, Northumberland:
We three are but thyſelf; and, ſpeaking ſo,
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold.

North. Then thus:—I have from Port le Blanc, a bay
In Britany, receiv'd intelligence,
That Harry Hereford, Reignold lord Cobham,
[The ſon of Richard earl of Arundel,]
That late broke from the duke of Exeter[5],

His

ſecurity. The word is uſed in the ſame ſenſe in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*: "Though Ford be a *ſecure* fool, &c. MALONE.

[4] *And* unavoided *is the danger*—] *Unavoided* is, I believe, here uſed for *unavoidable*. MALONE.

[5] *The ſon of Richard earl of Arundel,*
That late broke from the duke of Exeter,] For the inſertion of the line included within crotchets, I am anſwerable; it not being found in the old copies. Mr. Steevens obſerved, that "all the perſons enumerated in Holinſhed's account of thoſe embarked with Bolingbroke are here mentioned with great exactneſs, except 'Thomas Arundell, ſonne and heire to the late Earle of Arundell, beheaded at the Tower-hill.' And yet this nobleman is the perſon to whom alone that circumſtance relates of having *broke from the* Duke of Exeter." From hence he very juſtly inferred, that a line muſt have been loſt, "in which the name of this Thomas Arundel had originally a place."

The paſſages in Holinſhed relative to this matter run thus: "Aboute the ſame time the Earl of Arundell's ſonne, named Thomas, *which was kept in the Duke of Exeter's houſe*, eſcaped out of the realme, by means of one William Scot," &c. "Duke Henry,—chiefly through the earneſt perſuaſion of Thomas Arundell, late Archbiſhoppe of Canterburie, (who, as before you have heard, had been removed from his ſea, and baniſhed the realme by King Richardes means,) got him downe to Britaine:—and when all his proviſion was made ready, he tooke the ſea, together with the ſaid Archbiſhop of Canterburie, and his nephew Thomas Arundell, ſonne and heyre to the late Earle of Arundell, beheaded on Tower-hill. There were alſo with him Reginalde Lord Cobham, Sir Thomas Erpingham," &c.

There cannot, therefore, I think, be the ſmalleſt doubt, that a line

was

His brother, archbiſhop late of Canterbury [6],
Sir Thomas Erpingham, ſir John Ramſton,
Sir John Norbery, ſir Robert Waterton, and Francis Quoint,—
All theſe, well furniſh'd by the duke of Bretagne,
With eight tall ſhips, three thouſand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And ſhortly mean to touch our northern ſhore:
Perhaps, they had ere this; but that they ſtay
The firſt departing of the king for Ireland.
If then we ſhall ſhake off our ſlaviſh yoke,
Imp out [7] our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemiſh'd crown,
Wipe off the duſt that hides our ſcepter's gilt,
And make high majeſty look like itſelf,
Away, with me, in poſt to Ravenſpurg:
But if you faint, as fearing to do ſo,
Stay, and be ſecret, and myſelf will go.

was omitted in the copy of 1597, by the negligence of the tranſcriber or compoſitor, in which not only Thomas Arundel, but his father, was mentioned; for *his* in a ſubſequent line (*His* brother) muſt refer to the *old* Earl of Arundel.

Rather than leave a *lacuna*, I have inſerted ſuch words as render the paſſage intelligible. In Act V. ſc. ii. of the play before us, a line of a rhyming couplet was paſſed over by the printer of the firſt folio:

"Ill may'ſt thou thrive, if thou grant any grace."

It has been recovered from the quarto. In *Coriolanus* Act II. ſc. *ult.* a line was in like manner omitted, and it has very properly been ſupplied.

The chriſtian name of Sir *Thomas* Ramſton is changed to *John*, and the two following perſons are improperly deſcribed as knights in all the copies. Theſe perhaps were likewiſe miſtakes of the preſs, but are ſcarcely worth correcting. MALONE.

[6] — *archbiſhop* late *of Canterbury*,] Thomas Arundel, archbiſhop of Canterbury, brother to the earl of Arundel who was beheaded in this reign, had been baniſhed by the Parliament, and was afterwards deprived by the pope of his ſee, at the requeſt of the king; whence he is here called, *late* of Canterbury. STEEVENS.

[7] *Imp out*—] As this expreſſion frequently occurs in our author, it may not be amiſs to explain the original meaning of it. When the wing-feathers of a hawk were dropped, or forced out by any accident, it was uſual to ſupply as many as were deficient. This operation was called, *to imp a hawk*. Turbervile has a whole chapter on *The Way and Manner howe to* ympe *a Hawke's feather, how-ſoever it be broken or brooſed*. STEEV.

Roſs. To horſe, to horſe! urge doubts to them that fear.
Willo. Hold out my horſe, and I will firſt be there. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen, BUSHY, *and* BAGOT.

Buſhy. Madam, your majeſty is too much ſad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,
To lay aſide life-harming heavineſs,
And entertain a chearful diſpoſition.
Queen. To pleaſe the king, I did; to pleaſe myſelf,
I cannot do it; yet I know no cauſe
Why I ſhould welcome ſuch a gueſt as grief,
Save bidding farewel to ſo ſweet a gueſt
As my ſweet Richard: Yet again, methinks,
Some unborn ſorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me; and my inward ſoul
With nothing trembles [8]: at ſomething it grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the king.
Buſhy. Each ſubſtance of a grief hath twenty ſhadows,
Which ſhew like grief itſelf, but are not ſo:
For ſorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perſpectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Shew nothing but confuſion; ey'd awry,
Diſtinguiſh form [9]: ſo your ſweet majeſty,

Looking

[8] *With* nothing *trembles:*] I ſuppoſe it is the *unborn ſorrow* which ſhe calls *nothing*, becauſe it is not yet brought into exiſtence. STEEV.

[9] *Like perſpectives, which,* rightly *gaz'd upon,*
Shew nothing but confuſion; ey'd awry,
Diſtinguiſh form:—] This is a fine ſimilitude, and the thing meant is this. Amongſt *mathematical* recreations, there is one in *optics*, in which a figure is drawn, wherein all the rules of *perſpective* are *inverted:* ſo that, if held in the ſame poſition with thoſe pictures which are drawn according to the rules of *perſpective*, it can preſent nothing but confuſion: and to be ſeen in form, and under a regular appearance, it muſt be looked upon from a contrary ſtation; or, as Shakſpeare ſays, *ey'd awry.* WARBURTON.

Like perſpectives, &c.] Dr. Plot's *Hiſtory of Staffordſhire*, p. 391, explains this perſpective, or odd kind of "pictures upon an indented board, which

Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds ſhapes of grief, more than himſelf, to wail;
Which look'd on as it is, is nought but ſhadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not; more's not ſeen:
Or if it be, 'tis with falſe ſorrow's eye,
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be ſo, but yet my inward ſoul
Perſuades me, it is otherwiſe: Howe'er it be,
I cannot but be ſad; ſo heavy ſad,
As,—though, in thinking, on no thought I think[1],—
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and ſhrink.

Buſhy. 'Tis nothing but conceit[2], my gracious lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing leſs: conceit is ſtill deriv'd
From ſome fore-father grief; mine is not ſo;
For nothing hath begot my ſomething grief;
Or ſomething hath the nothing that I grieve[3]:

'Tis

which, if beheld directly, you only perceive a confuſed piece of work; but if obliquely, you ſee the intended perſon's picture;" which, he was told, was made thus. "The board being indented, [or furrowed with a plough-plane,] the print or painting was cut into parallel pieces equal to the depth and number of the indentures on the board, and they were paſted on the flats that ſtrike the eye beholding it obliquely, ſo that the edges of the parallel pieces of the print or painting exactly joining on the edges of the indentures, the work was done." TOLLET.

So in Hentzner, 1598. Royal Palace, Whitehall. "Edwardi VI. Angliæ regis effigies, primo intuitu monſtroſum quid repræſentans, ſed ſi quis—effigiem recta intueatur, tum vera deprehenditur." FARMER.

[1] *As,—though,* on *thinking, on no thought I think,*—] We ſhould read: *As though* in *thinking*; that is, *though muſing, I have no diſtinct idea of calamity.* The involuntary and unaccountable depreſſion of the mind, which every one has ſometime felt, is here very forcibly deſcribed. JOHNSON.

[2] *'Tis nothing but* conceit,] *Conceit* is here, as in *K. Henry VIII.* and many other places, uſed for a *fanciful conception.* MALONE.

[3] *For nothing hath begot my ſomething grief;*
Or ſomething hath the nothing that I grieve:] With theſe lines I know not well what can be done. The queen's reaſoning, as it now ſtands, is this: My *trouble* is not *conceit*, for *conceit is ſtill derived from* ſome antecedent cauſe, *ſome fore-father grief*; but with me the caſe is, that *either my real grief hath no real cauſe, or ſome real cauſe hath produced a fancied grief.* That is, *my grief is not conceit, becauſe it either*

'Tis in reverſion that I do poſſeſs [4];
But what it is, that is not yet known; what
I cannot name; 'tis nameleſs woe, I wot.

Enter GREEN.

Green. God ſave your majeſty!—and well met, gentlemen:—
I hope, the king is not yet ſhip'd for Ireland,

Queen. Why hop'ſt thou ſo? 'tis better hope, he is;
For his deſigns crave haſte, his haſte good hope;
Then wherefore doſt thou hope, he is not ſhip'd?

Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd his power [5],
And driven into deſpair an enemy's hope,
Who ſtrongly hath ſet footing in this land:
The baniſh'd Bolingbroke repeals himſelf,
And with uplifted arms is ſafe arriv'd
At Ravenſpurg.

Queen. Now God in heaven forbid!

Green. O, madam, 'tis too true: and that is worſe,—
The lord Northumberland, his young ſon Henry Percy,
The lords of Roſs, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Buſhy. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland,

has not a cauſe like conceit, or it has a cauſe like conceit. This can hardly ſtand. Let us try again, and read thus:

For nothing hath begot my ſomething grief;
Not *ſomething hath the nothing that I grieve:*

That is, *my grief is not conceit; conceit is an imaginary uneaſineſs from ſome paſt occurrence.* But, on the contrary, here is *real grief without a real cauſe*; not *a real cauſe with a fanciful ſorrow.* This, I think, muſt be the meaning; harſh at the beſt, yet better than contradiction or abſurdity. JOHNSON.

[4] *'Tis in reverſion that I do poſſeſs;*] As the grief the queen felt was for ſome event which had not yet come to paſs, or at leaſt yet come to her knowledge, ſhe expreſſes this by ſaying that the grief ſhe then actually poſſeſſed was ſtill in reverſion, as ſhe had no right to feel the grief until the event ſhould happen which was to occaſion it. MASON.

[5] — *might have* retir'd *his power,*] Might have *drawn it back.* A French ſenſe. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

"Each one, by him enforc'd, *retires* his ward." MALONE.

And

And all the reſt of the revolting faction
Traitors.

Green. We have: whereupon the earl of Worceſter
Hath broke his ſtaff, reſign'd his ſtewardſhip,
And all the houſhold ſervants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,
And Bolingbroke my ſorrow's diſmal heir[6]:
Now hath my ſoul brought forth her prodigy;
And I, a gaſping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, ſorrow to ſorrow join'd.

Buſhy. Deſpair not, madam.

Queen. Who ſhall hinder me?
I will deſpair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,
A paraſite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would diſſolve the bands of life,
Which falſe hope lingers in extremity.

Enter YORK.

Green. Here comes the duke of York.

Queen. With ſigns of war about his aged neck;
O, full of careful buſineſs are his looks!—
Uncle, for God's ſake, ſpeak comfortable words.

York. Should I do ſo, I ſhould bely my thoughts:
Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives, but croſſes, care, and grief.
Your huſband he is gone to ſave far off,
Whilſt others come to make him loſe at home:
Here am I left to underprop his land;
Who, weak with age, cannot ſupport myſelf:—
Now comes the ſick hour that his ſurfeit made;

[6] *And Bolingbroke my ſorrow's diſmal heir:*] The Queen had ſaid before that "ſome unborn ſorrow, ripe in fortune's womb, was coming towards her;" ſhe talks afterwards of her unknown griefs "being begotten;" ſhe calls Green "the midwife of her woe;" and then means to ſay, in the ſame metaphorical jargon, that the arrival of Bolingbroke was the diſmal offſpring that her foreboding ſorrow was big of; which ſhe expreſſes by calling him her "ſorrow's diſmal heir," and explains more fully and intelligibly in the next line,

Now hath my ſoul brought forth her prodigy. MASON.

Now

Now ſhall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My lord, your ſon was gone before I came,

York. He was?—Why, ſo!—go all which way it will!
The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's ſide.—
Sirrah,
Get thee to Plaſhy [7], to my ſiſter Gloſter;
Bid her ſend me preſently a thouſand pound:—
Hold, take my ring.

Ser. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordſhip:
To-day, as I came by, I called there;—
But I ſhall grieve you to report the reſt.

York. What is it, knave?

Ser. An hour before I came, the dutcheſs died.

York. God for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes ruſhing on this woeful land at once!
I know not what to do:—I would to God
(So my untruth [8] had not provok'd him to it,)
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.—
What, are there no poſts diſpatch'd for Ireland?—
How ſhall we do for money for theſe wars?—
Come, ſiſter,—couſin, I would ſay [9]: pray, pardon me.—
Go, fellow, [*to the* ſer.] get thee home, provide ſome carts,
And bring away the armour that is there.— [*Exit* ſerv.
Gentlemen, will you go muſter men? if I know
How, or which way, to order theſe affairs,
Thus diſorderly thruſt into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinſmen;—
The one's my ſovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; the other again
Is my kinſman, whom the king hath wrong'd;
Whom conſcience and my kindred bids to right.

7 *Get thee to Plaſhy,*—] The lordſhip of Plaſhy was a town of the dutcheſs of Gloſter's in Eſſex. See Hall's *Chronicle*, p. 13. THEOBALD.

8 — *untruth*—] That is, *diſloyalty, treachery.* JOHNSON.

9 *Come, ſiſter,—couſin, I would ſay:*] This is one of Shakſpeare's touches of nature. York is talking to the queen his couſin, but the recent death of his ſiſter is uppermoſt in his mind. STEEVENS.

Well,

Well, ſomewhat we muſt do.—Come, couſin, I'll
Diſpoſe of you:—Gentlemen, go, muſter up your men,
And meet me preſently at Berkley-Caſtle.
I ſhould to Plaſhy too;—
But time will not permit:—All is uneven,
And every thing is left at ſix and ſeven.
[*Exeunt* YORK *and* Queen.

Buſhy. The wind ſits fair for news to go to Ireland,
But none returns. For us to levy power,
Proportionable to the enemy,
Is all unpoſſible.

Green. Beſides, our nearneſs to the king in love,
Is near the hate of thoſe love not the king.

Bagot. And that's the wavering commons: for their love
Lies in their purſes; and whoſo empties them,
By ſo much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Buſhy. Wherein the king ſtands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then ſo do we,
Becauſe we ever have been near the king.

Green. Well, I'll for refuge ſtraight to Briſtol caſtle:
The earl of Wiltſhire is already there.

Buſhy. Thither will I with you: for little office
Will the hateful commons perform for us;
Except, like curs, to tear us all to pieces.—
Will you go along with us?

Bagot. No; I'll to Ireland to his majeſty.
Farewel: if heart's preſages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er ſhall meet again.

Buſhy. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor duke! the taſk he undertakes
Is—numb'ring ſands, and drinking oceans dry;
Where one on his ſide fights, thouſands will fly.

Buſhy. Farewell at once; for once, for all, and ever.

Green. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

The wilds in Gloſterſhire.

Enter BOLINGBROKE *and* NORTHUMBERLAND, *with forces.*

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?
North. Believe me, noble lord,
I am a ſtranger here in Gloſterſhire.
Theſe high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome:
And yet your fair diſcourſe hath been as ſugar,
Making the hard way ſweet and délectable.
But, I bethink me, what a weary way,
From Ravenſpurg to Cotſwold, will be found
In Roſs and Willoughby, wanting your company;
Which, I proteſt, hath very much beguil'd
The tediouſneſs and proceſs of my travel:
But theirs is ſweeten'd with the hope to have
The preſent benefit which I poſſeſs:
And hope to joy[1], is little leſs in joy,
Than hope enjoy'd: by this, the weary lords
Shall make their way ſeem ſhort; as mine hath done
By ſight of what I have, your noble company.
Boling. Of much leſs value is my company,
Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter Harry PERCY.

North. It is my ſon, young Harry Percy, ſent
From my brother Worceſter, whenceſoever.—
Harry, how fares your uncle?
Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his health of you.
North. Why, is he not with the queen?

[1] *And hope to joy,*—] To *joy* is, I believe, here uſed as a verb. So, in the ſecond act of *K. Henry IV:* "Poor fellow never *joy'd* ſince the price of oats roſe." Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II:

"Was ever king that *joy'd* on earthly throne—."

The word is again uſed with the ſame ſignification in the play before us. MALONE.

Percy.

Percy. No, my good lord; he hath forſook the court,
Broken his ſtaff of office, and diſpers'd
The houſhold of the king.
North. What was his reaſon?
He was not ſo reſolv'd, when laſt we ſpake together.
Percy. Becauſe your lordſhip was proclaimed traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenſpurg,
To offer ſervice to the duke of Hereford;
And ſent me o'er by Berkley, to diſcover
What power the duke of York had levy'd there;
Then with direction to repair to Ravenſpurg.
North. Have you forgot the duke of Hereford, boy?
Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot,
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.
North. Then learn to know him now; this is the duke.
Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my ſervice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw and young;
Which elder days ſhall ripen, and confirm
To more approved ſervice and deſert.
Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be ſure,
I count myſelf in nothing elſe ſo happy,
As in a ſoul rememb'ring my good friends;
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It ſhall be ſtill thy true love's recompence:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus ſeals it.
North. How far is it to Berkley? And what ſtir
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?
Percy. There ſtands the caſtle, by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard:
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour;
None elſe of name, and noble eſtimate.

Enter Ross *and* Willoughby.

North. Here come the lords of Roſs and Willoughby,
Bloody with ſpurring, fiery-red with haſte.
Boling. Welcome, my lords: I wot, your love purſues
A baniſh'd traitor; all my treaſury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompence.

Roſs.

Roſs. Your preſence makes us rich, moſt noble lord.
Willo. And far ſurmounts our labour to attain it.
Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter BERKLEY.

North. It is my lord of Berkley, as I gueſs.
Berk. My lord of Hereford, my meſſage is to you.
Boling. My lord, my anſwer is—to Lancaſter[2];
And I am come to ſeek that name in England:
And I muſt find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you ſay.
Berk. Miſtake me not, my lord; 'tis not my meaning,
To raze one title of your honour out[3]:—
To you, my lord, I come, (what lord you will,)
From the moſt glorious regent of this land,
The duke of York; to know, what pricks you on
To take advantage of the abſent time[4],
And fright our native peace with ſelf-born arms.

Enter YORK, *attended.*

Boling. I ſhall not need tranſport my words by you;
Here comes his grace in perſon.—My noble uncle! [*kneels.*
York. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whoſe duty is deceivable and falſe.
Boling. My gracious uncle!—
York. Tut, tut!
Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word—grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but prophane.
Why have thoſe baniſh'd and forbidden legs

[2] — *my anſwer is—to Lancaſter*;] Your meſſage, you ſay, is to my lord of *Hereford*. My anſwer is, It is not to him; it is to the *Duke* of *Lancaſter*. MALONE.

[3] *To* raze *one title of your honour out*:—] "How the names of them which for capital crimes againſt majeſtie were *erazed out* of the publicke records, tables, and regiſters, or forbidden to be borne by their poſteritie, when their memorie was damned, I could ſhow at large." Camden's *Remaines*, p. 136, edit. 1605. MALONE.

[4] — *the* abſent *time*,] i. e. *time of the king's abſence*. JOHNSON.

Dar'd

Dar'd once to touch a duſt of England's ground?
But then more why[5];—Why have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peaceful boſom;
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
And oſtentation of deſpiſed arms[6]?
Com'ſt thou becauſe the anointed king is hence?
Why, fooliſh boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal boſom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of ſuch hot youth,
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myſelf,
Reſcu'd the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thouſand French;
O, then, how quickly ſhould this arm of mine,
Now priſoner to the palſy, châſtiſe thee,
And miniſter correction to thy fault!

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;
On what condition[7] ſtands it, and wherein?

York. Even in condition of the worſt degree,—
In groſs rebellion, and deteſted treaſon:
Thou art a baniſh'd man, and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms againſt thy ſovereign.

Boling. As I was baniſh'd, I was baniſh'd Hereford;
But as I come, I come for Lancaſter.

[5] *But then more* why;—] But, to add more queſtions. This is the reading of the firſt quarto, 1597, which in the ſecond, and all the ſubſequent copies, was corrupted thus: But *more than* why. The expreſſion of the text, though a ſingular one, was, I have no doubt, the author's. It is of a colour with thoſe immediately preceding:

"*Grace me* no grace, nor *uncle me* no uncle." MALONE.

[6] *And oſtentation of* deſpiſed *arms?*] Mr Upton gives this paſſage as a proof that our author uſes the paſſive participle in an active ſenſe. The copies all agree. Perhaps the old duke means to treat him with contempt as well as with ſeverity, and to inſinuate that he deſpiſes his power, as being able to maſter it. In this ſenſe all is right. JOHNSON.

So, in this play:

"We'll make foul weather with *deſpiſed* tears." STEEVENS.

[7] On *what condition*—] It ſhould be, *in what condition*, i. e. *in what degree of guilt*. The particles in the old editions are of little credit. JOHNSON.

York's reply ſupports Dr. Johnſon's conjecture:

"Ev'n *in* condition, &c." MALONE.

And, noble uncle, I beſeech your grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye [8]:
You are my father, for, methinks, in you
I ſee old Gaunt alive; O, then, my father!
Will you permit that I ſhall ſtand condemn'd,
A wand'ring vagabond; my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away
To upſtart unthrifts? Wherefore was I born [9]?
If that my couſin king be king of England,
It muſt be granted, I am duke of Lancaſter.
You have a ſon, Aumerle, my noble kinſman;
Had you firſt died, and he been thus trod down,
He ſhould have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouſe his wrongs, and chaſe them to the bay.
I am deny'd to ſue my livery here [1],
And yet my letters-patent give me leave:
My father's goods are all diſtrain'd, and ſold;
And theſe, and all, are all amiſs employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a ſubject,
And challenge law: Attornies are deny'd me;
And therefore perſonally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free deſcent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much abus'd.

Roſs. It ſtands your grace upon to do him right.

Willo. Baſe men by his endowments are made great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this,—
I have had feeling of my couſin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right:
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong,—it may not be:
And you, that do abet him in this kind,

[8] — *with an* indifferent *eye:*] i. e. with an *impartial* eye. "Every juryman," ſays Sir Edward Coke, "ought to be impartial, and *indifferent.*" MALONE.

[9] — *Wherefore was I born?* &c.] To what purpoſe ſerves birth and lineal ſucceſſion? I am duke of Lancaſter by the ſame right of birth as the king is king of England. JOHNSON.

[1] — *to* ſue my livery *here,*] See a note on *K. Henry IV.* P. I. Act IV. ſc. iii. MALONE.

Cheriſh

Cheriſh rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath ſworn, his coming is
But for his own: and, for the right of that,
We all have ſtrongly ſworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er ſee joy, that breaks that oath.

York. Well, well, I ſee the iſſue of theſe arms;
I cannot mend it, I muſt needs confeſs,
Becauſe my power is weak, and all ill left:
But, if I could, by Him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you ſtoop
Unto the ſovereign mercy of the king;
But, ſince I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;—
Unleſs you pleaſe to enter in the caſtle,
And there repoſe you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept.
But we muſt win your grace, to go with us
To Briſtol caſtle; which, they ſay, is held
By Buſhy, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have ſworn to weed, and pluck away.

York. It may be, I will go with you:—but yet I'll pauſe;
For I am loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are:
Things paſt redreſs are now with me paſt care. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV[2].

A Camp in Wales.

Enter SALISBURY[3], *and a* Captain.

Cap. My lord of Saliſbury, we have ſtaid ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;

[2] This ſcene Dr. Johnſon ſuſpects to have been accidentally tranſpoſed. In the author's draught he ſuppoſes it to have been the ſecond ſcene in the enſuing act. MALONE.

[3] —*Saliſbury*—] was John Montacute, Earl of Saliſbury. WALPOLE.

Therefore we will diſperſe ourſelves: farewel.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou truſty Welſhman;
The king repoſeth all his confidence in thee.

Cap. 'Tis thought, the king is dead; we will not ſtay.
The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd[4],
And meteors fright the fixed ſtars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-look'd prophets whiſper fearful change;
Rich men look ſad, and ruffians dance and leap,—
The one, in fear to loſe what they enjoy,
The other, to enjoy by rage and war:
Theſe ſigns forerun the death or fall of kings.
Farewel; our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well aſſur'd, Richard their king is dead. [*Exit.*

Sal. Ah, Richard! with the eyes of heavy mind,
I ſee thy glory, like a ſhooting ſtar,
Fall to the baſe earth from the firmament!
Thy ſun ſets weeping in the lowly weſt,
Witneſſing ſtorms to come, woe, and unreſt:
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes;
And croſsly to thy good all fortune goes. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Bolingbroke's *Camp at* Briſtol.

Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, ROSS: *Officers behind with* BUSHY, *and* GREEN, *priſoners.*

Boling. Bring forth theſe men.—
Buſhy, and Green, I will not vex your ſouls
(Since preſently your ſouls muſt part your bodies,)
With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 'twere no charity: yet, to waſh your blood

4 *The bay-trees* &c.] This enumeration of prodigies is in the higheſt degree poetical and ſtriking. JOHNSON.

Some of theſe prodigies are found in Holinſhed: "In this yeare in a manner throughout all the realme of England, old baie trees withered," &c. STEEVENS.

From

From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
I will unfold ſome cauſes of your death.
You have miſled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappy'd and diſfigur'd clean [5].
You have, in manner, with your ſinful hours,
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him;
Broke the poſſeſſion of a royal bed,
And ſtain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
Myſelf—a prince, by fortune of my birth;
Near to the king in blood; and near in love,
Till you did make him miſinterpret me,—
Have ſtoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And ſigh'd my Engliſh breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of baniſhment:
Whilſt you have fed upon my ſignories,
Diſpark'd my parks [6], and fell'd my foreſt woods;
From my own windows torn my houſhold coat [7],
Raz'd out my impreſs [8], leaving me no ſign,—
Save men's opinions, and my living blood,—
To ſhew the world I am a gentleman.
This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death:—See them deliver'd over
To execution and the hand of death.

Buſhy. More welcome is the ſtroke of death to me,
Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewel.

Green. My comfort is,—that heaven will take our ſouls,

5 — *and diſfigur'd* clean.] *Clean* has here the ſignification of *altogether, totally.* So, in our author's 75th *Sonnet:*

"And by and by, *clean*-ſtarved for a look." MALONE.

6 Diſpark'd *my parks,*] To *diſpark* is to throw down the hedges of an encloſure. *Diſſepio.* I meet with the word in Barret's *Alvearie or Quadruple Dictionary,* 1580. STEEVENS.

7 *From my own windows torn my houſhold coat,*] It was the practice, when coloured glaſs was in uſe, of which there are ſtill ſome remains in old ſeats and churches, to anneal the arms of the family in the windows of the houſe. JOHNSON.

8 *Raz'd out my impreſs,* &c.] The *impreſs* was a device or motto. Ferne, in his *Blazon of Gentry,* 1585, obſerves, "that the arms &c. of traitors and rebels may be defaced and removed, whereſoever they are fixed, or ſet." STEEVENS.

And plague injuſtice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My lord Northumberland, ſee them diſpatch'd.
[*Exeunt* Nor. *and others, with priſoners.*
Uncle, you ſay, the queen is at your houſe;
For heaven's ſake, fairly let her be entreated:
Tell her, I ſend to her my kind commends;
Take ſpecial care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have diſpatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords, away;
To fight with Glendower and his complices;
A while to work, and, after, holiday [9]. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II [1].

The coaſt of Wales. A caſtle in view.

Flouriſh: drums and trumpets. Enter King RICHARD, *Biſhop of* Carliſle, AUMERLE, *and Soldiers.*

K. Rich. Barkloughly caſtle call you this at hand?

9 *Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords, away;*
To fight with Glendower and his complices;
A while to work, and, after, holiday.] Though the intermediate line has taken poſſeſſion of all the old copies, I have great ſuſpicion of its being an interpolation; and have therefore ventured to throw it out. The firſt and third lines rhime to each other; nor do I imagine this was caſual, but intended by the poet. Were we to acknowledge the line genuine, it muſt argue the poet of forgetfulneſs and inattention to hiſtory. Bolingbroke is, as it were, but juſt arrived; he is now at Briſtol, weak in his numbers; has had no meeting with a parliament; nor is ſo far aſſured of the ſucceſſion, as to think of going to ſuppreſs inſurrections before he is planted in the throne. Beſides, we find the oppoſition of Glendower begins *The Firſt Part of K. Henry IV.* and Mortimer's defeat by that hardy Welſhman is the tidings of the firſt ſcene of that play. Again, though Glendower, in the very firſt year of K. Henry IV. began to be troubleſome, put in for the ſupremacy of Wales, and impriſoned Mortimer; yet it was not till the ſucceeding year that the king employed any force againſt him. THEOBALD.

This emendation, which I think is juſt, has been followed by ſir T. Hanmer, but is neglected by Dr. Warburton. JOHNSON.

Mr. Heath obſerves, that Bolingbroke marched to Cheſter, probably with a view to attack the Welſh army headed by Lord Saliſbury. He thinks therefore the line is genuine. See p. 61. ſc. iii. Stowe expreſsly ſays that "Owen Glendower ſerved King Richard at Flint-Caſtle." MALONE.

1 Here may be properly inſerted the laſt ſcene of the ſecond act. JOHNS.

Aum.

Aum. Yea, my lord: How brooks your grace the air,
After your late toſſing on the breaking ſeas?

K. Rich. Needs muſt I like it well; I weep for joy,
To ſtand upon my kingdom once again.—
Dear earth, I do ſalute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horſes' hoofs:
As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and ſmiles in meeting[2];
So, weeping, ſmiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy ſovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy ſweets comfort his rav'nous ſenſe:
But let thy ſpiders, that ſuck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way;
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with uſurping ſteps do trample thee.
Yield ſtinging nettles to mine enemies:
And when they from thy boſom pluck a flower,
Guard it[3], I pray thee, with a lurking adder;
Whoſe double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy ſovereign's enemies.—
Mock not my ſenſeleſs conjuration, lords;
This earth ſhall have a feeling, and theſe ſtones
Prove armed ſoldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellious arms.

Car. Fear not, my lord; that Power, that made you king,
Hath power to keep you king, in ſpight of all.

[2] *As a long parted mother with her child*
Plays fondly with her tears, and ſmiles in meeting;]
" Ως ειπων, αλοχοιο φιλης εν χερσιν εθηκε
" Παιδ' εον· η' δαρα μιν κηωδεϊ δεξαλο κολπῳ
" ΔΑΚΡΥΘΕΝ ΓΕΛΑΣΑΣΑ." *Hom.* Il. Z.

Perhaps *ſmiles* is here uſed as a ſubſtantive. As a mother plays fondly with her child from whom ſhe has been a long time parted, crying, and at the ſame time ſmiling, at meeting him.

It has been propoſed to read—ſmiles in *weeping*; and I once thought the emendation very plauſible. But I am now perſuaded the text is right. If we read *weeping*, the *long-parted* mother and her child do not *meet*, and there is no particular cauſe aſſigned for either her ſmiles or tears. MALONE.

[3] Guard *it*,] That is, *border* it. See Vol. II. p. 66, n. 9. MALONE.

The means that heaven yields muſt be embrac'd,
And not neglected; elſe, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuſe;
The proffer'd means of ſuccour and redreſs.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiſs;
Whilſt Bolingbroke, through our ſecurity,
Grows ſtrong and great, in ſubſtance, and in friends.

K. Rich. Diſcomfortable couſin! know'ſt thou not,
That, when the ſearching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world[4],
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unſeen,
In murders, and in outrage, bloody here;
But when, from under this terreſtrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eaſtern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treaſons, and deteſted ſins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themſelves?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
Whilſt we were wand'ring with the antipodes,—
Shall ſee us riſing in our throne the eaſt,
His treaſons will ſit bluſhing in his face,
Not able to endure the ſight of day,
But, ſelf-affrighted, tremble at his ſin.
Not all the water in the rough rude ſea
Can waſh the balm from an annointed king:
The breath of worldly men cannot depoſe[5]

The

4 — and *lights the lower world,*] The old copies read—*that* lights. The emendation was made by Dr. Johnſon. Senſe might be obtained by a ſlight tranſpoſition, without changing the words of the original text:

That when the ſearching eye of heaven, that lights
The lower world, is hid behind the globe;—

By *the lower world*, as the paſſage is amended by Dr. Johnſon, we muſt underſtand, *a world lower than this of ours*; I ſuppoſe, our *Antipodes*. But *the lower world* may ſignify *our world*. MALONE.

5 *The breath of worldly men* &c.] Here is the doctrine of indefeaſible right expreſſed in the ſtrongeſt terms; but our poet did not learn it in the reign of K. James, to which it is now the practice of all writers, whoſe

The deputy elected by the Lord:
For every man that Bolingbroke hath preſs'd,
To lift ſhrewd ſteel againſt our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men muſt fall; for heaven ſtill guards the right.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord; How far off lies your power?
Sal. Nor near, nor further off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm: Diſcomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me ſpeak of nothing but deſpair.
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth:
O, call back yeſterday, bid time return,
And thou ſhalt have twelve thouſand fighting men!
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late.
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy ſtate;
For all the Welſhmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, diſpers'd, and fled.
Aum. Comfort, my liege: Why looks your grace ſo pale?
K. Rich. But now the blood of twenty thouſand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And, till ſo much blood thither come again,
Have I not reaſon to look pale and dead?
All ſouls that will be ſafe, fly from my ſide;
For time hath ſet a blot upon my pride.
Aum. Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.
K. Rich. I had forgot myſelf: Am I not king?
Awake, thou coward majeſty[6]! thou ſleep'ſt.
Is not the king's name forty thouſand names[7]?

whoſe opinions are regulated by faſhion or intereſt, to impute the original of every tenet which they have been taught to think falſe or fooliſh. JOHNSON.

[6] *Awake, thou* coward *majeſty!*] Thus the quarto. The folio has —thou *ſluggard* majeſty. MALONE.

[7] *Is not the king's name forty thouſand names?*] Thus in *King Richard III.*

"Beſides, the king's name is a tower of ſtrength."

See a ſpeech of Antigonus in Plutarch, of this kind. Vol. II. p. 199, 4to. Gr. S. W.

Arm, arm, my name! a puny ſubject ſtrikes
At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king; Are we not high?
High be our thoughts: I know, my uncle York
Hath power enough to ſerve our turn. But who
Comes here?

Enter SCROOP.

Scroop. More health and happineſs betide my liege,
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him!

K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd[8];
The worſt is worldly loſs, thou canſt unfold.
Say, is my kingdom loſt? why, 'twas my care;
And what loſs is it, to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he ſhall not be; if he ſerve God,
We'll ſerve him too, and be his fellow ſo:
Revolt our ſubjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God, as well as us:
Cry, woe, deſtruction, ruin, loſs, decay;
The worſt is—death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I, that your highneſs is ſo arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unſeaſonable ſtormy day,
Which makes the ſilver rivers drown their ſhores,
As if the world were all diſſolv'd to tears;
So high above his limits ſwells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright ſteel, and hearts harder than ſteel.
White beards have arm'd their thin and hairleſs ſcalps
Againſt thy majeſty; boys, with women's voices,
Strive to ſpeak big, and clap their female joints[9]
In ſtiff unwieldy arms againſt thy crown:

[8] *Mine ear is open*, &c.] It ſeems to be the deſign of the poet to raiſe Richard to eſteem in his fall, and conſequently to intereſt the reader in his favour. He gives him only paſſive fortitude, the virtue of a confeſſor rather than of a king. In his proſperity we ſaw him imperious and oppreſſive; but in his diſtreſs he is wiſe, patient, and pious. JOHNS.

[9] — *and* clap *their female joints*] Mr. Pope more elegantly reads —and *claſp*—; which has been adopted by the ſubſequent editors. But the emendation does not ſeem abſolutely neceſſary. MALONE.

Thy

Thy very beadſmen learn to bend their bows[1]
Of double-fatal yew[2] againſt thy ſtate;
Yea, diſtaff women manage ruſty bills
Againſt thy ſeat: both young and old rebel,
And all goes worſe than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'ſt a tale ſo ill.
Where is the earl of Wiltſhire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Buſhy? where is Green[3]?

That

[1] *Thy very beadſmen learn to bend their bows*] Such is the reading of all the copies, yet I doubt whether *beadſmen* be right, for the *bow* ſeems to be mentioned here as the proper weapon of a *beadſman*. The king's *beadſmen* were his chaplains. Treviſa calls himſelf the *beadſman* of his patron. *Beadſman* might likewiſe be any man maintained by charity to pray for his benefactor. JOHNSON.

The reading of the text is right enough: As "boys ſtrive to ſpeak big, and claſp their effeminate joints in ſtiff unwieldy arms, &c." ſo his "very *beadſmen* learn to bend their bows" againſt him. *Their* does not abſolutely denote that *the bow* was their uſual or proper weapon; but only taken up and appropriated by them on this occaſion. PERCY.

[2] *Of double-fatal yew*—] Called ſo, becauſe the leaves of the yew are poiſon, and the wood is employed for inſtruments of death. WARB.

From ſome of the ancient ſtatutes it appears that every Engliſhman, while archery was practiſed, was obliged to keep in his houſe either a bow of *yew* or ſome other wood. It ſhould ſeem therefore that *yews* were not only planted in church-yards to defend the churches from the wind, but on account of their uſe in making *bows*; while by the benefit of being ſecured in encloſed places, their poiſonous quality was kept from doing miſchief to cattle. STEEVENS.

[3] *Where is the earl of Wiltſhire? where is Bagot?*
What is become of Buſhy? where is Green?] Here are *four* of them named; and, within a very few lines, the king, hearing they had made their peace with Bolingbroke, calls them *three* Judaſſes. But how was their peace made? Why, with the loſs of their heads. This being explained, Aumerle ſays: *Is Buſhy, Green, and the earl of Wiltſhire dead?* So that Bagot ought to be left out of the queſtion: and, indeed, he had made the beſt of his way for Cheſter, and from thence had eſcaped into Ireland.

The poet could not be guilty of ſo much forgetfulneſs and abſurdity. It ſeems probable to me that he wrote

Where is the Earl of Wiltſhire? Where is *be got?* THEOBALD.

This emendation Dr. Warburton adopts. Hanmer leaves a blank after Wiltſhire. I believe the author, rather than tranſcriber, made a miſtake. *Where is be got* does not ſound in my ear like an expreſſion of Shakſpeare. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakſpeare intended to mark more ſtrongly the perturbation

That they have let the dangerous enemy
Meaſure our confines with ſuch peaceful ſteps?
If we prevail, their heads ſhall pay for it.
I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!
Dogs, eaſily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that ſting my heart!
Three Judaſſes, each one thrice worſe than Judas!
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their ſpotted ſouls for this offence!

Scroop. Sweet love, I ſee, changing his property,
Turns to the ſoureſt and moſt deadly hate:—
Again uncurſe their ſouls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands: thoſe whom you curſe,
Have felt the worſt of death's deſtroying wound,
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Buſhy, Green, and the earl of Wiltſhire, dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at Briſtol loſt their heads.

Aum. Where is the duke my father with his power?

K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man ſpeak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make duſt our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write ſorrow on the boſom of the earth.
Let's chooſe executors, and talk of wills;
And yet not ſo,—for what can we bequeath,
Save our depoſed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own, but death;
And that ſmall model of the barren earth[4],

bation of the king by making him inquire at firſt for Bagot, whoſe loyalty, on further recollection, might ſhew him the impropriety of his queſtion. MALONE.

4 *And that ſmall model of the barren earth,*] He uſes *model* for *mould.* That earth, which cloſing upon the body, takes its form. This interpretation the next line ſeems to authorize. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare generally uſes *model*, not for an *exemplar*, but for a thing made after a pattern. So, in a former ſcene of this play:

"——— thou ſee'ſt thy wretched brother die,
"Who was the *model* of thy father's life."

See Vol. III. p. 443, n. 6. Model, however, may be uſed for *mould.* See Minſhieu's DICT. in v. MALONE.

Which

Which ſerves as paſte and cover to our bones [5].
For heaven's ſake, let us ſit upon the ground,
And tell ſad ſtories of the death of kings:—
How ſome have been depos'd, ſome ſlain in war;
Some haunted by the ghoſts they have depos'd;
Some poiſon'd by their wives, ſome ſleeping kill'd;
All murder'd:—For within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps death his court: and there the antick ſits [6],
Scoffing his ſtate, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little ſcene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infuſing him with ſelf and vain conceit,—
As if this fleſh, which walls about our life,
Were braſs impregnable; and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the laſt, and with a little pin
Bores through his caſtle wall, and—farewel king!
Cover your heads, and mock not fleſh and blood
With ſolemn reverence; throw away reſpect,
Tradition [7], form, and ceremonious duty.
For you have but miſtook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want, taſte grief,
Need friends:—Subjected thus,
How can you ſay to me—I am a king?

Car. My lord, wiſe men ne'er wail their preſent woes,
But preſently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, ſince fear oppreſſeth ſtrength,
Gives, in your weakneſs, ſtrength unto your foe,
And ſo your follies fight againſt yourſelf.
Fear, and be ſlain; no worſe can come, to fight:
And fight and die, is death deſtroying death [8]:

[5] *Which ſerves as paſte* &c] A metaphor, not of the moſt ſublime kind, taken from a *pie*. JOHNSON.

[6] — *there the antick ſits,*] Here is an alluſion to the *antick* or *fool* of old farces, whoſe chief part is to deride and diſturb the graver and more ſplendid perſonages. JOHNSON.

[7] *Tradition,*—] This word ſeems here uſed for *traditional practices*: that is, *eſtabliſhed* or *cuſtomary homage*. JOHNSON.

[8] — *death deſtroying death:*] That is, to *die fighting*, is to return the evil that we ſuffer, to deſtroy the deſtroyers. I once read—*death* defying *death*; but *deſtroying* is as well. JOHNSON.

Where

Where fearing dying, pays death ſervile breath.
Aum. My father hath a power, inquire of him;
And learn to make a body of a limb.
K. Rich. Thou chid'ſt me well:—Proud Bolingbroke, I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;
An eaſy taſk it is, to win our own.—
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
Speak ſweetly, man, although thy looks be ſour.
Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the ſky
The ſtate and inclination of the day:
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to ſay.
I play the torturer, by ſmall and ſmall,
To lengthen out the worſt that muſt be ſpoken:—
Your uncle York hath join'd with Bolingbroke;
And all your northern caſtles yielded up,
And all your ſouthern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party.
K. Rich. Thou haſt ſaid enough.—
Beſhrew thee, couſin, which did lead me forth
Of that ſweet way I was in to deſpair!
What ſay you now? What comfort have we now?
By heaven, I'll hate him everlaſtingly,
That bids me be of comfort[9] any more.
Go, to Flint caſtle; there I'll pine away;
A king, woe's ſlave, ſhall kingly woe obey.
That power I have, diſcharge; and let them go
To ear the land[1] that hath ſome hope to grow,
For I have none:—Let no man ſpeak again
To alter this, for counſel is but vain.
Aum. My liege, one word.

[9] —— *I'll hate him everlaſtingly,*
That bids me be of comfort—] This ſentiment is drawn from nature. Nothing is more offenſive to a mind convinced that its diſtreſs is without a remedy, and preparing to ſubmit quietly to irreſiſtible calamity, than theſe petty and conjectured comforts which unſkilful officiouſneſs thinks it virtue to adminiſter. JOHNSON.

[1] *To* ear *the land*] i. e. to *plough* it. STEEVENS.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Diſcharge my followers, let them hence;—Away,
From Richard's night, to Bolingbroke's fair day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Wales. *Before* Flint *Caſtle.*

Enter with drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE, *and forces;* YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, *and Others.*

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn,
The Welſhmen are diſpers'd; and Saliſbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed,
With ſome few private friends, upon this coaſt.
North. The news is very fair and good, my lord;
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.
York. It would beſeem the lord Northumberland,
To ſay—king Richard:—Alack the heavy day,
When ſuch a ſacred king ſhould hide his head!
North. Your grace miſtakes; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.
York. The time hath been,
Would you have been ſo brief with him, he would
Have been ſo brief with you, to ſhorten you,
For taking ſo the head[2], your whole head's length.
Boling. Miſtake not, uncle, further than you ſhould.
York. Take not, good couſin, further than you ſhould,
Leſt you miſ-take: The heavens are o'er your head.
Boling. I know it, uncle; and oppoſe not
Myſelf againſt their will.—But who comes here?

Enter PERCY.

Welcome, Harry; what, will not this caſtle yield?
Percy. The caſtle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Againſt thy entrance.

[2] *For taking ſo the head,*—] To *take* the *head* is, to act without reſtraint; to take undue liberties. We now ſay, *we give* the horſe *his head*, when we relax the reins. JOHNSON.

Boling.

Boling. Royally! Why, it contains no king?
Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king; king Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and ſtone:
And with him are the lord Aumerle, lord Saliſbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop: beſides a clergyman
Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn.
North. Belike it is the biſhop of Carliſle.
Boling. Noble lord, [*to* North.
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient caſtle;
Through brazen trumpet ſend the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver.
Harry Bolingbroke,
On both his knees, doth kiſs king Richard's hand;
And ſends allegiance, and true faith of heart,
To his moſt royal perſon: hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power;
Provided that, my baniſhment repeal'd,
And lands reſtor'd again, be freely granted:
If not, I'll uſe the advantage of my power,
And lay the ſummer's duſt with ſhowers of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of ſlaughter'd Engliſhmen:
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, ſuch crimſon tempeſt ſhould bedrench
The freſh green lap of fair king Richard's land,
My ſtooping duty tenderly ſhall ſhew.
Go, ſignify as much; while here we march
Upon the graſſy carpet of this plain.—
[North. *advances to the Caſtle, with a Trumpet.*
Let's march without the noiſe of threat'ning drum,
That from the caſtle's totter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks, king Richard and myſelf ſhould meet
With no leſs terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thund'ring ſhock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain

My

My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark king Richard how he looks.

A parle ſounded, and anſwered by another trumpet within. Flouriſh. Enter on the walls King RICHARD, *the biſhop of* Carliſle[3], AUMERLE, SCROOP, *and* SALISBURY.

York. See, ſee, king Richard doth himſelf appear[4],
As doth the bluſhing diſcontented ſun
From out the fiery portal of the eaſt;
When he perceives, the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to ſtain the track
Of his bright paſſage to the occident.
Yet looks he like a king; behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majeſty: Alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm ſhould ſtain ſo fair a ſhow!

K. Rich. We are amaz'd; and thus long have we ſtood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee, [*to* North.
Becauſe we thought ourſelf thy lawful king:
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our preſence?
If we be not, ſhew us the hand of God
That hath diſmiſs'd us from our ſtewardſhip;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the ſacred handle of our ſcepter,
Unleſs he do profane, ſteal, or uſurp.
And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Have torn their ſouls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends;—
Yet know,—my maſter, God omnipotent,
Is muſt'ring in his clouds, on our behalf,
Armies of peſtilence; and they ſhall ſtrike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vaſſal hands againſt my head,

3 — *the biſhop of Carliſle,*] was Thomas Merkes. WALPOLE.

4 *See, ſee, king Richard doth himſelf appear,*] This and the following five lines are given in the old copies to Bolingbroke. The preſent regulation was made by Dr. Warburton. MALONE.

And

And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke, (for yond', methinks, he is,)
That every ſtride he makes upon my land,
Is dangerous treaſon: He is come to ope
The purple teſtament of bleeding war [5];
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thouſand bloody crowns of mothers' ſons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face [6];
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace [7]

To

5 *The purple teſtament of bleeding war*;] I once thought that Shakſpeare might have had the ſacred book (which is frequently covered with purple leather) in his thoughts; but the following note renders ſuch a ſuppoſition extremely doubtful. MALONE.

I believe our author uſes the word *teſtament* in its legal ſenſe. Bolingbroke is come to open the teſtament of war, that he may peruſe what is decreed there in his favour. *Purple* is an epithet referring to the future effuſion of blood. STEEVENS.

6 *But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,*
Ten thouſand bloody crowns of mothers' ſons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face;] By *the flower of England's face* is meant the choiceſt youths of England, who ſhall be ſlaughtered in this quarrel, or have *bloody crowns*. *The flower of England's face*, to deſign her choiceſt youth, is a fine and noble expreſſion. Pericles, by a ſimilar thought, ſaid "that the deſtruction of the Athenian youth was a fatality like cutting off the ſpring from the year." WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton reads—*light in peace*, but *live in peace* is more ſuitable to Richard's intention, which is to tell him, that though he ſhould get the crown by rebellion, it will be long before it will live in peace, be ſo ſettled as to be firm. *The flower of England's face*, is very happily explained. JOHNSON.

The flower of England's face, I believe, means *England's flowery face*, the *flowery ſurface of England's ſoil*. The ſame kind of expreſſion is uſed in Sidney's *Arcadia*, p. 2: "—opening the cherry of her lips," i. e. her cherry lips. Again, p. 240. edit. 1633: "——the ſweet and beautiful *flower of her face*. STEEVENS.

7 *Shall ill become the flower of England's face*;
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace &c.] Perhaps the words *face* and *peace* have changed places. We might read— (but I propoſe the change with no degree of confidence,)

But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thouſand bloody crowns of mothers' ſons
Shall ill become the flower of England's *peace*;
Change the complexion of her maid-pale *face*
To ſcarlet indignation—.

Ere

To ſcarlet indignation, and bedew
Her paſtures' graſs [8] with faithful Engliſh blood.
North. The King of heaven forbid, our lord the king
Should ſo with civil and uncivil arms
Be ruſh'd upon! Thy thrice-noble couſin,
Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiſs thy hand,
And by the honourable tomb he ſwears,
That ſtands upon thy royal grandſire's bones;
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Currents that ſpring from one moſt gracious head;
And by the bury'd hand of warlike Gaunt;
And by the worth and honour of himſelf,
Compriſing all that may be ſworn or ſaid,—
His coming hither hath no further ſcope,
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Enfranchiſement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend * to ruſt,
His barbed ſteeds to ſtables, and his heart
To faithful ſervice of your Majeſty.
This ſwears he, as he is a prince, is juſt;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.
K. Rich. Northumberland, ſay,—thus the king returns;—
His noble couſin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands

Ere the crown he hopes to obtain be ſettled peaceably on his head, ten thouſand crowns, beſmeared with blood, ſhall diſfigure the flower of the peaceable *nobility of England; and cauſe her maid-pale* countenance *to glow with indignation*, &c. The double oppoſition between *crown* and *peace* is much in our author's manner. In *King Richard III.* we have

" That would with treaſon wound this fair *land's peace.*"

and in *King Henry IV.* P. I.

" You conjure from the *breaſt* of civil *peace*
" Such bold hoſtility—."

Peace has already been perſonified in a former ſcene:

" To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
" Draws the ſweet infant breath of gentle ſleep."

But theſe lines, it muſt be owned, add as much ſupport to the old reading, as to the emendation propoſed. MALONE.

[8] *Her* paſtures' *graſs*—] Old Copies—*paſtors*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

* —*commend*—] i. e. commit. See Minſheu's Dict. in v. MALONE.

Shall be accompliſh'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious utterance thou haſt,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—
We do debaſe ourſelf, couſin, do we not, [*To* Aum.
To look ſo poorly, and to ſpeak ſo fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and ſend
Defiance to the traitor, and ſo die?

Aum. No, my good lord; let's fight with gentle words
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful ſwords.

K. Rich. O God! o God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the ſentence of dread baniſhment
On yon proud man, ſhould take it off again
With words of ſooth [9]! O, that I were as great
As is my grief, or leſſer than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been!
Or not remember what I muſt be now!
Swell'ſt thou, proud heart? I'll give thee ſcope to beat,
Since foes have ſcope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. What muſt the king do now? Muſt he ſubmit?
The king ſhall do it. Muſt he be depos'd?
The king ſhall be contented: Muſt he loſe
The name of king? o'God's name, let it go:
I'll give my jewels for a ſet of beads;
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;
My gay apparel, [1] for an alms-man's gown;
My figur'd goblets, for a diſh of wood;
My ſcepter, for a palmer's walking ſtaff;
My ſubjects, for a pair of carved ſaints;
And my large kingdom for a little grave:—
A little little grave, an obſcure grave:—

[9] *With words of ſooth!*—] *Sooth* is *ſweet* as well as *true*. In this place *ſooth* means *ſweetneſs* or ſoftneſs, a ſignification yet retained in the verb to *ſooth*. JOHNSON.

[1] *My gay apparel*, &c.] Dr. Grey obſerves, "that king Richard's expence in regard to dreſs, was very extraordinary." Holinſhed has the ſame remark; and adds, that "he had one cote which he cauſed to be made for him of gold and ſtone, valued at 30,000 marks." STEEV.

Stowe, in his *Survey*, ſays, "to the value of *three thouſand* markes." So alſo in *Vita Ricardi Secundi*, publiſhed by T. Hearne, p. 156. MALONE.

Or I'll be bury'd in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade[2], where ſubjects' feet
May hourly trample on their ſovereign's head[3]:
For on my heart they tread, now whilſt I live;
And, bury'd once, why not upon my head?—
Aumerle, thou weep'ſt; My tender-hearted couſin!—
We'll make foul weather with deſpiſed tears;
Our ſighs, and they, ſhall lodge the ſummer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or ſhall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make ſome pretty match with ſhedding tears?
As thus;—To drop them ſtill upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid,—*There lies*
Two kinſmen, digg'd their graves with weeping eyes?
Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I ſee
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—
Moſt mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
What ſays king Bolingbroke? will his majeſty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke ſays—ay[4].

North. My lord, in the baſe court[5] he doth attend
To ſpeak with you; may't pleaſe you to come down.

[2] *Some way of common* trade,] *Trade* in the ſenſe of either commerce or cuſtom. JOHNSON.

The phraſe is ſtill uſed by common people. When they ſpeak of a road much frequented, they ſay, "it is a road of much *traffic*." Shakſpeare uſes the word in the ſame ſenſe in *K. Henry* VIII:

"Stand in the gap and *trade* of more preferments." STEEVENS.

[3] — *on their ſovereign's head:*] Shakſpeare is very apt to deviate from the pathetick to the ridiculous. Had the ſpeech of Richard ended at this line, it had exhibited the natural language of ſubmiſſive miſery, conforming its intention to the preſent fortune, and calmly ending its purpoſes in death. JOHNSON.

[4] — *Bolingbroke ſays*—ay.] Here is another inſtance of injury done to the poet's metre by changing his orthography. *I*, which was Shakſpeare's word, rimed very well with to *die*; but *ay* has quite a different ſound. See a note on the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, Act V. Vol. I. p. 299, n. 6. TYRWHITT.

In ſome counties *ay* is at this day pronounced with a ſound very little differing from that of *I*. MALONE.

[5] — *baſe court*—] *Bas cour.* Fr. STEEVENS.

K. Rich. Down, down, I come; like glistering Phaeton,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades. [Nor. *retires to* Bol.
In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,
To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.
In the base court? Come down? Down, court! down, king!
For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should sing.
[*Exeunt, from above.*

Boling. What says his majesty?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantick man:
Yet he is come.

Enter King RICHARD *and his* Attendants, *below.*

Boling. Stand all apart,
And shew fair duty to his majesty.—
My gracious lord,— [*kneeling.*

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, [*touching his own head.*] although your knee be low.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserve:—They well deserve to have,
That know the strongest and surest way to get.—
Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes;
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.—
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we must, what force will have us do.—
Set on towards London:—Cousin, is it so?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich. Then I must not say, no. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Langley. *The duke of York's garden.*

Enter the Queen, *and two ladies.*

Queen. What ſport ſhall we deviſe here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?
1. *Lady.* Madam, we'll play at bowls.
Queen. 'Twill make me think, the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs againſt the bias.
1. *Lady.* Madam, we'll dance.
Queen. My legs can keep no meaſure in delight,
When my poor heart nō meaſure keeps in grief:
Therefore, no dancing, girl; ſome other ſport.
1. *Lady.* Madam, we will tell tales.
Queen. Of ſorrow, or of joy[6]?
1. *Lady.* Of either, madam.
Queen. Of neither, girl:
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of ſorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more ſorrow to my want of joy:
For what I have, I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it boots not to complain.
1. *Lady.* Madam, I'll ſing.
Queen. 'Tis well, that thou haſt cauſe;
But thou ſhould'ſt pleaſe me better, would'ſt thou weep.
1. *Lady.* I could weep, madam, would it do you good,
Queen. And I could weep[7], would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.
But ſtay, here come the gardeners:
Let's ſtep into the ſhadow of theſe trees.—

[6] *Of ſorrow, or of* joy?] All the old copies concur in reading: *Of ſorrow, or of* grief. Mr. Pope made the neceſſary alteration. STEEVENS.

[7] *And I could weep,—*] The old copies read: *And I could ſing.* STEEVENS.
Mr. Pope made the emendation MALONE.

Enter a Gardener, *and two* Servants.

My wretchedneſs unto a row of pins,
They'll talk of ſtate; for every one doth ſo
Againſt a change: Woe is fore-run with woe [8].

[Queen *and* ladies *retire.*

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon' dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their ſire
Stoop with oppreſſion of their prodigal weight;
Give ſome ſupportance to the bending twigs.—
Go thou, and, like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-faſt-growing ſprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All muſt be even in our government.—
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noiſome weeds, that without profit ſuck
The ſoil's fertility from wholeſome flowers.

1. *Serv.* Why ſhould we, in the compaſs of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Shewing, as in a model, our firm eſtate [9]?
When our ſea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds; her faireſt flowers chok'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots diſorder'd, and her wholeſome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace:—
He that hath ſuffer'd this diſorder'd ſpring,
Hath now himſelf met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds, that his broad ſpreading leaves did ſhelter,
That ſeem'd, in eating him, to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;
I mean, the earl of Wiltſhire, Buſhy, Green.

[8] *Againſt a change: Woe is fore-run with woe.*] The poet, according to the common doctrine of prognoſtication, ſuppoſes dejection to fore-run calamity, and a kingdom to be filled with rumours of ſorrow when any great diſaſter is impending. The ſenſe is, that publick evils are always preſignifyed by publick penſiveneſs, and plaintive converſation. JOHNSON.

9 — our *firm eſtate?*] The ſervant ſays *our*, meaning the ſtate of the garden in which they were at work. Why (ſays he) ſhould we be careful to preſerve order in the narrow cincture of this *our ſtate*, when the *great ſtate of the kingdom* is in diſorder? STEEVENS.

Serv.

Serv. What, are they dead?
Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath ſeiz'd the waſteful king.—Oh! What pity is it,
That he had not ſo trimm'd and dreſs'd his land,
As we this garden! We at time of year [1]
Do wound the bark, the ſkin of our fruit-trees;
Leſt, being over-proud with ſap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itſelf:
Had he done ſo to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taſte
Their fruits of duty. Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done ſo, himſelf had borne the crown,
Which waſte of idle hours hath quite thrown down.
Serv. What, think you then, the king ſhall be depos'd?
Gard. Depreſs'd he is already; and depos'd,
'Tis doubt, he will be [2]: Letters came laſt night
To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.
Queen. O, I am preſs'd to death
Through want of ſpeaking [3].—Thou, old Adam's likeneſs,
[*Coming from her concealment.*
Set to dreſs this garden, how dares [4]
Thy

[1] — We *at time of year*] The word *We* is not in the old copies. The context ſhews that ſome word was omitted at the preſs; and the ſubſequent lines

——— Superfluous branches
We lop away—

render it highly probable that this was the word. MALONE.

[2] *Tis* doubt, *he will be:*] We have already had an inſtance of this uncommon phraſeology in the preſent play:

He is our couſin, couſin; but 'tis *doubt*,
When time ſhall call him home, &c.

Doubt is the reading of the quarto, 1597. The folio reads, *doubted.* I have found reaſon to believe that ſome alterations even in that valuable copy were made arbitrarily by the editor. MALONE.

[3] — *I am preſs'd to death*
Through want of ſpeaking.] The poet alludes to the ancient legal puniſhment called *peine fort et dure*, which was inflicted on thoſe perſons, who, being arraigned, refuſed to plead, remaining obſtinately ſilent. They were *preſſed to death* by a heavy weight laid upon their ſtomach. MALONE.

[4] —— *how dares*
Thy harſh rude tongue &c.] So, in *Hamlet*:

Thy harſh rude tongue ſound this unpleaſing news?
What Eve, what ſerpent hath ſuggeſted thee
To make a ſecond fall of curſed man?
Why doſt thou ſay, king Richard is depos'd?
Dar'ſt thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how,
Cam'ſt thou by theſe ill tidings? ſpeak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I,
To breathe this news, yet, what I ſay, is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your lord's ſcale is nothing but himſelf,
And ſome few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Beſides himſelf, are all the Engliſh peers,
And with that odds he weighs king Richard down.
Poſt you to London, and you'll find it ſo;
I ſpeak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble miſchance, that art ſo light of foot,
Doth not thy embaſſage belong to me,
And am I laſt that knows it? O, thou think'ſt
To ſerve me laſt, that I may longeſt keep
Thy ſorrow in my breaſt.—Come, ladies, go,
To meet at London London's king in woe.
What, was I born to this! that my ſad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?
Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,
I would, the plants thou graft'ſt, may never grow[5].

[*Exeunt* Queen *and* ladies.

Gard. Poor queen! ſo that thy ſtate might be no worſe,
I would my ſkill were ſubject to thy curſe.—

Here

" What have I done, that thou *dar'ſt* wag thy *tongue*
" In noiſe ſo *rude* againſt me?"

I have quoted this paſſage only to juſtify the reſtoration of the word *rude*, which has been rejected in ſome modern editions. Some words ſeem to have been omitted in the firſt of theſe lines. We might read:

Set to dreſs *out* this garden. *Say*, how dares, &c.

It is always ſafer to add than to omit. MALONE.

[5] *I would, the plants thou graft'ſt, may never grow.*] This execration of the queen is ſomewhat ludicrous, and unſuitable to her condition; the gardener's reflection is better adapted to the ſtate both of his mind and his fortune. JOHNSON.

An

Here did ſhe drop a tear; here, in this place,
I'll ſet a bank of rue, ſour herb of grace:
Rue, even for ruth, here ſhortly ſhall be ſeen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

*Weſtminſter-Hall**.

The Lords ſpiritual on the right ſide of the throne; the Lords temporal on the left; the Commons below. Enter BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, SURREY, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER[1], *another* Lord, *Biſhop of* Carliſle, *Abbot of* Weſtminſter, *and Attendants. Officers behind, with* BAGOT.

Boling. Call forth Bagot:—
Now, Bagot, freely ſpeak thy mind;
What thou doſt know of noble Gloſter's death;
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeleſs end[2].

Bagot. Then ſet before my face the lord Aumerle.

Boling. Couſin, ſtand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My lord Aumerle, I know, your daring tongue
Scorns to unſay what once it hath deliver'd.
In that dead time when Gloſter's death was plotted,
I heard you ſay,—*Is not my arm of length,*
That reacheth from the reſtful Engliſh court
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?
Amongſt much other talk, that very time,
I heard you ſay, that you had rather refuſe
The offer of an hundred thouſand crowns,
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;
Adding withal, how bleſt this land would be,

An anonymous writer ſuggeſts, that the queen perhaps meant to wiſh him childleſs. The gardener's anſwer ("I would my *ſkill* &c.") ſhews that this was not the author's meaning. MALONE.

* The rebuilding of Weſtminſter-Hall, which Richard had begun in 1597, being finiſhed in 1599, the firſt meeting of parliament in the new edifice was for the purpoſe of depoſing him. MALONE.

[1] — *Fitzwater,*] The chriſtian name of this nobleman was Walter. WALPOLE.

[2] — *his* timeleſs *end.*] *Timeleſs* for *untimely.* WARBURTON.

In

In this your couſin's death.

Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What anſwer ſhall I make to this baſe man?
Shall I ſo much diſhonour my fair ſtars[3],
On equal terms to give him chaſtiſement?
Either I muſt, or have mine honour ſoil'd
With the attainder of his ſland'rous lips.—
There is my gage, the manual ſeal of death,
That marks thee out for hell: I ſay, thou lieſt,
And will maintain, what thou haſt ſaid, is falſe,
In thy heart-blood, though being all too baſe
To ſtain the temper of my knightly ſword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear, thou ſhalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the beſt
In all this preſence, that hath mov'd me ſo.

Fitz. If that thy valour ſtand on ſympathies[4],
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:
By that fair ſun which ſhews me where thou ſtand'ſt,
I heard thee ſay, and vauntingly thou ſpak'ſt it,
That thou wert cauſe of noble Gloſter's death.
If thou deny'ſt it, twenty times thou lieſt;
And I will turn thy falſhood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point[5].

Aum.

3 — *my fair* ſtars,] The *birth* is ſuppoſed to be influenced by the *ſtars*; therefore our author, with his uſual licence, takes *ſtars* for *birth*. JOHNSON.

We learn from Pliny's *Nat. Hiſt.* that the vulgar error aſſigned the bright and fair ſtars to the rich and great. "*Sidera ſingulis attributa nobis, et clara divitibus, minora pauperibus*, &c." Lib. i. cap. 8. ANONYMOUS.

4 *If that thy valour ſtand on ſympathies,*] Here is a tranſlated ſenſe much harſher than that of ſtars explained in the foregoing note. Aumerle has challenged Bagot with ſome heſitation, as not being his equal, and therefore one whom, according to the rules of chivalry, he was not obliged to fight, as a nobler life was not to be ſtaked in a duel againſt a baſer. Fitzwater then throws down his *gage*, a pledge of battle; and tells him that if he ſtands upon *ſympathies*, that is, upon equality of blood, the combat is now offered him by a man of rank not inferior to his own. *Sympathy* is an affection incident at once to two ſubjects. This community of affection implies a likeneſs or equality of nature, and thence our poet transferred the term to equality of blood. JOHNS.

5 — *my rapier's point.*] Shakſpeare deſerts the manners of the age in

Aum. Thou dar'ſt not, coward, live to ſee that day.
Fitz. Now, by my ſoul, I would it were this hour.
Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.
Percy. Aumerle, thou lieſt; his honour is as true,
In this appeal, as thou art all unjuſt:
And, that thou art ſo, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremeſt point
Of mortal breathing; ſeize it, if thou dar'ſt.
Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandiſh more revengeful ſteel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!
Lord. I taſk the earth to the like[6], forſworn Aumerle;
And ſpur thee on with full as many lies
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear
From ſun to ſun[7]: there is my honour's pawn;

Engage

in which his drama is placed, very often without neceſſity or advantage. The edge of a ſword had ſerved his purpoſe as well as the *point of a rapier*, and he had then eſcaped the impropriety of giving the Engliſh nobles a weapon which was not ſeen in England till two centuries afterwards. JOHNSON.

See Vol. I. p. 228, n. 8. MALONE.

6 *I taſk the earth to the like,*—] This ſpeech, which is not in the folio, was reſtored from the quarto by Dr. Johnſon. *Taſk* is the reading of the firſt and beſt quarto in 1597. In that printed in the following year the word was changed to *take*; but all the alterations made in the ſeveral editions of our author's plays in quarto, after the firſt, appear to have been made either arbitrarily or by negligence. (I do not mean to include copies containing new and additional matter.) I confeſs I am unable to explain either reading; but I adhere to the elder, as more likely to be the true one.

Dr. Johnſon would read—I *take* thy *oath*, and Mr. Steevens obſerves that there is a ſimilar corruption in *Troilus and Creſſida*, quarto, 1609, where we have untraded *earth*, for untraded *oath*.—The following line is quoted from Warner's *Albions England* by the editor laſt mentioned, as tending to throw ſome light on the text:

"Lo, here my gage, (he *terr'd* his glove) thou know'ſt the victor's meed."

To *terre* the glove, he ſuppoſes, was, to daſh it on the earth. MALONE.

We might read, only changing the place of one letter, and altering another,—I taſk thy *heart* to the like, i. e. I put thy valour to the ſame trial. So, in *K. Henry IV.* Act. IV. ſc. ii.

"How ſhew'd his *taſking?* ſeem'd it in contempt? STEEVENS.

7 *From* ſun *to* ſun:] i. e. as I think, from ſun-riſe to ſun-ſet. The quartos read—From *ſin* to *ſin*. The emendation, which in my apprehenſion requires no enforcement or ſupport, was propoſed by Mr. Steevens,

Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'ſt.

Aum. Who ſets me elſe? by heaven, I'll throw at all:
I have a thouſand ſpirits in one breaſt,
To anſwer twenty thouſand ſuch as you.

Surrey. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitz. 'Tis very true: you were in preſence then;
And you can witneſs with me, this is true.

Surrey. As falſe, by heaven, as heaven itſelf is true.

Fitz. Surrey, thou lieſt.

Surrey. Diſhonourable boy!
That lie ſhall lye ſo heavy on my ſword,
That it ſhall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lye
In earth as quiet as thy father's ſcull.
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'ſt.

Fitz. How fondly doſt thou ſpur a forward horſe?
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderneſs [8],
And ſpit upon him, whilſt I ſay, he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my ſtrong correction.—
As I intend to thrive in this new world [9],
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:
Beſides, I heard the baniſh'd Norfolk ſay,
That thou, Aumerle, didſt ſend two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honeſt Chriſtian truſt me with a gage,
That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this [1],
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.

Steevens, who explains theſe words differently. He is of opinion that they mean, *from one day to another.* MALONE.

[8] *I dare meet Surrey in a wilderneſs,*] I dare meet him where no help can be had by me againſt him. So, in *Macbeth:*

"——— or be alive again,
"And dare me to the deſert with thy ſword." JOHNSON.

[9] — *in this new world,*] In this world where I have juſt begun to be an actor. Surrey has, a few lines above, called him *boy.* JOHNSON.

[1] — *here do I throw down this,*] Holinſhed ſays, that on this occaſion, "he threw down *a hood* that he had borrowed." STEEVENS.

He had before thrown down his own hood, when accuſed by Bagot. MALONE.

Boling.

Boling. Theſe differences ſhall all reſt under gage,
Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he ſhall be,
And, though mine enemy, reſtor'd again
To all his land and ſignories; when he's return'd,
Againſt Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

Car. That honourable day ſhall ne'er be ſeen.—
Many a time hath baniſh'd Norfolk fought
For Jeſu Chriſt; in glorious Chriſtian field
Streaming the enſign of the Chriſtian croſs,
Againſt black pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
And, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himſelf
To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleaſant country's earth,
And his pure ſoul unto his captain Chriſt,
Under whoſe colours he had fought ſo long.

Boling. Why, biſhop, is Norfolk dead?

Car. As ſure as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his ſweet ſoul to the boſom
Of good old Abraham!—Lords appellants,
Your differences ſhall all reſt under gage,
Till we aſſign you to your days of trial.

Enter YORK, *attended.*

York. Great duke of Lancaſter, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing ſoul
Adopts thee heir, and his high ſcepter yields
To the poſſeſſion of thy royal hand:
Aſcend his throne, deſcending now from him,—
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

Boling. In God's name, I'll aſcend the regal throne.

Car. Marry, God forbid!
Worſt in this royal preſence may I ſpeak,
Yet beſt beſeeming me to ſpeak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble preſence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard; then true nobleſſe would
Learn him forbearance from ſo foul a wrong.
What ſubject can give ſentence on his king?
And who ſits here, that is not Richard's ſubject?
Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be ſeen in them:

And

And ſhall the figure of God's majeſty[2],
His captain, ſteward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judg'd by ſubject and inferior breath,
And he himſelf not preſent? O, forbid it, God,
That, in a Chriſtian climate, ſouls refin'd
Should ſhew ſo heinous, black, obſcene a deed!
I ſpeak to ſubjects, and a ſubject ſpeaks,
Stirr'd up by heaven thus boldly for his king.
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
And if you crown him, let me propheſy,—
The blood of Engliſh ſhall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act;
Peace ſhall go ſleep with Turks and infidels,
And, in this ſeat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound;
Diſorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha and dead men's ſculls.
O, if you rear this houſe againſt this houſe,
It will the woefulleſt diviſion prove,
That ever fell upon this curſed earth:
Prevent, reſiſt it, let it not be ſo,
Leſt child, child's children, cry againſt you—woe!

North. Well have you argu'd, ſir; and for your pains,
Of capital treaſon we arreſt you here:—

[2] *And ſhall the figure*, &c.] Here is another proof that our author did not learn in king James's court his elevated notions of the right of kings. I know not any flatterer of the Stuarts, who has expreſſed this doctrine in much ſtronger terms. It muſt be obſerved that the poet intends, from the beginning to the end, to exhibit this biſhop as brave, pious, and venerable. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare has repreſented the character of the biſhop as he found it in Holinſhed, where this famous ſpeech, (which contains, in the moſt expreſs terms, the doctrine of paſſive obedience,) is preſerved. The politics of the hiſtorian were the politics of the poet. STEEVENS.

The chief argument urged by the biſhop in Holinſhed, is, that it was unjuſt to proceed againſt the king "without calling him openly to his aunſwer and defence." He ſays, that "none of them were worthie or meete to give judgement to ſo noble a prince;" but does not expreſsly aſſert that he could not be lawfully depoſed. Our author, however, undoubtedly had Holinſhed before him. MALONE.

My

My lord of Weſtminſter, be it your charge
To keep him ſafely till his day of trial [3].—
May't pleaſe you, lords, to grant the commons' ſuit?

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may ſurrender; ſo we ſhall proceed
Without ſuſpicion.

York. I will be his conduct *. [*Exit.*

Boling. Lords, you that are here under our arreſt,
Procure your ſureties for your days of anſwer:
Little are we beholding to your love, [*to* Carliſle.
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

Re-enter YORK, *with king* RICHARD, *and officers bearing the Regalia.*

K. Rich. Alack, why am I ſent for to a king,
Before I have ſhook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To inſinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee:—
Give ſorrow leave a while to tutor me
To this ſubmiſſion. Yet I well remember
The favours of theſe men [4]: Were they not mine?
Did they not ſometime cry, all hail! to me?
So Judas did to Chriſt: but he in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thouſand, none.
God ſave the king!—Will no man ſay, amen?

3 — *his day of trial.*] After this line, whatever follows, almoſt to the end of the act, containing the whole proceſs of dethroning and debaſing king Richard, was added after the firſt edition of 1598, and before the ſecond of 1615. Part of the addition is proper, and part might have been forborn without much loſs. The author, I ſuppoſe, intended to make a very moving ſcene. JOHNSON.

The addition was firſt made in the quarto 1608. STEEVENS.

The firſt edition was in 1597, not in 1598. When it is ſaid that this ſcene was added, the reader muſt underſtand that it was added by the *printer*, or that a more perfect copy fell into the hands of the later editor than was publiſhed by a former. There is no proof that the whole ſcene was not written by Shakſpeare at the ſame time with the reſt of the play, though for political reaſons it might not have been exhibited or printed during the life of Queen Elizabeth. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of his plays.* Vol. I. MALONE.

* — conduct.] for *conductor.* See Vol. I. p. 98, n. 7. MALONE.

4 *The favours* &c.] The *countenances*; the *features.* JOHNSON.

Am

Am I both prieſt and clerk? well then, amen.
God ſave the king! although I be not he;
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.—
To do what ſervice, am I ſent for hither?

York. To do that office, of thine own good will,
Which tired majeſty did make thee offer,—
The reſignation of thy ſtate and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown:—Here, couſin, ſeize the crown;
Here, couſin, on this ſide, my hand; on that ſide, thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air [5],
The other down, unſeen, and full of water:
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilſt you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought, you had been willing to reſign.

K. Rich. My crown, I am, but ſtill my griefs are mine:
You may my glories and my ſtate depoſe,
But not my griefs; ſtill am I king of thoſe.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares ſet up, do not pluck my cares down.
My care is—loſs of care, by old care done [6];
Your care is—gain of care, by new care won:
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet ſtill with me they ſtay.

Boling. Are you contented to reſign the crown?

K. Rich. Ay, no;—no, ay;—for I muſt nothing be;
Therefore no no, for I reſign to thee.
Now mark me how I will undo myſelf:—
I give this heavy weight from off my head,

[5] *The emptier ever dancing*—] This is a compariſon not eaſily accommodated to the ſubject, nor very naturally introduced. The beſt part is this line, in which he makes the uſurper the *empty* bucket. JOHNS.

[6] *My care is—loſs of care, by old care done*;] Shakſpeare often obſcures his meaning by playing with ſounds. Richard ſeems to ſay here, that *his cares are not made leſs by the increaſe of Bolingbroke's cares*; for this reaſon, that *his care is the loſs of care*,—his grief is, that his regal cares are at an end, *by the ceſſation of the care to which he had been accuſtomed.* JOHNSON.

And

And this unweildy ſcepter from my hand,
The pride of kingly ſway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I waſh away my balm [7],
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my ſacred ſtate,
With mine own breath releaſe all duteous oaths:
All pomp and majeſty I do forſwear;
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego;
My acts, decrees, and ſtatutes, I deny:
God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke, are made to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd;
And thou with all pleas'd, that haſt all atchiev'd!
Long may'ſt thou live in Richard's ſeat to ſit,
And ſoon lie Richard in an earthy pit!
God ſave king Henry, unking'd Richard ſays,
And ſend him many years of ſun-ſhine days!—
What more remains?

North. No more, but that you read [*offering a paper.*
Theſe accuſations, and theſe grievous crimes,
Committed by your perſon, and your followers,
Againſt the ſtate and profit of this land;
That, by confeſſing them, the ſouls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Muſt I do ſo? and muſt I ravel out
My weav'd-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not ſhame thee, in ſo fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? If thou would'ſt [8],
There ſhould'ſt thou find one heinous article,—
Containing the depoſing of a king,
And cracking the ſtrong warrant of an oath,—
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven:—
Nay, all of you, that ſtand and look upon me,
Whilſt that my wretchedneſs doth bait myſelf,—
Though ſome of you, with Pilate, waſh your hands,

7 —*my balm,*] The oil of conſecration. He has mentioned it before. JOHNSON.

8 *If thou would'ſt,*] That is, if thou would'ſt read over a liſt of thy own deeds. JOHNSON.

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Whilſt that my wretchedneſs doth bait myſelf,—
Though ſome of you, with Pilate, waſh your hands,

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8 *If thou would'ſt,*] That is, if thou would'ſt read over a liſt of thy own deeds. JOHNSON.

Shewing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my four croſs,
And water cannot waſh away your ſin.
North. My lord, diſpatch; read o'er theſe articles.
K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot ſee:
And yet ſalt-water blinds them not ſo much,
But they can ſee a ſort of traitors here[9].
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myſelf,
I find myſelf a traitor with the reſt:
For I have given here my ſoul's conſent,
To undeck the pompous body of a king;
Make glory baſe; and ſovereignty a ſlave;
Proud majeſty, a ſubject; ſtate, a peaſant.
North. My lord,—
K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught[1] inſulting man,
Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,—
No, not that name was given me at the font[2],
But 'tis uſurp'd:—Alack the heavy day,
That I have worn ſo many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myſelf!
O, that I were a mockery king of ſnow,
Standing before the ſun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myſelf away in water-drops!—
Good king,—great king,—(and yet not greatly good,)
An if my word be ſterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither ſtraight:
That it may ſhew me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majeſty.
Boling. Go ſome of you, and fetch a looking-glaſs.
[*Exit an Attendant.*
North. Read o'er this paper, while the glaſs doth come.
K. Rich. Fiend! thou torment'ſt me ere I come to hell.
Boling. Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

9 —*a ſort*—] A *pack*, a *company*. WARBURTON.
See Vol. II. p. 490. n. 5. MALONE.

1 —*haught*,] i. e. *haughty*. STEEVENS.

2 *No, not that name was given me at the font*,] How that name which was given him at the font could be uſurped, I do not underſtand. Perhaps Shakſpeare meant to ſhew that imagination, dwelling long on its own misfortunes, repreſents them as greater than they really are.
ANONYMOUS.
North.

North. The commons will not then be ſatisfy'd.
K. Rich. They ſhall be ſatisfy'd: I'll read enough,
When I do ſee the very book indeed
Where all my ſins are writ, and that's—myſelf.

Re-enter Attendant, with a glaſs.

Give me that glaſs, and therein will I read.—
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath ſorrow ſtruck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds?—O flattering glaſs,
Like to my followers in proſperity,
Thou doſt beguile me!—Was this face the face
That every day under his houſhold roof
Did keep ten thouſand men*? Was this the face,
That, like the ſun, did make beholders wink?
Was this the face, that fac'd ſo many follies,
And was at laſt out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory ſhineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory is the face;
[*Daſhes the glaſs againſt the ground.*
For there it is, crack'd in a hundred ſhivers.—
Mark, ſilent king, the moral of this ſport,—
How ſoon my ſorrow hath deſtroy'd my face.
Boling. The ſhadow of your ſorrow hath deſtroy'd
The ſhadow of your face.
K. Rich. Say that again.
The ſhadow of my ſorrow? Ha! let's ſee:
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And theſe external manners of lament
Are merely ſhadows to the unſeen grief,
That ſwells with ſilence in the tortur'd ſoul[3];
There lies the ſubſtance: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'ſt
Me cauſe to wail, but teacheſt me the way

* *Did* keep *ten thouſand men?*] Shakſpeare is here not quite accurate. Our old chronicles only ſay "that to his houſehold came every day, to *meate*, ten thouſand men." MALONE.

3 —— *my grief lies all within;*
And theſe external manners of lament &c] So in *Hamlet:*
"But I have that within which paſſeth ſhow;
"Theſe but the trappings and the ſuits of woe." MALONE.

How to lament the cauſe. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair couſin.

K. Rich. Fair couſin? Why, I am greater than a king:
For, when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but ſubjects; being now a ſubject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being ſo great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet aſk.

K. Rich. And ſhall I have?

Boling. You ſhall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, ſo I were from your ſights.

Boling. Go ſome of you, convey him to the Tower.

K. Rich. O good! Convey?—Conveyers are you all [4],
That riſe thus nimbly by a true king's fall [5].

[*Exeunt* K. RICH. *ſome Lords, and a guard.*

Boling. On Wedneſday next, we ſolemnly ſet down
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourſelves.

[*Exeunt all but the* Abbot, *biſhop of* Carliſle, *and* AUM.

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

Car. The woe's to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as ſharp to them as thorn [6].

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. Before I freely ſpeak my mind herein,
You ſhall not only take the ſacrament
To bury [7] mine intents, but alſo to effect

4 — *Conveyers are you all,*] To *convey* is a term often uſed in an ill ſenſe, and ſo Richard underſtands it here. Piſtol ſays of *ſtealing*, "convey *the wiſe it call*"; and to *convey* is the word for ſleight of hand, which ſeems to be alluded to here. *Ye are all*, ſays the depoſed prince, *jugglers*, who riſe with this nimble dexterity *by the fall of a good king*. JOHNS.

5 — *a true king's fall.*] This is the laſt of the additional lines which were firſt printed in the quarto, 1608. MALONE.

6 — *as ſharp to them as thorn.*] This pathetick denunciation ſhews that Shakſpeare intended to impreſs his auditors with diſlike of the depoſal of Richard. JOHNSON.

7 *To bury*—] To *conceal*, to *keep ſecret*. JOHNSON.

Whatever

Whatever I ſhall happen to deviſe:—
I ſee, your brows are full of diſcontent,
Your hearts of ſorrow, and your eyes of tears;
Come home with me to ſupper; I will lay
A plot, ſhall ſhew us all a merry day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

London. *A ſtreet leading to the Tower.*

Enter QUEEN, *and* Ladies.

Queen. This way the king will come; this is the way
To Julius Cæſar's ill-erected tower [1],
To whoſe flint boſom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a priſoner by proud Bolingbroke:
Here let us reſt, if this rebellious earth
Have any reſting [2] for her true king's queen.

Enter King RICHARD, *and guards.*

But ſoft, but ſee, or rather do not ſee,
My fair roſe wither: Yet look up; behold;
That you in pity may diſſolve to dew,
And waſh him freſh again with true-love tears.—
Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did ſtand [3];

[1] *To Julius Cæſar's* &c.] The tower of London is traditionally ſaid to have been the work of Julius Cæſar. JOHNSON.

[2] *Here let us reſt, if* &c.] So Milton:

"*Here reſt, if any reſt can harbour here.*" JOHNSON.

[3] *Ah, thou, the* model *where old Troy did ſtand*;] The queen uſes comparative terms abſolutely. Inſtead of ſaying, *Thou who appeareſt* as the ground on which the magnificence of Troy was once erected, ſhe ſays,

Ah, thou, the model, &c.
Thou map of honour;—

Thou *picture* of greatneſs. JOHNSON.

Model, it has already been obſerved, is uſed by our author, for a thing made after a pattern. He is, I believe, ſingular in this uſe of the word. Thou ruined majeſty, ſays the queen, that *reſembleſt* the deſolated waſte where Troy once ſtood. So before:

"Who was the *model* of thy father's life."

See p. 58, n. 4.—In our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, ſleep is called "the *map* of death." MALONE.

Thou map of honour; thou king Richard's tomb,
And not king Richard; thou moſt beauteous inn [4],
Why ſhould hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an ale-houſe gueſt?

K. Rich. Join not with grief [5], fair woman, do not ſo,
To make my end too ſudden: learn, good ſoul,
To think our former ſtate a happy dream;
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shews us but this: I am ſworn brother, ſweet,
To grim neceſſity [6]; and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloiſter thee in ſome religious houſe:
Our holy lives muſt win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have ſtricken down.

Queen. What, is my Richard both in ſhape and mind
Transform'd, and weakened? Hath Bolingbroke
Depos'd thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The lion, dying, thruſteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing elſe, with rage
To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly? kiſs the rod;
And fawn on rage with baſe humility,
Which art a lion, and a king of beaſts?

K. Rich. A king of beaſts, indeed; if aught but beaſts,
I had been ſtill a happy king of men.
Good ſometime queen, prepare thee hence for France:
Think, I am dead; and that even here thou tak'ſt,
As from my death bed, my laſt living leave.
In winter's tedious nights, ſit by the fire
With good old folks; and let them tell thee tales

4 — *beauteous* inn,] *Inn* does not here ſignify a houſe of publick entertainment; but, as in Spenſer, a habitation in general. STEEVENS.

I cannot agree with Mr. Steevens. It means a houſe of entertainment, and is oppoſed to *ale-houſe* in the following line. MASON.

5 *Join not with grief,*] Do not thou unite with grief againſt me; do not, by thy additional ſorrows, enable grief to ſtrike me down at once. My own part of ſorrow I can bear, but thy affliction will immediately deſtroy me. JOHNSON.

6 *I am ſworn brother, ſweet,*
To grim neceſſity;] I have reconciled myſelf to neceſſity, I am in a ſtate of amity with the conſtraint which I have ſuſtained. JOHNSON.

Of

Of woeful ages, long ago betid:
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief[7],
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And ſend the hearers weeping to their beds.
For why[8], the ſenſeleſs brands will ſympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And, in compaſſion, weep the fire out:
And ſome will mourn in aſhes, ſome coal-black,
For the depoſing of a rightful king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, *and others.*

Noth. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd;
You muſt to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.—
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;
With all ſwift ſpeed you muſt away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke aſcends my throne,—
The time ſhall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul ſin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption: thou ſhalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all;
He ſhall think, that thou, which knoweſt the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er ſo little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from the uſurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger, and deſerved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
Take leave, and part; for you muſt part forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd?—Bad men, ye violate
A two-fold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me;
And then, betwixt me and my married wife.—
Let me unkiſs the oath 'twixt thee and me;
And yet not ſo, for with a kiſs 'twas made.—

[7] — *to quit their grief,*] To retaliate their mournful ſtories. JOHNSON.

[8] *For why,*—] The poet ſhould have ended this ſpeech with the foregoing line, and have ſpared his childiſh prattle about the fire. JOHNSON.

Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north,
Where ſhivering cold and ſickneſs pines the clime;
My wife to France; from whence ſet forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like ſweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas [9], or ſhort'ſt of day.

Queen. And muſt we be divided? muſt we part?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

Queen. Baniſh us both, and ſend the king with me.

North. That were ſome love [1], but little policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

K. Rich. So two together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
Better far off, than—near, be ne'er the near' [2].
Go, count thy way with ſighs: I mine with groans.

Queen. So longeſt way ſhall have the longeſt moans.

K. Rich. Twice for one ſtep I'll groan, the way being ſhort,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing ſorrow let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is ſuch length in grief.
One kiſs ſhall ſtop our mouths, and dumbly part;
Thus give I mine, and thus I take thy heart. [*They kiſs.*

Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart [3]. [*Kiſs again.*
So, now I have mine own again, begone,
That I may ſtrive to kill it with a groan.

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more, adieu; the reſt let ſorrow ſay. [*Exeunt.*

9 — *Hallowmas,*] *All-hallows*, or *all-hallowtide*; the firſt of November. STEEVENS.

1 *That were ſome love*, &c.] The quartos give this ſpeech to the king. STEEVENS.

2 *Better far off, than—near, be ne'er the near'.*] To be *never the nigher*, or, as it is commonly ſpoken in the mid-land counties, *ne'er tha ne-er*, is, to make no advance towards the good deſired. JOHNSON.

The meaning is, it is better to be at a great diſtance, than being near each other, to find that we yet are not likely to be peaceably and happily united. MALONE.

3 — *and* kill *thy* heart.] So in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"—they have *murder'd* this poor *heart* of mine." MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Room in the Duke of York's *Palace.*

Enter York *and his* Dutcheſs.

Dutch. My lord, you told me, you would tell the reſt,
When weeping made you break the ſtory off
Of our two couſins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave?

Dutch. At that ſad ſtop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from windows' tops,
Threw duſt and rubbiſh on king Richard's head.

York. Then, as I ſaid, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery ſteed,
Which his aſpiring rider ſeem'd to know,—
With ſlow, but ſtately pace, kept on his courſe,
While all tongues cry'd—God ſave thee, Bolingbroke!
You would have thought the very windows ſpake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through caſements darted their deſiring eyes
Upon his viſage; and that all the walls,
With painted imag'ry, had ſaid at once[4],—
Jeſu, preſerve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whilſt he, from one ſide to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud ſteed's neck,
Beſpake them thus,—I thank you, countrymen:
And thus ſtill doing, thus he paſt along.

Dutch. Alas, poor Richard! where rides he the while?

York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the ſtage,
Are idly bent[5] on him that enters next,

4 *With* painted imagery, *had* ſaid *at once,*] Our authour probably was thinking of the painted clothes that were hung in the ſtreets, in the pageants exhibited in his own time; in which the figures ſometimes had labels iſſuing from their mouths, containing ſentences of gratulation. Malone.

5 *Are idly bent*—] That is, *careleſly* turned, thrown without attention. This the poet learned by his attendance and practice on the ſtage. Johnson.

Thinkin

Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even ſo, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did ſcowl on Richard; no man cry'd, God ſave him;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
But duſt was thrown upon his ſacred head;
Which with ſuch gentle ſorrow he ſhook off,—
His face ſtill combating with tears and ſmiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,—
That had not God, for ſome ſtrong purpoſe, ſteel'd
The hearts of men, they muſt perforce have melted,
And barbariſm itſelf have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in theſe events;
To whoſe high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we ſworn ſubjects now,
Whoſe ſtate and honour I for aye allow.

Enter AUMERLE.

Dutch. Here comes my ſon Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was [6];
But that is loſt, for being Richard's friend,
And, madam, you muſt call him Rutland now:
I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
And laſting fealty to the new-made king.

Dutch. Welcome, my ſon: Who are the violets now,
That ſtrew the green lap of the new-come ſpring [7]?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not;
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new ſpring of time [8],
Leſt you be cropt before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? hold thoſe juſts and triumphs?

Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.

[6] Aumerle *that was*;] The dukes of *Aumerle*, Surrey, and Exeter, were by an act of Henry's firſt parliament deprived of their dukedoms, but were allowed to retain their earldoms of *Rutland*, Kent, and Huntingdon. *Holinſhed*, p. 513, 514. STEEVENS.

[7] *That ſtrew the green lap of the new-come ſpring?*] So Milton in one of his ſongs:

"————who from her *green lap* throws
"The yellow cowſlip and the pale primroſe." STEEVENS.

[8] —*bear you well*—] That is, conduct yourſelf with prudence. JOHNSON.

York.

York. You will be there, I know.
Aum. If God prevent it not; I purpoſe ſo.
York. What ſeal is that, that hangs without thy boſom?
Yea, look'ſt thou pale? let me ſee the writing[9].
Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.
York. No matter then who ſees it:
I will be ſatisfy'd, let me ſee the writing.
Aum. I do beſeech your grace to pardon me;
It is a matter of ſmall conſequence,
Which for ſome reaſons I would not have ſeen.
York. Which for ſome reaſons, ſir, I mean to ſee.
I fear, I fear,—
Dutch. What ſhould you fear?
'Tis nothing but ſome bond, that he is enter'd into
For gay apparel 'gainſt the triumph day[1].
York. Bound to himſelf? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—
Boy, let me ſee the writing.
Aum. I do beſeech you, pardon me; I may not ſhew it.
York. I will be ſatisfied; let me ſee it, I ſay.
[*Snatches it, and reads.*
Treaſon! foul treaſon!—villain, traitor! ſlave!
Dutch. What is the matter, my lord?
York. Ho! who is within there? [*Enter a ſervant.*]
Saddle my horſe.
God for his mercy! what treachery is here!
Dutch. Why, what is it, my lord?
York. Give me my boots, I ſay; ſaddle my horſe:—
Now by mine honour, by my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain. [*Exit ſervant.*
Dutch. What's the matter?
York. Peace, fooliſh woman.
Dutch. I will not peace:—What is the matter, ſon?

9 *Yea, look'ſt thou pale? let me ſee the writing.*] Such harſh and defective lines as this, are probably corrupt, and might be eaſily ſupplied, but that it would be dangerous to let conjecture looſe on ſuch ſlight occaſions. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakſpeare wrote—*Boy*, let me ſee the writing. York uſes theſe words a little lower. MALONE.

1 —'*gainſt the* triumph *day*.] See Vol. II. p. 442, n. 4. MALONE.

Aum.

Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life muſt anſwer.
Dutch. Thy life anſwer!

Re-enter Servant, with boots.

York. Bring me my boots, I will unto the king.
Dutch. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art amaz'd:—
Hence, villain; never more come in my ſight.—[*to the ſerv.*
York. Give me my boots, I ſay.
Dutch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the treſpaſs of thine own?
Have we more ſons! or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair ſon from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?
York. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conſpiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the ſacrament,
And interchangeably ſet down their hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.
Dutch. He ſhall be none;
We'll keep him here: Then what is that to him?
York. Away, fond woman! were he twenty times
My ſon, I would appeach him.
Dutch. Hadſt thou groan'd for him,
As I have done, thou'dſt be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind; thou doſt ſuſpect,
That I have been diſloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a baſtard, not thy ſon:
Sweet York, ſweet huſband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, or any of my kin,
And yet I love him.
York. Make way, unruly woman. [*Exit.*
Dutch. After, Aumerle; mount thee upon his horſe;
Spur, poſt; and get before him to the king.
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuſe thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,

I doubt not but to ride as faſt as York:
And never will I riſe up from the ground,
'Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee: Away;
Begone. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Windſor. *A Room in the Caſtle.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE *as King*; PERCY, *and other lords.*

Boling. Can no man tell of my unthrifty ſon?
'Tis full three months, ſince I did ſee him laſt:—
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
I would to God, my lords, he might be found:
Enquire at London, 'mongſt the taverns there[2],
For there, they ſay, he daily doth frequent,
With unreſtrained looſe companions;
Even ſuch, they ſay, as ſtand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our paſſengers;
While he[3], young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour, to ſupport
So diſſolute a crew.

Percy. My lord, ſome two days ſince I ſaw the prince;
And told him of theſe triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what ſaid the gallant?

Percy. His anſwer was,—he would unto the ſtews;
And from the common'ſt creature pluck a glove[4],

[2] *Enquire at London*, &c.] This is a very proper introduction to the future character of Henry the Fifth, to his debaucheries in his youth, and his greatneſs in his manhood. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare ſeldom attended to chronology. The prince was at this time but twelve years old, for he was born in 1388, and the conſpiracy on which the preſent ſcene is formed, was diſcovered in the beginning of the year 1400.—He ſcarcely frequented taverns or ſtews at ſo early an age. MALONE.

[3] While *he*,—] All the old copies read—Which *he*. STEEVENS.
The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[4] —*pluck* a glove,] So, in *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578, Lamia, the ſtrumpet, ſays,

" Who loves me once is lymed to my heaſt:
" My colours ſome, and ſome ſhall wear my *glove*."

Again, in the *Shoemaker's Holyday, or Gentle Craft*, 1600:

" Or ſhall I undertake ſome martial ſport,
" Wearing your *glove* at turney or at tilt,
" And tell how many gallants I unhors'd?" STEEVENS.

And

And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorſe the luſtieſt challenger.
Boling. As diſſolute, as deſperate: yet, through both
I ſee ſome ſparkles of a better hope [5],
Which elder days may happily bring forth.
But who comes here?

Enter AUMERLE, *haſtily.*

Aum. Where is the king?
Boling. What means
Our couſin, that he ſtares and looks ſo wildly?
Aum. God ſave your grace. I do beſeech your majeſty,
To have ſome conference with your grace alone.
Boling. Withdraw yourſelves, and leave us here alone.
[*Exeunt* Percy *and Lords.*
What is the matter with our couſin now?
Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth, [*kneels.*
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unleſs a pardon, ere I riſe, or ſpeak.
Boling. Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If but [6] the firſt, how heinous ere it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.
Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.
Boling. Have thy deſire. [Aumerle *locks the door.*
York. [*within.*] My liege, beware; look to thyſelf;
Thou haſt a traitor in thy preſence there.
Boling. Villain, I'll make thee ſafe. [*drawing.*
Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand;
Thou haſt no cauſe to fear.
York. [*within.*] Open the door, ſecure, fool-hardy king:
Shall I, for love, ſpeak treaſon to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.
[Bolingbroke *opens the door.*

Enter YORK.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle, ſpeak;

[5] *I ſee ſome* ſparkles *of* a *better hope,*] The folio reads:—ſparks *of better hope.* The quarto 1615:—ſparkles *of better hope.* STEEVENS.
The firſt quarto has—*ſparkles of better hope.* The article was inſerted by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

[6] *If* but —] Old copies—If *on.* Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

Recover

Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruſe this writing here, and thou ſhalt know
The treaſon that my haſte forbids me ſhow.

Aum. Remember, as thou read'ſt, thy promiſe paſt:
I do repent me; read not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

York. 'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did ſet it down.—
I tore it from the traitor's boſom, king;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence:
Forget to pity him, leſt thy pity prove
A ſerpent that will ſting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, ſtrong, and bold conſpiracy!—
O loyal father of a treacherous ſon!
Thou ſheer, immaculate, and ſilver fountain [7],
From whence this ſtream through muddy paſſages
Hath held his current, and defil'd himſelf!
Thy overflow of good converts to bad [8];
And thy abundant goodneſs ſhall excuſe
This deadly blot in thy digreſſing ſon [9].

York. So ſhall my virtue be his vice's bawd;
And he ſhall ſpend mine honour with his ſhame,
As thriftleſs ſons their ſcraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives when his diſhonour dies,
Or my ſham'd life in his diſhonour lies:
Thou kill'ſt me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Dutch. [*within.*] What ho, my liege! for God's ſake,
let me in.

[7] *Thou ſheer, immaculate,* &c.] *Sheer* is pellucid, tranſparent. The modern editors arbitrarily read *clear*. So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, b. iii. c. 2:

"Who having viewed in a fountain *ſhere* &c.

Tranſparent muſlin is ſtill called *ſheer* muſlin. STEEVENS.

[8] *Thy overflow of good converts to bad*;] The overflow of good *in thee* is turned to bad *in thy ſon*; and that ſame abundant goodneſs *in thee* ſhall excuſe *his* tranſgreſſion. TYRWHITT.

[9] — *digreſſing ſon.*] To *digreſs* is to deviate from what is right or regular. STEEVENS.

See Vol. II, p. 325, n. 5. MALONE.

Boling.

Boling. What ſhrill-voic'd ſuppliant makes this eager cry?

Dutch. A woman, and thine aunt, great king; 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door;
A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our ſcene is alter'd,—from a ſerious thing,
And now chang'd to *The Beggar and the King*[1].—
My dangerous couſin, let your mother in;
I know, ſhe's come to pray for your foul ſin.

York. If thou do pardon, whoſoever pray,
More ſins, for this forgiveneſs, proſper may.
This feſter'd joint cut off, the reſt reſts ſound;
This, let alone, will all the reſt confound.

Enter Dutcheſs.

Dutch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man;
Love, loving not itſelf, none other can.

York. Thou frantick woman, what doſt thou make here[2]?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

Dutch. Sweet York, be patient: Hear me, gentle liege. [*kneeling.*

Boling. Riſe up, good aunt.

Dutch. Not yet, I thee beſeech:
For ever will I kneel upon my knees,
And never ſee day that the happy ſees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my tranſgreſſing boy.

[1] — *The Beggar and the King.*] *The King and Beggar* ſeems to have been an interlude well known in the time of our author, who has alluded to it more than once. I cannot now find that any copy of it is left. JOHNSON.

The King and Beggar was perhaps once an interlude; it was certainly a ſong. The reader will find it in the firſt volume of Dr. Percy's collection. It is there intitled, *King Copethua and the Beggar Maid*; and is printed from Rich. Johnſon's *Crown Garland of Goulden Roſes*, 1612, 12°; where it is intitled ſimply, *A ſong of a Beggar and a King*. This interlude or ballad is mentioned in *Cinthia's Revenge*, 1613:

"Provoke thy ſharp Melpomene to ſing
"The ſtory of a *Beggar and the King*. STEEVENS.

[2] — *what doſt thou make here?*] See Vol. I. p. 275, n. 1. MALONE.

Aum.

Aum. Unto my mother's prayers, I bend my knee.
York. Againſt them both, my true joints bended be.
Ill may'ſt thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!
Dutch. Pleads he in earneſt? look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jeſt;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breaſt:
He prays but faintly, and would be deny'd;
We pray with heart, and ſoul, and all beſide:
His weary joints would gladly riſe, I know;
Our knees ſhall kneel till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of falſe hypocriſy;
Ours, of true zeal and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have
That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.
Boling. Good aunt, ſtand up.
Dutch. Nay, do not ſay—ſtand up;
But, pardon, firſt; and afterwards, ſtand up.
An if I were thy nurſe, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon—ſhould be the firſt word of thy ſpeech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now;
Say—pardon, king; let pity teach thee how:
The word is ſhort, but not ſo ſhort as ſweet;
No word like, pardon, for kings' mouths ſo meet.
York. Speak it in French, king; ſay, *pardonnez moy*[3].
Dutch. Doſt thou teach pardon pardon to deſtroy?
Ah, my ſour huſband, my hard-hearted lord,
That ſet'ſt the word itſelf againſt the word!—
Speak, pardon, as 'tis current in our land;
The chopping French[4] we do not underſtand.

3 — *pardonnez moy.*] That is, *excuſe me*, a phraſe uſed when any thing is civilly denied. The whole paſſage is ſuch as I could well wiſh away. JOHNSON.

4 *The* chopping *French*—] *Chopping*, I ſuppoſe, here means *jabbering*, talking flippantly a language unintelligible to Engliſhmen; or perhaps it may mean,—the French, who *clip* and *mutilate* their words. I do not remember to have met the word, in this ſenſe, in any other place. In the univerſities they talk of *chopping* logick; and our author in *Romeo and Juliet* has the ſame phraſe:

"How now! how now! *chop logick?*" MALONE.

Thine eye begins to ſpeak, ſet thy tongue there:
Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear;
That, hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee pardon to rehearſe.

Boling. Good aunt, ſtand up.

Dutch. I do not ſue to ſtand,
Pardon is all the ſuit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as God ſhall pardon me.

Dutch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I ſick for fear: ſpeak it again;
Twice ſaying pardon, doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon ſtrong.

Boling. With all my heart
I pardon him *.

Dutch. A god on earth thou art.

Boling. But for our truſty brother-in-law [5],—and the abbot [6],
With all the reſt of that conſorted crew,—
Deſtruction ſtraight ſhall dog them at the heels.—
Good uncle, help to order ſeveral powers
To Oxford, or where-e'er theſe traitors are:
They ſhall not live within this world, I ſwear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewel—and couſin too, adieu [7]:
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Dutch. Come, my old ſon;—I pray God make thee new.

Exeunt.

* *With all my heart*
I pardon him.] The old copies read—I pardon him with all my heart. The tranſpoſition was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

5 *But for our truſty brother-in-law*—] John duke of Exeter, and earl of Huntingdon, who had married with the lady Elizabeth, ſiſter of Henry Bolingbroke. THEOBALD.

6 — *the abbot*—] i. e. the Abbot of Weſtminſter. THEOBALD.

7 — *couſin*, too, *adieu:*] *Too*, which is not in the old copy, was added by Mr. Theobald, for the ſake of the metre. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter EXTON, *and a Servant.*

Exton. Didſt thou not mark the king, what words he ſpake?
Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?
Was it not ſo?
Serv. Thoſe were his very words.
Exton. Have I no friend? quoth he: he ſpake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together; did he not?
Serv. He did.
Exton. And, ſpeaking it, he wiſtly look'd on me;
As who ſhould ſay,—I would, thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning, the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go;
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Pomfret. *The Dungeon of the Caſtle.*

Enter RICHARD.

K. Rich. I have been ſtudying how I may compare
This priſon, where I live, unto the world:
And, for becauſe the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myſelf,
I cannot do it;—Yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my ſoul;
My ſoul, the father: and theſe two beget
A generation of ſtill-breeding thoughts,
And theſe ſame thoughts people this little world[8];
In humours, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better ſort,—

[8] — *people this* little world;] i. e. his own frame;—"the ſtate of man;" which in our author's *Julius Cæſar* is ſaid to be "like to a little kingdom." So alſo in his *Lover's Complaint:*

"Storming my *world* with Sorrow's wind and rain."

Again, in *King Lear:*

"Strives in this *little world* of man to out-run
"The too-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain." MALONE.

As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd
With ſcruples, and do ſet the word itſelf[9]
Againſt the word:
As thus,—*Come, little ones*; and then again,—
It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the poſtern of a needle's eye.
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders: how theſe vain weak nails
May tear a paſſage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged priſon-walls;
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themſelves,—
That they are not the firſt of fortune's ſlaves,
Nor ſhall not be the laſt; Like ſilly beggars,
Who, ſitting in the ſtocks, refuge their ſhame,—
That many have, and others muſt ſit there:
And in this thought they find a kind of eaſe,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of ſuch as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I, in one perſon[1], many people,
And none contented: Sometimes am I king;
Then treaſon makes me wiſh myſelf a beggar,
And ſo I am: Then cruſhing penury
Perſuades me I was better when a king;
Then am I king'd again: and, by-and-by,
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And ſtraight am nothing:—But, whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing ſhall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing.—Muſick do I hear? [*Muſick.*
Ha, ha! keep time:—How ſour ſweet muſick is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept?

9 ——— *the* word *itſelf*
Againſt the word:] By the *word* I ſuppoſe is meant the *holy word*. The folio reads:
——— *the* faith *itſelf*
Againſt the faith. STEEVENS.
The reading of the text is that of the firſt quarto, 1597. MALONE.

1 — *in one* perſon,] Thus the firſt quarto, 1597. All the ſubſequent old copies have—*priſon*. MALONE.

So

So is it in the muſick of men's lives.
And here have I the daintineſs of ear,
To check[2] time broke in a diſorder'd ſtring;
But, for the concord of my ſtate and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I waſted time, and now doth time waſte me.
For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock[3]:
My thoughts are minutes; and, with ſighs, they jar[4]
Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing ſtill, in cleanſing them from tears:
Now, ſir, the ſound, that tells what hour it is,
Are clamorous groans, that ſtrike upon my heart,
Which is the bell: So ſighs, and tears, and groans,
Shew minutes, times, and hours: —but my time
Runs poſting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I ſtand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock[5].

2 *To* check—] Thus the firſt quarto, 1597. The folio reads—*To bear*. Of this play the firſt quarto copy is much more valuable than that of the folio. MALONE.

3 *For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock:* &c.] There appears to me no reaſon for ſuppoſing with Dr. Johnſon that this paſſage is corrupt. It ſhould be recollected that there are three ways in which a clock notices the progreſs of time; viz. by the libration of the pendulum, the index on the dial, and the ſtriking of the hour. To theſe the king, in his compariſon, ſeverally alludes; his ſighs correſponding to the jarring of the pendulum, which, at the ſame time that it watches or numbers the ſeconds, marks alſo their progreſs in minutes on the dial or outward watch, to which the king compares his eyes; and their want of figures is ſupplied by a ſucceſſion of tears, or (to uſe an expreſſion of Milton) *minute drops:* his finger, by as regularly wiping theſe away, performing the office of the dial's point:—his clamorous groans are the ſounds that tell the hour.

In *K. Henry IV.* P. II. *tears* are uſed in a ſimilar manner:

"But Harry lives, that ſhall convert thoſe *tears*,
"By number, into hours of happineſs." HENLEY.

4 —*with ſighs they* jar] To *jar* is, I believe, to make that noiſe which is called *ticking*. So, in the *Winter's Tale:*

"I love thee not a *jar* o' the clock behind, &c."

Again, in the *Spaniſh Tragedy:*

"——the minutes *jarring*, the clock ſtriking." STEEVENS.

5 —*his Jack o' the clock.*] That is, I ſtrike for him. One of theſe automatons is alluded to in *King Richard* III. Act. IV. ſc. iii.

"Becauſe that, like a *Jack*, thou keep'ſt the ſtroke,
"Between thy begging and my meditation." STEEVENS.

This muſick mads me, let it ſound no more[6];
For, though it have holpe madmen to their wits[7],
In me, it ſeems, it will make wiſe men mad.
Yet, bleſſing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a ſign of love; and love to Richard[8]
Is a ſtrange brooch in this all-hating world[9].

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!

K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer;
The cheapeſt of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? and how comeſt thou hither,
Where no man never comes, but that ſad dog[1]
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy ſtable, king,
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,
With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my ſometimes * royal maſter's face.

[6] *This* muſick mads *me, let it ſound no more*;] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"The little birds that tune their morning throats,
"Make her moans *mad* with their ſweet *melody*." MALONE.

[7] *For, though it have holpe madmen to their wits,*] The alluſion is, perhaps, to the perſons bit by the tarantula, who are ſaid to be cured by muſick. MALONE.

In what degree muſick was ſuppoſed to be uſeful in curing madneſs, the reader may receive information from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*; Part II. Sect. 2. REED.

[8] —— *and love to Richard*

Is a ſtrange brooch *in this all-hating world.*] i. e. as ſtrange and uncommon as a *brooch*, which is now no longer worn. So, in *All's Well that ends Well*: "Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of faſhion, richly ſuited, but unſuitable; juſt like the *brooch* and the toothpick, *which wear not now*." MALONE.

[9] — *in this* all-hating *world.*] I believe the meaning is, this world in which I am univerſally hated. JOHNSON.

[1] — *but that ſad dog*] It ſhould be remembered that the word *ſad* was in the time of our author uſed for *grave*. The expreſſion will then be the ſame as if he had ſaid, *that grave, that gloomy villain*. So, in Holinſhed, p. 730: "With that, the recorder called Fitzwilliam, a *ſad* man and an honeſt, &c." STEEVENS.

* —*ſometimes*—] was uſed for *formerly*, as well as *ſometime*, which the modern editors have ſubſtituted. So in Speed's *Hiſtory of Great Britaine*, 1611:—"A catalogue of the religious houſes, &c. *ſometimes* in England and Wales." MALONE.

O, how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld,
In London ſtreets that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!
That horſe, that thou ſo often haſt beſtrid;
That horſe, that I ſo carefully have dreſs'd!

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly, as if he diſdain'd the ground.

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not ſtumble? Would he not fall down,
(Since pride muſt have a fall,) and break the neck
Of that proud man, that did uſurp his back?
Forgiveneſs, horſe! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Waſt born to bear? I was not made a horſe;
And yet I bear a burden like an aſs,
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jauncing Bolingbroke[2].

Enter Keeper, *with a diſh.*

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer ſtay.
[*to the groom.*

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart ſhall ſay. [*Exit.*

Keep. My lord, will't pleaſe you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taſte of it firſt, as thou art wont to do.

Keep. My lord, I dare not; ſir Pierce of Exton, who Lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaſter, and thee! Patience is ſtale, and I am weary of it. [*beats the keeper.*

Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter EXTON, *and* Servants, *armed.*

K. Rich. How now? what means death in this rude aſſault?

[2] — *by* jauncing *Bolingbroke.*] *Jaunce* and *jaunt* were ſynonimous words. B. Jonſon uſes *geances* in his *Tale of a Tub:*

"I would I had a few more *geances* of it:
"And you ſay the word, ſend me to Jericho." STEEVENS.

Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's inſtrument.
[*Snatching a weapon, and killing one.*
Go thou, and fill another room in hell.
[*He kills another*; *then* EXTON *ſtrikes him down.*
That hand ſhall burn in never-quenching fire,
That ſtaggers thus my perſon. Thy fierce hand
Hath with the king's blood ſtain'd the king's own land.
Mount, mount, my ſoul! thy ſeat is up on high;
Whilſt my groſs fleſh ſinks downward, here to die. [*Dies.*

Exton. As full of valour, as of royal blood:
Both have I ſpilt; O, would the deed were good!
For now the devil, that told me—I did well,
Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead king to the living king I'll bear;—
Take hence the reſt, and give them burial here. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Windſor. *A Room in the Caſtle.*

Flouriſh. Enter BOLINGBROKE, *and* YORK, *with lords and attendants.*

Boling. Kind uncle York, the lateſt news we hear,
Is—that the rebels have conſum'd with fire
Our town of Ciceſter in Gloſterſhire;
But whether they be ta'en, or ſlain, we hear not.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord: What is the news?

North. Firſt to thy ſacred ſtate wiſh I all happineſs.
The next news is,—I have to London ſent
The heads of Saliſbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent[3]:
The manner of their taking may appear
At large diſcourſed in this paper here. [*preſenting a paper.*

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter FITZWATER.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford ſent to London

[3] — *of Saliſbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent:*] So the folio. The firſt quarto reads—of *Oxford, Saliſbury, Blunt* and *Kent*. It appears from the hiſtories of this reign that the reading of the folio is right. MALONE.

The

The heads of Brocas, and ſir Bennet Seely;
Two of the dangerous conſorted traitors,
That ſought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.
Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, ſhall not be forgot;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter PERCY, *with the biſhop of* Carliſle.

Percy. The grand conſpirator, abbot of Weſtminſter,
With clog of conſcience. and ſour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;
But here is Carliſle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom, and ſentence of his pride.
Boling. Carliſle, this is your doom:—
Chooſe out ſome ſecret place, ſome reverend room,
More than thou haſt, and with it joy thy life;
So, as thou liv'ſt in peace, die free from ſtrife;
For though mine enemy thou haſt ever been,
High ſparks of honour in thee have I ſeen.

Enter EXTON, *with attendants bearing a coffin.*

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I preſent
Thy bury'd fear: herein all breathleſs lies
The mightieſt of thy greateſt enemies,
Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.
Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou haſt wrought
A deed of ſlander, with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous land.
Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.
Boling. They love not poiſon that do poiſon need,
Nor do I thee; though I did wiſh him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conſcience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour:
With Cain go wander through the ſhade of night,
And never ſhew thy head by day nor light.—
Lords, I proteſt, my ſoul is full of woe,
That blood ſhould ſprinkle me, to make me grow:
Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,
And put on ſullen black incontinent;

I'll

I'll make a voyage to the Holy land,
To waſh this blood off from my guilty hand:—
March ſadly after; grace my mournings here,
In weeping after this untimely bier[4]. [*Exeunt.*

4 This play is extracted from the *Chronicle of Holinſhed*, in which many paſſages may be found which Shakſpeare has, with very little alteration, tranſplanted into his ſcenes; particularly a ſpeech of the biſhop of Carliſle in defence of king Richard's unalienable right, and immunity from human juriſdiction.

Jonſon who, in his *Catiline and Sejanus*, has inſerted many ſpeeches from the Roman hiſtorians, was perhaps induced to that practice by the example of Shakſpeare, who had condeſcended ſometimes to copy more ignoble writers. But Shakſpeare had more of his own than Jonſon, and, if he ſometimes was willing to ſpare his labour, ſhewed by what he performed at other times, that his extracts were made by choice or idleneſs rather than neceſſity.

This play is one of thoſe which Shakſpeare has apparently reviſed; but as ſucceſs in works of invention is not always proportionate to labour, it is not finiſhed at laſt with the happy force of ſome other of his tragedies, nor can be ſaid much to affect the paſſions, or enlarge the underſtanding. JOHNSON.

The notion that Shakſpeare reviſed this play, though it has long prevailed, appears to me extremely doubtful; or, to ſpeak more plainly, I do not believe it. See further on this ſubject in *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of his plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

KING HENRY IV.

PART I.

Perſons Repreſented.

King Henry *the Fourth.*
Henry, *Prince of* Wales, } *Sons to the king.*
Prince John *of* Lancaſter. }
Earl of Weſtmoreland, } *Friends to the king.*
Sir Walter Blunt. }
Thomas Percy, *Earl of* Worceſter.
Henry Percy, *Earl of* Northumberland:
Henry Percy, *ſurnamed* Hotſpur, *his ſon.*
Edmund Mortimer, *Earl of* March.
Scroop, *Archbiſhop of* York.
Archibald, *Earl of* Douglas.
Owen Glendower.
Sir Richard Vernon.
Sir John Falſtaff.
Poins.
Gadshill.
Peto.
Bardolph.

Lady Percy, *wife to* Hotſpur, *and ſiſter to* Mortimer.
Lady Mortimer, *daughter to* Glendower, *and wife to* Mortimer.
Mrs. Quickly, *hoſteſs of a tavern in* Eaſtcheap.

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, vintner, chamberlain, drawers, two carriers, travellers, and attendants, &c.

SCENE, England.

FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY IV.[1]

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, WESTMORELAND, *Sir* Walter BLUNT, *and Others.*

K. Hen. So ſhaken as we are, ſo wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe ſhort-winded accents of new broils[2]
To be commenc'd in ſtronds afar remote.

1 The tranſactions contained in this hiſtorical drama are compriſed within the period of about ten months; for the action commences with the news brought of Hotſpur having defeated the Scots under Archibald earl Douglas at Holmedon, (or Halidown-hill,) which battle was fought on Holyrood-day (the 14th of September) 1402; and it cloſes with the defeat and death of Hotſpur at Shrewſbury; which engagement happened on Saturday the 21ſt of July, (the eve of Saint Mary Magdalen) in the year 1403. THEOBALD.

This play was firſt entered at Stationers' Hall, Feb. 25, 1597, by Andrew Wiſe. Again by M. Woolff, Jan. 9, 1598. For the piece ſuppoſed to have been its original, ſee *Six old plays on which Shakſpeare founded* &c. publiſhed for S. Leacroft, Charing-Croſs. STEEV.

This comedy was written, I believe, in the year 1597. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's plays, Vol. I.* MALONE.

Shakſpeare has apparently deſigned a regular connection of theſe dramatick hiſtories from Richard the Second to Henry the Fifth. King Henry, at the end of Richard the Second, declares his purpoſe to viſit the Holy land, which he reſumes in this ſpeech. The complaint made by king Henry in the laſt act of Richard the Second, of the wildneſs of his ſon, prepares the reader for the frolicks which are here to be recounted, and the characters which are now to be exhibited. JOHNSON.

2 *Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,*
And breathe ſhort-winded accents of new broils] That is, let us ſoften peace to reſt awhile without diſturbance, that ſhe may recover breath to propoſe new wars. JOHNSON.

No

No more the thirſty entrance of this ſoil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood[3];

No

3 *No more the thirſty* entrance *of this ſoil*
Shall daub *her lips with her own children's blood*;] I would read —the thirſty *entrants* of this ſoil; i. e. thoſe who ſet foot on this kingdom through the thirſt of power or conqueſt.

Whoever is accuſtomed to the old copies of this author, will generally find the words *conſequents*, *occurrents*, *ingredients*, ſpelt conſequence, occurrence, ingredience; and thus, perhaps, the French word *entrants*, anglicized by Shakſpeare, might have been corrupted into *entrance*, which affords no very apparent meaning. STEEVENS.

This is an extremely difficult paſſage. An anonymous writer ſeems to think all difficulty to be done away, by underſtanding "the thirſty *entrance* of this ſoil" in the ſenſe of "the face of the earth parch'd and crack'd, as it is always in a dry ſummer." If we take the words in their natural order, the meaning then will be,—No more ſhall the thirſty *crack'd face* of this ſoil daub *her* lips &c. This ſurely is a ſtrange kind of phraſeology.

If there be no corruption in the text, I believe Shakſpeare meant, however licentiouſly, to ſay, *No more ſhall this ſoil* have *the lips of her thirſty entrance, or mouth*, daubed *with the blood of her own children*.

Mr. Steevens's conjecture formerly appeared to me ſo likely to be true, that I had no doubt about the propriety of admitting it into the text.

It ſhould be obſerved, that, ſuppoſing theſe copies to have been made out by the ear, (which there is great reaſon to believe was the caſe,) the tranſcriber might eaſily have been deceived; for *entrance* and *entrants* have nearly the ſame ſound, and he would naturally write a familiar inſtead of an unuſual word.

A ſimilar miſtake has happened in the firſt ſcene of *King Henry V.* where we have (in the firſt folio)

"With ſuch a heady *currance* ſcowring faults—"

inſtead of—"With ſuch a heady *current* &c."

Again, in *Macbeth*, p. 135, edit. 1623:

"Commends the *ingredience* of our poiſon'd chalice
"To our own lips."

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*, p. 290, edit. 1623:—"three pound of ſugar, five pound of *currence*," &c.

I do not know that the word *entrant* is found elſewhere; but Shakſpeare has many of a ſimilar formation. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. I:

"Here enter'd Pucelle, and her *practiſants*."

Again, ibid:

But when my angry *guardant* ſtood alone—."

Again, in *K. Lear*:

"Than twenty ſilly ducking *obſervants*—."

Again, in *All's Well that ends Well*:

"The braveſt *queſtant* ſhrinks."

Sir

No more ſhall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruiſe her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hoſtile paces: thoſe oppoſed eyes,
Which,—like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one ſubſtance bred,—
Did lately meet in the inteſtine ſhock
And furious cloſe of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beſeeming ranks,
March all one way; and be no more oppos'd
Againſt acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-ſheathed knife,
No more ſhall cut his maſter. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the ſepulcher of Chriſt[4],

Whoſe

Sir Philip Sidney, in his *Defence of Poeſie*, uſes *comedient* for *a writer of comedies*. See alſo Shelton's tranſlation of DON QUIXOTE, Vol. I. p. 296, edit. 1612: "The *audients* of her ſad ſtorie felt, &c."

Mr. Maſon's objection however to this reading has, I confeſs, ſomewhat diminiſhed my confidence in it: "It cannot, (he obſerves) be right, becauſe the king does not allude to ravages committed by any foreign invaders, but to the blood ſhed by the Engliſh themſelves."—It is, however, poſſible, that in enumerating the bleſſings of peace, he might mention a ceſſation of foreign hoſtility as well as of domeſtick broils, though the latter was the primary object of conſideration.

Her lips, in my apprehenſion, refers to *ſoil* in the preceding line, and not to *peace*, as has been ſuggeſted. Shakſpeare ſeldom attends to the integrity of his metaphors. In the ſecond of theſe lines he conſiders the ſoil or earth of England as a perſon; (So in *K. Richard II.*

Tells them, he does beſtride a bleeding *land*,
Gaſping for *life* under great Bolingbroke.)

and yet in the firſt line the ſoil muſt be underſtood in its ordinary material ſenſe, as alſo in a ſubſequent line in which its *fields* are ſaid to be channeled with war. Of this kind of incongruity our author's plays furniſh innumerable inſtances.

Daub, the reading of the earlieſt copy, is confirmed by a paſſage in *K. Richard II.* where we again meet with the image preſented here:

"For that our kingdom's *earth* ſhall not be *ſoil'd*
"With that dear *blood* which it hath foſtered."

The ſame kind of imagery is found in *K. Henry VI.* P. III:

"Thy brother's *blood* the *thirſty earth* hath *drunk*." MALONE.

[4] *As far as to the ſepulcher* &c. The lawfulneſs and juſtice of the holy wars have been much diſputed; but perhaps there is a principle on which the queſtion may be eaſily determined. If it be part of the religion of the Mahometans to extirpate by the ſword all other religions, it is, by the laws of ſelf-defence, lawful for men of every other religion,

and

(Whoſe ſoldier now, under whoſe bleſſed croſs
We are impreſſed and engag'd to fight)
Forthwith a power of Engliſh ſhall we levy[5];
Whoſe arms were moulded in their mothers' womb
To chaſe theſe pagans, in thoſe holy fields,
Over whoſe acres walk'd thoſe bleſſed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
For our advantage, on the bitter croſs.
But this our purpoſe is a twelve-month old,
And bootleſs 'tis to tell you—we will go;
Therefore we meet not now[6]:—Then let me hear
Of you, my gentle couſin Weſtmoreland,
What yeſternight our council did decree,
In forwarding this dear expedience[7].

Weſt. My liege, this haſte was hot in queſtion,
And many limits[8] of the charge ſet down
But yeſternight: when, all athwart, there came
A poſt from Wales, loaden with heavy news;
Whoſe worſt was,—that the noble Mortimer,

and for Chriſtians among others, to make war upon Mahometans, ſimply as Mahometans, as men obliged by their own principles to make war upon Chriſtians, and only lying in wait till opportunity ſhall promiſe them ſucceſs. JOHNSON.

[5] —*ſhall we* levy;] The firſt quarto in 1598 has *leavy*, which was changed, in the ſecond, to the word now in the text.

Though "to levy a power, *as far* as to the ſepulcher of Chriſt," be, as Mr. Steevens obſerves, a ſingular expreſſion, I have no doubt the text is right. Our author is not always ſufficiently careful to make the end of his ſentences agree in conſtruction with the beginning. MALONE.

[6] *Therefore we meet not now:*] i. e. not on that account do we now meet;—we are not now aſſembled, to acquaint you with our intended expedition. MALONE.

[7] —*expedience.*] for *expedition.* WARBURTON.

See p. 25, n. 7. MALONE.

[8] *And many limits*] *Limits*, as the author of the Reviſal obſerves, may mean, *out-lines*, *rough ſketches* or *calculations.* STEEVENS.

Limits may mean the regulated and appointed times for the conduct of the buſineſs in hand. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:—"between the time of the contract and *limit* of the ſolemnity, her brother Frederick was wreck'd at ſea." Again, in *Macbeth*:

"—— I'll make ſo bold to call,
"For 'tis my *limited* ſervice." MALONE.

Leading

Leading the men of Herefordſhire to fight
Againſt the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welſhman taken,
And a thouſand of his people butcher'd:
Upon whoſe dead corps there was ſuch miſuſe,
Such beaſtly, ſhameleſs transformation,
By thoſe Welſhwomen done [9] as may not be,
Without much ſhame, retold or ſpoken of.

K. Hen. It ſeems then, that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our buſineſs for the Holy land.

Weſt. This, match'd with other, did, my gracious lord;
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north, and thus it did import.
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotſpur there,
Young Harry Percy [8], and brave Archibald [2],
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met,
Where they did ſpend a ſad and bloody hour;
As by diſcharge of their artillery,
And ſhape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horſe,
Uncertain of the iſſue any way.

K. Hen. Here is a dear and true-induſtrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horſe,
Stain'd with the variation of each ſoil [3]
Betwixt that Holmedon and this ſeat of ours;

9 *By thoſe Welſhwomen done*—] Thus Holinſhed, p. 528: "—ſuch ſhameful villanie executed upon the carcaſſes of the dead men by the *Welſh-women*; as the like (I doo believe) hath never or ſeldom been practiſed." STEEVENS.

1 ——— *the gallant* Hotſpur *there,*
Young Harry Percy,] Holinſhed's *Hiſt. of Scotland*, p. 249, ſays, "This *Harry Percy* was ſurnamed, for his *often pricking*, *Henry Hotſpur*, as one that ſeldom times reſted, if there were anie ſervice to be done abroad." TOLLET.

2 — *Archibald,*] *Archibald* Douglas, earl Douglas. STEEVENS.

3 *Stain'd with the variation of each ſoil*] No circumſtance could have been better choſen to mark the expedition of Sir Walter. It is uſed by Falſtaff in a ſimilar manner: "As it were to ride day and night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to ſhift me, but to ſtand *ſtained with travel*." HENLEY.

And he hath brought us ſmooth and welcome news.
The earl of Douglas is diſcomfited;
Ten thouſand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,
Balk'd in their own blood[4], did ſir Walter ſee
On Holmedon's plains: Of priſoners, Hotſpur took
Mordake earl of Fife, and eldeſt ſon
To beaten Douglas[5]; and the earl of Athol,

4 Balk'd *in their own blood,*—] I ſhould ſuppoſe, that the author might have written either *bath'd*, or *bak'd*, i. e. encruſted over with blood dried upon them. A paſſage in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632, may countenance the latter of theſe conjectures:

" Troilus—lieth *embak'd*
" In his cold blood"—,

Again, in *Hamlet:*

" —— horridly trick'd
" With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, ſons,
" *Bak'd* and impaſted &c."

Again, in Heywood's *Iron Age:*

" —— *bak'd in blood* and duſt." STEEVENS."

Balk is a ridge; and particularly, a ridge of land: here is therefore a metaphor; and perhaps the poet means, in his bold and careleſs manner of expreſſion: " Ten thouſand *bloody* carcaſſes *piled* up together in a long heap."—" A *ridge* of dead bodies *piled* up in *blood.*" T. WARTON.

Balk'd in their own blood, I believe, means, lay'd in *heaps* or *hillocks*, in their own blood. Blithe's *England's Improvement*, p. 118. obſerves: " The mole raiſeth *balks* in meads and paſtures." In Leland's *Itinerary*, vol. V. p. 16. and 118. vol. VII. p. 10. a *balk* ſignifies a *bank* or *hill.* Mr. Pope, in the *Iliad*, has the ſame thought:

" On heaps the Greeks, on heaps the Trojans *bled*,
" And thick'ning round them riſe the *hills* of dead." TOLLET.

5 *Mordake* earl *of Fife, and eldeſt ſon*
To beaten Douglas;] Mordake earl of Fife, who was ſon to the duke of Albany, regent of Scotland, is here called the *ſon of Earl Douglas*, through a miſtake into which the poet was led by the omiſſion of a comma in the paſſage of Holinſhed from whence he took this account of the Scottiſh priſoners. It ſtands thus in the hiſtorian: "—and of priſoners, Mordacke earl of Fife, ſon to the gouvernour Archembald earle Dowglas, &c." The want of a comma after *gouvernour*, makes theſe words appear to be the deſcription of one and the ſame perſon, and ſo the poet underſtood them; but by putting the ſtop in the proper place, it will then be manifeſt that in this liſt Mordake, who was ſon to the governour of Scotland, was the firſt priſoner, and that Archibald earl of Douglas was the ſecond, and ſo on. STEEVENS.

The word *earl* is here uſed as a diſſyllable. Mr. Pope, not perceiving this, reads—" *the* earl," in which he has been followed by all the ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

Of

Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith[6].
And is not this an honourable ſpoil?
A gallant prize? ha, couſin, is it not?
Weſt. In faith, it is[7] a conqueſt for a prince
To boaſt of.
K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'ſt me ſad, and mak'ſt me ſin,
In envy that my lord Northumberland
Should be the father of ſo bleſt a ſon:
A ſon, who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongſt a grove, the very ſtraiteſt plant;
Who is ſweet fortune's minion, and her pride:
Whilſt I, by looking on the praiſe of him,
See riot and diſhonour ſtain the brow
Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd,
That ſome night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And call'd mine—Percy, his—Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts:—What think you, coz,
Of this young Percy's pride? the priſoners[8],
Which he in this adventure hath ſurpriz'd,
To his own uſe he keeps; and ſends me word,

[6] — *and Menteith.*] This is a miſtake of Holinſhed in his *Engliſh Hiſtory*, for in that of *Scotland*, p. 259, 262, and 419, he ſpeaks of the earl of *Fife* and *Menteith* as one and the ſame perſon. STEEVENS.

[7] *In faith, it is*—] Theſe words are in the firſt 4to. 1598, by the inaccuracy of the tranſcriber, placed at the end of the preceding ſpeech, but at a conſiderable diſtance from the laſt word of it. Mr. Pope and the ſubſequent editors read—'Faith 'tis &c. MALONE.

[8] — *the priſoners,*] Percy had an excluſive right to theſe priſoners, except the earl of Fife. By the law of arms, every man who had taken any captive, whoſe redemption did not exceed ten thouſand crowns, had him clearly for himſelf, either to acquit or ranſom, at his pleaſure. It ſeems from *Camden's Brit.* that Pounouny-caſtle in Scotland was built out of the ranſom of this very Henry Percy, when taken priſoner at the battle of Otterburne by an anceſtor of the preſent earl of Eglington. TOLLET.

Percy could not refuſe the earl of Fife to the king; for being a prince of the blood royal, (ſon to the duke of Albany, brother to king Robert III.) Henry might juſtly claim him by his acknowledged military prerogative. STEEVENS.

I ſhall have none but Mordake earl of Fife.

Weſt. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worceſter,
Malevolent to you in all aſpects[9];
Which makes him prune himſelf[1], and briſtle up
The creſt of youth againſt your dignity.

K. Hen. But I have ſent for him to anſwer this;
And, for this cauſe, awhile we muſt neglect
Our holy purpoſe to Jeruſalem.
Couſin, on Wedneſday next our council we
Will hold at Windſor, ſo inform the lords:
But come yourſelf with ſpeed to us again;
For more is to be ſaid, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered[2].

Weſt. I will, my liege. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. Another Room in the Palace.

Enter Henry, *Prince of* Wales, *and* FALSTAFF.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Hen. Thou art ſo fat-witted, with drinking of old ſack, and unbuttoning thee after ſupper, and ſleeping upon benches after noon, that thou haſt forgotten to de-

9 *Malevolent to you in all aſpects*;] An aſtrological alluſion. Worceſter is repreſented as a malignant ſtar that influenced the conduct of Hotſpur. HENLEY.

1 *Which makes him* prune *himſelf*,] The metaphor is taken from a cock, who in his pride *prunes himſelf*; that is, picks off the looſe feathers to ſmooth the reſt. To *prune* and *to plume*, ſpoken of a bird, is the ſame. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon is certainly right in his choice of the reading. So in Green's *Metamorphoſis*, 1613:

"Pride makes the fowl to *prune* his feathers ſo.

But I am not certain that the verb to *prune* is juſtly interpreted. In the *Booke of Haukynge* &c. (commonly called the *Booke of St. Albans*) is the following account of it: "The hauke *proineth* when ſhe fetcheth oyle with her beake over the taile, and anointeth her feet and her fethers. She *plumeth* when ſhe pulleth fethers of anie foule and caſteth them from her." STEEVENS.

2 *Than out of anger can be uttered.*] That is, "More is to be ſaid than anger will ſuffer me to ſay: more than can iſſue from a mind diſturbed like mine." JOHNSON.

mand

mand that truly which thou would'ſt truly know [3]. What a devil haſt thou to do with the time of the day? unleſs hours were cups of ſack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the ſigns of leaping-houſes, and the bleſſed ſun himſelf a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffata; I ſee no reaſon, why thou ſhould'ſt be ſo ſuperfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal: for we, that take purſes, go by the moon and ſeven ſtars; and not by Phœbus,—he, *that wandering knight ſo fair* [4]. And, I pray thee, ſweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God ſave thy grace, (majeſty, I ſhould ſay; for grace thou wilt have none,)—

P. Hen. What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not ſo much as will ſerve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Hen. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, ſweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are ſquires of the night's body, be call'd thieves of the day's beauty [5]; let us be—Diana's

[3] — *to demand that truly which thou would'ſt truly know.*] The prince's objection to the queſtion ſeems to be, that Falſtaff had aſked in the *night* what was the time of *day*. JOHNSON.

This cannot be well received as the objection of the prince; for preſently after, the prince himſelf ſays: "Good morrow, Ned," and Poins replies: "Good morrow, ſweet lad." The truth may be, that when Shakſpeare makes the Prince wiſh Poins a good morrow, he had forgot that the ſcene commenced at night. STEEVENS.

[4] Phœbus,—he, *that wandering knight ſo fair.*] Falſtaff ſtarts the idea of Phœbus, i. e. the ſun; but deviates into an alluſion to El Donzel del Febo, the *knight of the ſun*, in a Spaniſh romance tranſlated (under the title of the *Mirror of Knighthood*, &c.) during the age of Shakſpeare. This illuſtrious perſonage was "moſt excellently faire," and a great *wanderer*, as thoſe who travel after him through three thick volumes in quarto, will diſcover. Perhaps the words "that wandering knight ſo fair" are part of ſome forgotten ballad, the ſubject of this marvellous hero's adventures. In Peele's *Old Wives Tale*, Com. 1595, Eumenedes, *the wandering knight*, is a character. STEEVENS.

[5] — *let not us, that are ſquires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's beauty*;] I believe our poet by the expreſſion, *thieves of the day's beauty*, meant only, *let not us, who are body ſquires to the night*, i. e. adorn the night, *be called a diſgrace to the day*. To take away

Diana's foreſters [6], gentlemen of the ſhade, minions of the moon: And let men ſay, we be men of good government; being govern'd as the ſea is, by our noble and chaſte miſtreſs the moon, under whoſe countenance we—ſteal.

P. Hen. Thou ſay'ſt well; and it holds well too: for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the ſea: being govern'd as the ſea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: A purſe of gold moſt reſolutely ſnatch'd on Monday night, and moſt diſſolutely ſpent on Tueſday morning; got with ſwearing—lay by [7]; and ſpent with crying—bring in [8]: now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the lord, thou ſay'ſt true, lad. And is not my hoſteſs of the tavern a moſt ſweet wench [9]?

P. Hen.

the beauty of the day, may probably mean, to diſgrace it. A *ſquire of the body* ſignified originally, the attendant on a knight; the perſon who bore his head-piece, ſpear, and ſhield. It became afterwards the cant term for a *pimp*; and is ſo uſed in the ſecond part of Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1630. Again in the *Witty Fair One*, 1633, for a *procureſs*: "Here comes the *ſquire* of her miſtreſs's *body*." Falſtaff, however, puns upon the word *knight*. See *Curialia* of Samuel Pegge Eſqr. Part I. p. 100. STEEVENS.

6 —Diana's *foreſters*,—] We learn from Hall, that certain perſons who appeared as *foreſters* in a pageant exhibited in the reign of King Henry VIII. were called *Diana's knights*. MALONE.

7 —*ſwearing*—lay by;] i. e. ſwearing at the paſſengers they robbed, *lay by your arms*; or rather *lay by* was a phraſe that then ſignified *ſtand ſtill*, addreſſed to thoſe who were preparing to ruſh forward. WARB.

8 —*and ſpent with crying*, bring in:] i. e. more wine. MALONE.

9 —*And is not mine hoſteſs of the tavern* &c-] We meet with the ſame kind of humour as is contained in this and the three following ſpeeches, in the *Moſtellaria of Plautus*, Act. I. ſc. ii.

"Jampridem ecaſtor frigidâ non lavi magis lubenter,
"Nec unde me melius, mea Scapha, rear eſſe defœcatam.
Sca. "Eventus rebus omnibus, velut horno meſſis magna fuit.
Phi. "Quid ea meſſis attinet ad meam lavationem?
Sca. "Nihilo plus, quam lavatio tua ad meſſim."

In the want of connection to what went before, probably conſiſts the humour of the prince's queſtion. STEEVENS.

This kind of humour is often met with in old plays. In the *Gallathea* of Lilly, *Phillida* ſays, "It is a pittie that nature framed you not a woman.

P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the caſtle [1]. And is not a buff jerkin a moſt ſweet robe of durance [2]?

Fal.

a woman. "*Gall.* There is a tree in Tylos, &c. "*Phill.* What a toy it is to tell me of that tree, being nothing to the purpoſe, &c." Ben Jonſon calls it *a game at vapours.* FARMER.

[1] *As the honey of Hybla, my* old lad *of the* caſtle.] Sir John Oldcaſtle was not a character ever introduced by Shakſpeare, nor did he ever occupy the place of Falſtaff. The play, in which Oldcaſtle's name occurs, was not the work of our poet.—*Old lad* is a familiar compellation to be found in ſome of our moſt ancient dramatick pieces. So, in the *Trial of Treaſure*, 1567: "What, Inclination, *old lad* art thou there?" In the dedication to *Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up* &c. by T. Naſh, 1598, *old Dick of the caſtle* is mentioned. Again, in *Pierce's Supererogation, or a New Praiſe of the Old Aſſe*, 1593: "—and here's a luſty *ladd of the caſtell*, that will binde beares, and ride golden aſſes to death." STEEVENS.

Old lad of the caſtle, is the ſame with *Old lad of Caſtile*, a *Caſtilian*.—Meres reckons *Oliver of the caſtle* amongſt his romances; and Gabriel Harvey tells us of "*Old lads of the caſtell* with their rapping babble:"—roaring boys.—This is therefore no argument for Falſtaff's appearing firſt under the name of *Oldcaſtle*. There is however a paſſage in a play called *Amends for Ladies*, by Field the player, 1618, which may ſeem to prove it, unleſs he confounded the different performances:

"———" Did you never ſee
"The play where the fat night, hight *Oldcaſtle*,
"Did tell you truly what this *honour* was?" FARMER.

Mr. Rowe mentions a tradition that "this part of Falſtaff was originally written under the name of *Oldcaſtle*, and that ſome of that family being then remaining, the Queen was pleaſed to command him to alter it; upon which he made uſe of Falſtaff." From whom he received this tradition, he does not ſay; nor had he, I am perſuaded, any other authority for it, than a miſunderſtood paſſage in a book of the laſt age, quoted below. Mr. Theobald and Dr. Warburton believed this ſtory, and concurred in thinking that the paſſage before us alluded to the old name of this character. "When Shakſpeare changed the name, (ſays the latter editor) he forgot to ſtrike out this expreſſion that alluded to it."—I ſhall not inſert their notes, becauſe I believe them to be wholly unfounded.

From the following paſſage in *The Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinaire, or the Walkes in Powles*, quarto, 1604, it appears that Sir John Oldcaſtle was repreſented on the ſtage as a very fat man (certainly not in the play printed with that title in 1600):—"Now, ſigniors, how like you mine hoſt? did I not tell you he was a madde round knave and a merrie one too? and if you chaunce to talke of *fatte* Sir John Oldcaſtle, he will tell you, he was his great grand-

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips, and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. Hen.

father, and not much unlike him in *paunch*."—The hoſt, who is here deſcribed, returns to the gallants, and entertains them with telling them ſtories. After his firſt tale, he ſays: "Nay gallants, I'll fit you, and now I will ſerve in another, as good as vinegar and-pepper to your roaſt beefe."—*Signor Kickſhawe* replies: "Let's have it, let's taſte on it, mine hoſt, my noble *fat actor*."

The cauſe of all the confuſion relative to theſe two characters, and of the tradition mentioned by Mr. Rowe, that our author changed the name from Oldcaſtle to Falſtaff, (to which I do not give the ſmalleſt credit,) ſeems to have been this. Shakſpeare appears evidently to have caught the idea of the character of Falſtaff from a wretched play entitled *The famous Victories of King Henry V.* (which had been exhibited before 1589,) in which Henry prince of Wales is a principal character. He is accompanied in his revels and his robberies by Sir John *Oldcaſtle*, ("a pamper'd glutton, and a debauchee," as he is called in a piece of that age,) who appears to be the character alluded to in the paſſage above quoted from *The Meeting of Gallants*, &c. To this character undoubtedly it is that Fuller alludes in his *Church Hiſtory*, 1656, when he ſays, "Stage poets have themſelves been very bold with, and others very merry at, the memory of Sir John *Oldcaſtle*, whom they have fancied a boon companion, a jovial royſter, and a coward to boot." Speed in his *Hiſtory*, which was firſt publiſhed in 1611, alludes both to this "boon companion" of the anonymous *K. Henry V.* and to the Sir John Oldcaſtle exhibited in a play of the ſame name, which was printed in 1600: "The author of the *Three Converſions* hath made *Oldcaſtle* a ruffian, a robber, and a rebel, and his authority taken from the *ſtage players*." Oldcaſtle is repreſented as a *rebel* in the play laſt mentioned alone; in the former play as "a ruffian and a robber."

Shakſpeare probably never intended to ridicule the real Sir John Oldcaſtle, lord Cobham, in any reſpect; but thought proper to make Falſtaff, in imitation of his proto-type, the Oldcaſtle of the old *King Henry V. a mad round knave* alſo. From the firſt appearance of our author's *King Henry IV.* the old play in which Sir John Oldcaſtle had been exhibited, (which was printed in 1598,) was probably never performed. Hence, I conceive, it is, that Fuller ſays, "Sir John Falſtaff has *relieved* the memory of Sir John Oldcaſtle, and of late is *ſubſtituted* buffoon in his place;" which being miſunderſtood, probably gave riſe to the ſtory, that Shakſpeare changed the name of his character.

A paſſage in his *Worthies*, folio, 1662, p. 253, ſhews his meaning ſtill more clearly; and will ſerve at the ſame time to point out the ſource of the miſtakes on this ſubject.—"Sir John Faſtolfe, knight, was a native of this county [Norfolk]. To avouch him by many arguments valiant, is to maintain that the ſun is bright; though, ſince, the

P. Hen. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hoſteſs of the tavern?

Fal.

the ſtage has been over-bold with his memory, making him a Thraſonical puff, and emblem of mock valour.—True it is, Sir John *Oldcaſtle* did *firſt* bear the brunt of the one, being made the makeſport in *all plays* for a coward. It is eaſily known out of what purſe this black penny came. The papiſts railing on him for a heretick; and therefore he muſt be alſo a coward: though indeed he was a man of arms, every inch of him, and as valiant as any of his age.

"Now as I am glad that Sir *John Oldcaſtle* is *put out*, ſo I am ſorry that Sir *John Faſtolfe* is *put in*, to relieve his memory in this baſe ſervice; to be the anvil for every dull wit to ſtrike upon. Nor is our *comedian* excuſable by ſome alteration of his name, writing him Sir John *Falſtafe*, (and making him the property and pleaſure of King Henry V. to abuſe,) ſeeing the vicinity of ſounds intrench on the memory of that worthy knight."

Here we ſee the aſſertion is, not that Sir John *Oldcaſtle* did *firſt* bear the brunt in *Shakſpeare's* play, but in *all plays*, that is, on the ſtage in general, before Shakſpeare's character had appeared; owing to the malevolence of *papiſts*, of which religion it is plain Fuller ſuppoſed the writers of thoſe plays in which Oldcaſtle was exhibited, to have been; nor does he complain of Shakſpeare's *altering* the name of his character from *Oldcaſtle* to Falſtaff, but of the metatheſis of *Faſtolfe* to Falſtaff. Yet I have no doubt that the words above cited, "put out" and "put in," and "by ſome *alteration of his name*," that theſe words alone, miſunderſtood, gave riſe to the miſapprehenſion that has prevailed ſince the time of Mr. Rowe, relative to this matter. For what is the plain meaning of Fuller's words? "Sir John Faſtolfe was in truth a very brave man, though he is now repreſented on the ſtage as a cowardly braggart. Before *he* was thus ridiculed, Sir John Oldcaſtle, being hated by the papiſts, was exhibited by *popiſh writers*, in all plays, as a coward. Since the new character of Falſtaff has appeared, Oldcaſtle has no longer borne the brunt, has no longer been the object of ridicule: but, as on the one hand I am glad that "his memory has been relieved," that the plays in which he was repreſented have been expelled from the ſcene, ſo on the other, I am ſorry that ſo reſpectable a character as Sir John Faſtolfe has been brought on it, and "ſubſtituted buffoon in his place"; for however our comick poet [Shakſpeare] may have hoped to eſcape cenſure by *altering* the name from Faſtolfe to Falſtaff, he is certainly culpable, ſince ſome imputation muſt neceſſarily fall on the brave knight of Norfolk from the ſimilitude of the ſounds."

Falſtaff thus having grown out of, and immediately ſucceeding, the other character, (the Oldcaſtle of the old *K. Henry V.*) having one or two features in common with him, and being probably repreſented in the ſame dreſs, and with the ſame fictitious belly, as his predeceſſor, the two names might have been indiſcriminately uſed by Field and others, without any miſtake, or intention to deceive. Perhaps, behind the ſcenes, in conſequence

Fal. Well, thou haſt call'd her to a reckoning, many a time and oft.

P. Hen. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou haſt paid all there.

P. Hen. Yea, and elſewhere, ſo far as my coin would ſtretch; and, where it would not, I have uſed my credit.

Fal. Yea, and ſo uſed it, that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—But, I pr'ythee, ſweet wag, ſhall there be gallows ſtanding in England

ſequence of the circumſtances already mentioned, Oldcaſtle might have been a cant-appellation for Falſtaff, for a long time. Hence the name might have been prefixed inadvertently, in ſome play-houſe copy, to one of the ſpeeches in *The Second Part of King Henry IV.*

If the verſes be examined, in which the name of Falſtaff occurs, it will be found, that Oldcaſtle could not have ſtood in thoſe places. The only anſwer that can be given to this, is, that Shakſpeare new-wrote each verſe in which Falſtaff's name occurred;—a labour which thoſe only who are entirely unacquainted with our author's hiſtory and works, can ſuppoſe him to have undergone.—A paſſage in the Epilogue to the Second Part of *K. Henry IV.* rightly underſtood, appears to me ſtrongly to confirm what has been now ſuggeſted. See the note there. MALONE.

[2] — *And is not a* buff jerkin *a moſt ſweet robe of* durance?] To underſtand the propriety of the prince's anſwer, it muſt be remarked that the ſheriff's officers were formerly clad in buff. So that when Falſtaff aſks, whether *his boſteſs is not a ſweet wench*, the prince aſks in return, whether *it will not be a ſweet thing to go to priſon by running in debt to this ſweet wench.* JOHNSON.

The following paſſage, from the old play of *Ram-Alley*, may ſerve to confirm Dr. Johnſon's obſervation:

" Look, I have certain goblins *in buff jerkins*,
" Lye ambuſcado."—— [*Enter Serjeants.*

Again, in the *Comedy of Errors*, Act IV:

" A devil in an *everlaſting garment* hath him,
" A fellow all in *buff*."

In *Weſtward Hoe*, by Decker and Webſter, 1607, I meet with a paſſage which leads me to believe that a *robe* or *ſuit of durance* was ſome kind of laſting ſtuff, ſuch as we call at preſent, *everlaſting*. A debtor, cajoling the officer who had juſt taken him up, ſays: " Where did'ſt thou buy this buff?" Let me not live but I will give thee a *good ſuit of durance*. Wilt thou take my bond? &c." Again, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607: " Varlet of *velvet*, my *moccado* villain, old heart of *durance*, my ſtrip'd *canvas* ſhoulders, and my *perpetuana* pander." STEEVENS.

when

when thou art king? and reſolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the ruſty curb of old father antick the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

P. Hen. No; thou ſhalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge[3].

P. Hen. Thou judgeſt falſe already; I mean, thou ſhalt have the hanging of the thieves, and ſo become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in ſome ſort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of ſuits[4]?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of ſuits: whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat[5], or a lugg'd bear.

P. Hen. Or an old lion; or a lover's lute[6].

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnſhire bagpipe.

3 — *I'll be a brave judge.*] This thought, like many others, is taken from the old play of *Henry V.*

"*Hen.* 5. Ned, ſo ſoon as I am king, the firſt thing I will do ſhall be to put my *lord chief juſtice* out of office; and thou ſhalt be my *lord chief juſtice* of England.

"*Ned.* Shall I be *lord chief juſtice?* By gogs wounds, I'll be the braveſt *lord chief juſtice* that ever was in England." STEEVENS.

4 *For obtaining of ſuits?*] *Suit*, ſpoken of one that attends at court, means a *petition*; uſed with reſpect to the hangman, means the cloaths of the offender. JOHNSON.

See Vol. II. p. 90. n. 6. The ſame quibble occurs in *Hoffman's Tragedy*, 1631: "A poor maiden, miſtreſs, has a *ſuit* to you; and 'tis a good *ſuit*,—very good apparel." MALONE.

5 — *a gib cat,*] A *gib cat* means, I know not why, an old cat. JOHNSON.

A *gib cat* is the common term in Northamptonſhire, and all adjacent counties, to expreſs a *he cat*. PERCY.

"As melancholy as a *gib'd cat*" is a proverb enumerated among others in Ray's *Collection*. So in Bulwer's *Artificial Changeling*, 1653: "Some in mania or melancholy madneſs have attempted the ſame, not without ſucceſs, although they have remained ſomewhat *melancholy, like gib'd cats*." STEEVENS.

Sherwood's *Engliſh Dictionary* at the end of Cotgrave's *French* one ſays, "*Gibbe* is an *old he cat*." Aged animals are not ſo playful as thoſe which are young. TOLLET.

6 — *or a lover's lute.*] See Vol. II. p. 254, n. 6. MALONE.

P. Hen. What ſay'ſt thou to a hare[7], or the melancholy of Moor-ditch[8]?

Fal. Thou haſt the moſt unſavoury ſimiles *; and art, indeed, the moſt comparative[9], raſcallieſt,—ſweet young prince,—But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the ſtreet about you, ſir; but I mark'd him not: and yet he talk'd very wiſely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talk'd wiſely, and in the ſtreet too.

P. Hen. Thou did'ſt well; for wiſdom cries out in the ſtreets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou haſt damnable iteration[1]; and art, indeed,

7 — *a hare,*] A *hare* may be conſidered as melancholy, becauſe ſhe is upon her form always ſolitary; and, according to the phyſick of the times, the fleſh of it was ſuppoſed to generate melancholy. JOHNSON.

The following paſſage in *Vittoria Corombona*, &c. 1612, may prove the beſt explanation:

" ———like your *melancholy hare*,
" Feed after midnight." STEEVENS.

8 — *the melancholy of Moor-ditch?*] It appears from *Stowe's Survey*, that a broad ditch, called Deep-ditch, formerly parted the hoſpital from Moor-fields; and what has a more melancholy appearance than ſtagnant water? STEEVENS.

So in Taylor's *Pennileſſe Pilgrimage*, quarto, 1618: " —my body being tired with travel, and my mind attired with moody, muddy, *Moore-ditch melancholy*. MALONE.

Moor-ditch, a part of the ditch ſurrounding the city of London, between Biſhopſgate and Cripplegate, opened to an unwholeſome and impaſſable moraſs, and conſequently not frequented by the citizens, like other ſuburbial fields which were remarkably pleaſant, and the faſhionable places of reſort. T. WARTON.

* — *ſimiles*;] Old Copies—*ſmiles*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

9 — *the moſt* comparative,] *Quick at compariſons*, or *fruitful in ſimiles*. JOHNSON.

This epithet is uſed again, in Act III. ſc. ii. of this play, and apparently in the ſame ſenſe:

" ———ſtand the puſh
" Of every beardleſs vain *comparative*."

And in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act V. ſc. ult. Roſaline tells Biron that he is a man " Full of *compariſons* and wounding flouts." STEEVENS.

1 *O, thou haſt* &c.] In the laſt ſpeech a text is very indecently and abuſively

indeed, able to corrupt a ſaint. Thou haſt done much harm upon me, Hal,—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man ſhould ſpeak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I muſt give over this life, and I will give it over; by the lord, an I do not, I am a villain; I'll be damn'd for never a king's ſon in Chriſtendom.

P. Hen. Where ſhall we take a purſe to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me [2].

P. Hen. I ſee a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to purſe-taking.

Enter POINS, *at a diſtance.*

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no ſin for a man to labour in his vocation [3]. Poins!—Now ſhall we know, if Gadſhill have ſet a match [4]. O, if men were

abuſively applied, to which Falſtaff anſwers, *thou haſt damnable iteration*, or, a wicked trick of *repeating* and applying holy texts. This, I think, is the meaning. JOHNSON.

Iteration is right, for it alſo ſignified ſimply *citation* or *recitation*. So in Marlowe's *Doctor Fauſtus*, 1631:

"Here take this book and peruſe it well,
"The *iterating* of theſe lines brings gold."

From the context, *iterating* here appears to mean *pronouncing*, *reciting*. Again in Camden's *Remaines*, 1614: "King Edward I. diſliking the *iteration* of FITZ," &c. MALONE.

[2] — *and* baffle *me.*] See Mr. Tollet's note on *K. Richard II.* p. 9. STEEVENS.

[3] — *to labour in his vocation.*] This (as Dr. Farmer obſerves to me) is undoubtedly a ſneer on Agremont Radcliffe's *Politique Diſcourſes*, 1578. From the beginning to the end of the book the word *vocation* occurs in almoſt every paragraph. Thus chap. 1. "That the *vocation* of men had been a thing unknown unto philoſophers, and others that have treated of Politique Government; of the commoditie that cometh by the knowledge thereof; and the etymologyy and definition of this word, *vocation*."—Again, chap. 25. "*Whether a man being diſorderly and unduely entered into any vocation, may lawfuly brooke and abide in the ſame*; and whether the adminiſtration in the meane while done by him that is unduely entered, ought to holde, or be of force." STEEV.

[4] — *have ſet a match.*] Thus the quarto. So, in B. Jonſon's *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614: "Peace, ſir, they'll be angry if they hear you eaves-

were to he ſav'd by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the moſt omnipotent villain, that ever cry'd, Stand, to a true man.

P. Hen. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, ſweet Hal.—What ſays monſieur Remorſe? What ſays ſir John Sack-and-Sugar[5]? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy ſoul, that thou ſoldeſt him on Good-friday laſt, for a cup of Madeira, and a cold capon's leg?

P. Hen. Sir John ſtands to his word, the devil ſhall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs, he will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Hen. Elſe he had been damn'd for cozening the devil.

eaves-dropping, now they are *ſetting* their *match.*" There it ſeems to mean making *an appointment.*—The folio reads—ſet a *watch.* MALONE.

5 *Sir John Sack-and-Sugar.*] Much inquiry has been made about Falſtaff's ſack, and great ſurpriſe has been expreſſed that he ſhould have mixed ſugar with it. As they are here mentioned for the firſt time in this play, it may not be improper to obſerve that it is probable that Falſtaff's wine was Sherry, a Spaniſh wine, originally made at Xeres. He frequently himſelf calls it *Sherris-ſack.* Nor will his mixing ſugar with ſack appear extraordinary, when it is known that it was a very common practice in our author's time to put ſugar into *all* wines. "Clownes and vulgar men (ſays Fynes Moryſon) only uſe large drinking of beere or ale,—but gentlemen garrawſe only in wine, with which they mix ſugar, which I never obſerved in any other place or kingdom to be uſed for that purpoſe. And becauſe the taſte of the Engliſh is thus delighted with ſweetneſs, the wines in taverns (for I ſpeak not of merchantes' or gentlemen's cellars) are commonly mixed at the filling thereof, to make them pleaſant." ITIN. 1617. P.III. p.152. See alſo Mr. Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, Vol IV. p. 308: "Among the orders of the royal houſehold in 1604 is the following: [Mſs. Harl. 293, fol. 162.] 'And whereas in tymes paſt, *Spaniſh* wines, called *Sacke*, were little or no whitt uſed in our courte,—we now underſtanding that it is now uſed in common drink, &c." *Sack* was, I believe, often mulled in our author's time. See a note, *poſt*, on the words, "If ſack and ſugar be a ſin, &c." See alſo Blount's GLOSSOGRAPHY: "*Mulled* Sack, (Vinum mollitum) becauſe ſoftened and made mild by burning, and a mixture of *ſugar.* MALONE.

Hentzner, p. 88, edit. 1757, ſpeaking of the manners of the Engliſh, ſays, "*in potum copioſi immittunt ſaccarum*," they put a great deal of ſugar in their drink. REED.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadſhill: There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purſes: I have viſors for you all, you have horſes for yourſelves; Gadſhill lies to-night in Rocheſter; I have beſpoke ſupper to-morrow night in Eaſt-cheap; we may do it as ſecure as ſleep: If you will go, I will ſtuff your purſes full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Pal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Hen. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honeſty, manhood, nor good fellowſhip in thee, nor thou cameſt not of the blood royal, if thou dareſt not ſtand for ten ſhillings [6].

P. Hen. Well then, once in my days I'll be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well ſaid.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I pry'thee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down ſuch reaſons for this adventure, that he ſhall go.

Fal. Well, may'ſt thou have the ſpirit of perſuaſion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou ſpeakeſt may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation ſake) prove a falſe thief; for the poor abuſes of the time want countenance. Farewel: You ſhall find me in Eaſt-cheap.

6 — *if thou dareſt not ſtand* &c.] The reading, *cry* ſtand, may perhaps be right; but I think it neceſſary to remark, that all the old editions read:—*if thou dareſt not ſtand for ten ſhillings.* JOHNSON.

Falſtaff is quibbling on the word *royal.* The *real* or *royal* was of the value of *ten ſhillings.* Almoſt the ſame jeſt occurs in a ſubſequent ſcene. The quibble, however, is loſt, except the old reading be preſerved. *Cry, ſtand,* will not ſupport it. STEEVENS.

P. Hen. Farewell, thou latter ſpring[7]! farewell All-hallown ſummer[8]! [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Poins. Now, my good ſweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jeſt to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falſtaff, Bardolph, Peto[9], and Gadſhill, ſhall rob thoſe men that we have already way-laid; yourſelf, and I, will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my ſhoulders.

P. Hen. But how ſhall we part with them in ſetting forth?

Poins. Why, we will ſet forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleaſure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themſelves: which they ſhall have no ſooner atchieved, but we'll ſet upon them.

P. Hen. Ay, but, 'tis like, that they will know us, by our horſes, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourſelves.

Poins. Tut! our horſes they ſhall not ſee, I'll tie them in the wood; our viſors we will change, after we leave them; and, ſirrah*, I have caſes of buckram for the nonce[1], to immaſk our noted outward garments.

[7] — thou *latter ſpring!*] Old Copies—*the* latter. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[8] — All-hallown *ſummer!*] *All-hallows* is *All-hallown tide*, or *All-ſaints'* day, which is the firſt of November. We have ſtill a church in London which is abſurdly ſtiled *St. All-hallows*, as if a word which was formed to expreſs the community of ſaints, could be appropriated to any particular one of the number. Shakſpeare's alluſion is deſign'd to ridicule an old man with youthful paſſions. So, in the ſecond part of this play: "—the *Martelmas*, your maſter." STEEVENS.

9 — *Bardolph, Peto,*] In the old copies, inſtead of theſe perſons, the names of two actors, Harvey and Roſſel, have by the careleſſneſs of the tranſcriber crept into the text. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

* — firrah,] *Sirrah* in our author's time, as appears from this and many other paſſages, was not a word of diſreſpect. MALONE.

[1] —*for the nonce,*] That is, as I conceive, for the occaſion. This phraſe, which was very frequently, though not always very preciſely, uſed by our old writers, I ſuppoſe to have been originally a corruption of corrupt Latin. From *pro-nunc*, I ſuppoſe, came *for the nunc*, and ſo *for the nonce*; juſt as from *ad-nune* came *a-non*. The Spaniſh *entonces* has been formed in the ſame manner from *in-tunc*. TYRWHITT.

This phraſe is uſed at this day in Hampſhire. MALONE.

P. Hen.

P. Henry. But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he ſees reaſon, I'll forſwear arms. The virtue of this jeſt will be, the incomprehenſible lies that this ſame fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at ſupper: how thirty, at leaſt, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and, in the reproof[2] of this, lies the jeſt.

P. Henry. Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all things neceſſary, and meet me to-morrow night[3] in Eaſt-cheap, there I'll ſup. Farewel.

Poins. Farewel, my lord. [*Exit* POINS.

P. Henry. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleneſs:
Yet herein will I imitate the ſun;
Who doth permit the baſe contagious clouds[4]
To ſmother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he pleaſe again to be himſelf,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly miſts
Of vapours, that did ſeem to ſtrangle him.
If all the year were playing holydays,
To ſport would be as tedious as to work;
But, when they ſeldom come, they wiſh'd-for come[5],
And

[2] —*reproof*—] is *confutation*. JOHNSON.

[3] —*to-morrow night*—] I think we ſhould read—*to-night*. The diſguiſes were to be provided for the purpoſe of the robbery, which was to be committed at *four in the morning*; and they would come too late if the prince was not to receive them till the night after the day of the exploit. This is a ſecond inſtance to prove that Shakſpeare could forget in the end of a ſcene what he had ſaid in the beginning. STEEVENS.

[4] *Who doth permit the baſe contagious clouds* &c.] So, in our author's 33d Sonnet:

"Full many a glorious morning have I ſeen
"Flatter the mountain-tops with ſovereign eye,—
"Anon *permit* the *baſeſt clouds* to ride
"With *ugly* rack on his celeſtial face." MALONE.

[5] *If all the year were playing holydays,*
To ſport would be as tedious as to work;
But, when they ſeldom come, they wiſh'd-for come,] So, in our author's 52d Sonnet:

And nothing pleaſeth but rare accidents.
So, when this looſe behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promiſed,
By how much better than my word I am,
By ſo much ſhall I falſify men's hopes[6];
And, like bright metal on a ſullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall ſhew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to ſet it off.
I'll ſo offend, to make offence a ſkill;
Redeeming time, when men think leaſt I will. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. Another Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, Sir Walter BLUNT, *and Others.*

K. Hen. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to ſtir at theſe indignities,

" Therefore are *feaſts* ſo ſolemn and ſo *rare*,
" Since *ſeldom coming*, in the long year ſet,
" Like ſtones of worth they thinly placed are,
" Or captain jewels in the carkanet." MALONE.

[6] — *ſhall I falſify men's hopes*;] To *falſify hope* is to *exceed hope*, to give much where men hoped for little.—This ſpeech is very artfully introduced to keep the prince from appearing vile in the opinion of the audience; it prepares them for his future reformation; and, what is yet more valuable, exhibits a natural picture of a great mind offering excuſes to itſelf, and palliating thoſe follies which it can neither juſtify nor forſake. JOHNSON.

Hopes is uſed ſimply for *expectations*, as *ſucceſs* is for the *event*, whether good or bad. This is ſtill common in the midland counties. FARMER.

The following paſſage in the Second Part of *K. Henry IV.* fully ſupports Dr. Farmer's interpretation. The Prince is there, as in the paſſage before us, the ſpeaker:

" My father is gone wild into his grave,—
" And with his ſpirit ſadly I ſurvive,
" To *mock* the *expectations* of the world;
" To fruſtrate prophecies, and to raze out
" Rotten opinion, who hath written down
" After my ſeeming." MALONE.

And

And you have found me; for, accordingly,
You tread upon my patience: but, be ſure,
I will from henceforth rather be myſelf,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition[7];
Which hath been ſmooth as oil, ſoft as young down,
And therefore loſt that title of reſpect,
Which the proud ſoul ne'er pays, but to the proud.

Wor. Our houſe, my ſovereign liege, little deſerves
The ſcourge of greatneſs to be uſed on it;
And that ſame greatneſs too which our own hands
Have holp to make ſo portly.

North. My lord,—

K. Hen. Worceſter, get thee gone, for I do ſee
Danger and diſobedience in thine eye:
O, ſir, your preſence is too bold and peremptory,
And majeſty might never yet endure
The moody frontier[8] of a ſervant brow.
You have good leave to leave us; when we need
Your uſe and counſel, we ſhall ſend for you.—
[*Exit* WORCESTER.
You were about to ſpeak. [*to* NORTH.

North. Yea, my good lord.
Thoſe priſoners in your highneſs' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he ſays, not with ſuch ſtrength deny'd

[7] *I will from henceforth rather be myſelf,*
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition;] i. e. I will from henceforth rather put on the character that becomes me, and exert the reſentment of an injured king, than ſtill continue in the inactivity and mildneſs of my natural diſpoſition. WARBURTON.

Shakſpeare uſes *condition* very frequently for *temper of mind*, and in this ſenſe the vulgar ſtill ſay a *good* or *ill*-conditioned man. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry V.* Act V: "Our tongue is rough, coz, and my *condition* is not ſmooth." Ben Jonſon uſes it in the ſame ſenſe, in *The New Inn*, Act I. ſc. vi. STEEVENS.

So alſo all the contemporary writers. See Vol. III. p. 16, n. 2, and p. 136, n. 6. MALONE.

[8] *The moody frontier*—] *Frontier* was anciently uſed for *forehead*. So Stubbs, in his *Anatomy of Abuſes*, 1595: "Then on the edges of their bolſter'd hair, which ſtandeth creſted round their *frontiers*, and hanging over their faces, &c." STEEVENS.

As is deliver'd to your majeſty:
Either envy, therefore, or miſpriſion
Is guilty of this fault, and not my ſon.
Hot. My liege, I did deny no priſoners.
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathleſs and faint, leaning upon my ſword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dreſs'd,
Freſh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,
Shew'd like a ſtubble land at harveſt-home [9]:
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box [1], which ever and anon
He gave his noſe, and took't away again;—
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in ſnuff [2]:—and ſtill he ſmil'd, and talk'd;
And, as the ſoldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a ſlovenly unhandſome corſe
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holyday and lady terms [3]
He queſtion'd me; among the reſt, demanded
My priſoners, in your majeſty's behalf.
I then, all ſmarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be ſo peſter'd with a popinjay [4],

Out

9 — *at harveſt-home:*] *A chin new ſhaven* is compared to *a ſtubble-land at harveſt-home*, becauſe at that time, when the corn has been but juſt carried in, the ſtubble appears more even and upright, than at any other. TYRWHITT.

1 *A pouncet-box,*—] A ſmall box for muſk or other perfumes then in faſhion: the lid of which, being cut with open work, gave it its name; from *poinſoner*, to prick, pierce, or engrave. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's explanation is juſt. At the chriſtening of Q. Elizabeth, the marchioneſs of Dorſet gave, according to Holinſhed, "three gilt bowls *pounced*, with a cover." STEEVENS.

2 *Took it in ſnuff:*] *Snuff* is equivocally uſed for anger, and a powder taken up the noſe. STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 531, n. 8. MALONE.

3 *With many holyday and lady terms*] So, in *the Merry Wives of Windſor:* —"he ſpeaks *holiday*." STEEVENS.

4 *I then, all ſmarting, with my wounds being cold,*
To be ſo peſter'd with a popinjay,] But in the beginning of the ſpeech

Out of my grief and my impatience,
Anſwer'd neglectingly, I know not what,
He ſhould, or he ſhould not;—for he made me mad,
To ſee him ſhine ſo briſk, and ſmell ſo ſweet,
And talk ſo like a waiting-gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God ſave the mark!)
And telling me the ſovereign'ſt thing on earth
Was parmacity, for an inward bruiſe [5];
And that it was great pity, ſo it was,
That villainous ſalt-petre ſhould be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmleſs earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had deſtroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for theſe vile guns,
He would himſelf have been a ſoldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I anſwer'd indirectly, as I ſaid;
And, I beſeech you, let not his report
Come current for an accuſation,

ſpeech he repreſents himſelf at this time not as *cold* but hot, and inflamed with rage and labour. I am perſuaded therefore that Shakſpeare wrote *gall'd*. WARBURTON.

Whatever Percy might ſay of his *rage* and *toil*, which is merely declamatory and apologetical, his wounds would at this time be certainly *cold*, and when they were *cold* would *ſmart*, and not before. If any alteration were neceſſary, I ſhould tranſpoſe the lines:

I then all ſmarting with my wounds being cold,
Out of my grief, and my impatience,
To be ſo peſter'd with a popinjay,
Anſwer'd neglectingly.

A *popinjay* is a parrot. JOHNSON.

The ſame tranſpoſition had been propoſed by Mr. Edwards. From the following paſſage in the *Northern Laſs*, 1633, it ſhould ſeem that a *popinjay* and a *parrot* were diſtinct birds: "Is this a *parrot*, or a *popinjay*?"—In the ancient poem called *The Parliament of Birds*, bl. l. this bird is called "the *popynge jay* of paradyſe." STEEVENS.

It appears from Minſheu that Dr. Johnſon is right. See his DICT. 1617, in v. *Parret*. MALONE.

The old reading may be ſupported by the following paſſage in Barnes's *Hiſt. of Edw.* III. p. 786: "The eſquire fought ſtill, untill the wounds began with loſs of blood to *cool* and ſmart." TOLLET.

5 —*parmacity for an inward bruiſe*;] So in Sir T. Overbury's *Characters*, 1616: [An Ordinary Fencer.] "His wounds are ſeldom ſkin-deepe; for an *inward bruiſe* lambſtones and ſweete-breads are his only *ſpermaceti*." BOWLE.

Betwixt my love and your high majeſty.

Blunt. The circumſtance conſider'd, good my lord,
Whatever Harry Percy then had ſaid,
To ſuch a perſon, and in ſuch a place,
At ſuch a time, with all the reſt retold,
May reaſonably die, and never riſe
To do him wrong, or any way impeach[5];
What then he ſaid, ſo he unſay it now.

K. Henry. Why, yet he doth deny his priſoners;
But with proviſo, and exception,—
That we, at our own charge, ſhould ranſom ſtraight
His brother-in-law, the fooliſh Mortimer[6];
Who, on my ſoul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of thoſe, that he did lead to fight
Againſt the great magician, damn'd Glendower;
Whoſe daughter, as we hear, the earl of March
Hath lately marry'd. Shall our coffers then
Be empty'd, to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treaſon? and indent with fears[7],

When

[5] *To do him wrong, or any way impeach*; &c.] Let what he hen ſaid never riſe to impeach him, ſo he unſay it now. JOHNSON.

[6] *His brother-in-law, the fooliſh Mortimer*;] Shakſpeare has fallen into ſome contradictions with regard to this lord Mortimer. Before he makes his perſonal appearance in the play, he is repeatedly ſpoken of as Hotſpur's *brother-in-law*. In Act II. lady Percy expreſsly calls him *her brother Mortimer*. And yet when he enters in the third act, he calls lady Percy *his aunt*, which in fact ſhe was, and not his ſiſter. This inconſiſtence may be accounted for as follows. It appears both from Dugdale's and Sandford's account of the Mortimer family, that there were two of them taken priſoners at different times by Glendower, each of them bearing the name of *Edmund*; one being *Edmund earl of March*, nephew to *lady Percy*, and the proper *Mortimer* of this play; the other, *ſir Edmund Mortimer*, *uncle* to the former, and *brother* to *lady Percy*. Shakſpeare confounds the two perſons. STEEVENS.

Another cauſe alſo may be aſſigned for this confuſion. Henry Percy, according to the accounts of our old hiſtorians married Eleanor, the ſiſter of Roger Earl of March, who was the father of the Edmund Earl of March that appears in the preſent play. But this Edmund had a ſiſter likewiſe named *Eleanor*. Shakſpeare might therefore have at different times confounded theſe two Eleanors. MALONE.

[7] — *and indent with fears*,] To *indent* is to ſign an indenture or compact. Dr. Johnſon would read—with *peers*. MALONE.

Fears

When they have loſt and forfeited themſelves?
No, on the barren mountains let him ſtarve;
For I ſhall never hold that man my friend,
Whoſe tongue ſhall aſk me for one penny coſt
To ranſom home revolted Mortimer.
Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my ſovereign liege,
But by the chance of war [8];—To prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue, for all thoſe wounds,
Thoſe mouthed wounds [9], which valiantly he took,
When, on the gentle Severn's ſedgy bank,
In ſingle oppoſition, hand to hand,
He did confound the beſt part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink [1],
Upon agreement, of ſwift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted [2] with their bloody looks,

Ran

Fears may be uſed in an active ſenſe for *terrors*. So, in the ſecond part of this play:

"———all thoſe bold *fears*
"Thou ſeeſt with peril I have anſwered." STEEVENS.

[8] *He never did fall off, my ſovereign liege,*
But by the chance of war;] The meaning is, he came not into the enemy's power but by the chance of war. The king charged Mortimer, that he wilfully betrayed his army, and, as he was then with the enemy, calls him revolted Mortimer. Hotſpur replies, that he never fell off, that is, fell into Glendower's hands, but by the chance of war. I ſhould not have explained thus tediouſly a paſſage ſo hard to be miſtaken, but that two editors have already miſtaken it. JOHNS.

[9] —*thoſe* mouthed *wounds*,—] So in *Julius Cæſar*:

"———there were an Anthony,
"Would ruffle up your ſpirits, and put a *tongue*
"In every *wound* of Cæſar," &c. MALONE.

[1] —*three times did they drink*,] It is the property of wounds to excite the moſt impatient thirſt. The poet therefore hath with exquiſite propriety introduced this circumſtance, which may ſerve to place in its proper light the dying kindneſs of Sir Philip Sydney; who, though ſuffering the extremity of thirſt from the agony of his own wounds, yet, notwithſtanding, gave up his own draught of water to a wounded ſoldier. HENLEY.

[2] *Who then, affrighted* &c.] This paſſage has been cenſured as

Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his criſp head [3] in the hollow bank
Blood-ſtained with theſe valiant combatants.
Never did bare and rotten policy [4]
Colour her working with ſuch deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive ſo many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be ſlander'd with revolt.

K. Hen. Thou doſt belie him, Percy, thou doſt belie him.
He never did encounter with Glendower;
I tell thee, he durſt as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not aſham'd? But, ſirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you ſpeak of Mortimer:
Send me your priſoners with the ſpeedieſt means,
Or you ſhall hear in ſuch a kind from me
As will diſpleaſe you.—My lord Northumberland,
We licenſe your departure with your ſon:—

ſounding nonſenſe, which repreſents a ſtream of water as capable of fear. It is miſunderſtood. Severn is not here the flood, but the tutelary power of the flood, who was affrighted, and hid his head in the hollow bank. JOHNSON.

3 — *his* criſp *head*] *Criſp* is *curled*. So, in Kyd's *Cornelia*, 1595:

" ——O beauteous Tiber,
" Turn not thy *criſpy* tides, like ſilver *curls*," &c.

Perhaps Shakſpeare has beſtowed an epithet, applicable only to the ſtream of water, on the genius of the ſtream. The following paſſage, however, in the ſixth ſong of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, may ſeem to juſtify its propriety:

" Your corſes were diſſolv'd into that cryſtal ſtream;
" Your *curls* to *curled* waves, which plainly ſtill appear
" The ſame in *water* now that once in *locks* they were."

B. and Fletcher have the ſame image with Shakſpeare in the *Loyal Subject*:

" ——the Volga trembled at his terror,
" And hid his ſeven *curl'd heads*." STEEVENS.

4 *Never did* bare *and rotten policy*] All the quartos which I have ſeen read *bare* in this place. The firſt folio, and all the ſubſequent editions, have *baſe*. I believe *bare* is right: " Never did policy lying open to detection ſo colour its workings." JOHNSON.

The firſt quarto, 1598, reads—*bare*; which means ſo *thinly covered by art as to be eaſily ſeen through*. So in *Timon of Athens*:

" What *bare* excuſes mak'ſt thou to be gone!" MALONE.

Send

Send us your priſoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt* K. HENRY, BLUNT, *and Train.*

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not ſend them :—I will after ſtraight,
And tell him ſo; for I will eaſe my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? ſtay, and pauſe a while;
Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer?
'Zounds, I will ſpeak of him: and let my ſoul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part, I'll empty all theſe veins,
And ſhed my dear blood drop by drop i'the duſt,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i'the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

Wor. Who ſtruck this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forſooth, have all my priſoners;
And when I urg'd the ranſom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale;
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death [5],
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor.

5 — *an eye of death,*] That is, an eye menacing death. Hotſpur ſeems to deſcribe the king as trembling with rage rather than fear. JOHNSON.

So, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

" And wrapt in ſilence of his angry ſoul,
" Upon his browes was pourtraid ugly death,
" And in his eyes the furies of his heart." STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnſon and Mr. Steevens ſeem to think that Hotſpur meant to deſcribe the king as trembling not with fear but rage; but ſurely they are miſtaken. The king had no reaſon to be enraged at Mortimer, who had been taken priſoner in fighting againſt his enemy; but he had much reaſon to fear the man who had a better title to the crown than himſelf, which had been proclaimed by Richard II; and accordingly when Hotſpur is informed of that circumſtance, he ſays,

" Nay then, I cannot blame his couſin king,
" That wiſhed him on the barren mountain ſtarv'd."

And Worceſter in the very next line ſays, " He cannot blame him for

trembling

Wor. I cannot blame him: Was he not proclaim'd,
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?

North. He was; I heard the proclamation:
And then it was, when the unhappy king
(Whoſe wrongs in us God pardon!) did ſet forth
Upon his Iriſh expedition;
From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and, ſhortly, murdered.

Wor. And for whoſe death, we in the world's wide mouth
Live ſcandaliz'd, and foully ſpoken of.

Hot. But, ſoft, I pray you; Did king Richard then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown[6]?

North. He did; myſelf did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his couſin king,
That wiſh'd him on the barren mountains ſtarv'd.
But ſhall it be, that you,—that ſet the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man;
And, for his ſake, wear the deteſted blot
Of murd'rous ſubornation,—ſhall it be,
That you a world of curſes undergo;
Being the agents, or baſe ſecond means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?—
O, pardon me, that I deſcend ſo low,
To ſhew the line, and the predicament,
Wherein you range under this ſubtle king.—
Shall it, for ſhame, be ſpoken in theſe days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power,
Did 'gage them both in an unjuſt behalf,—

As

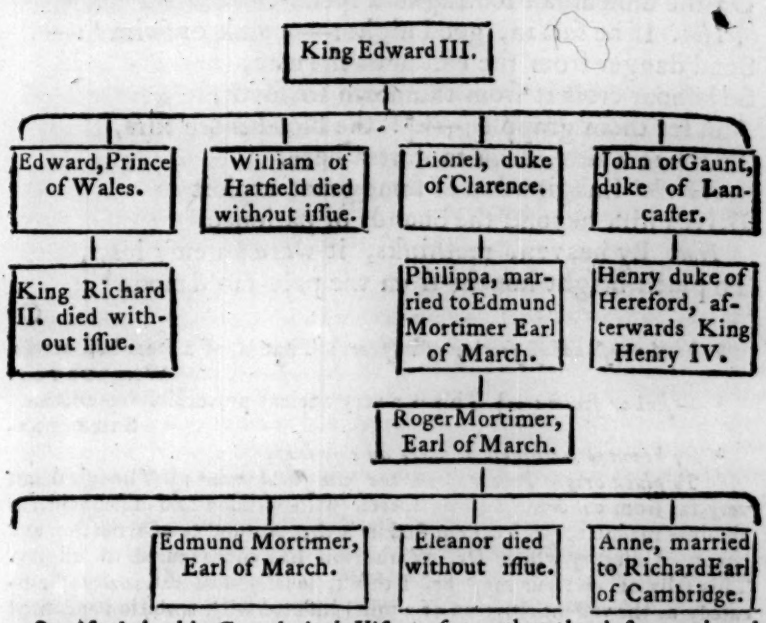
trembling at the name of Mortimer, ſince Richard had proclaimed him next of blood." MASON.

Mr. Maſon's remark is, I think, in general juſt; but the king, as appears from this ſcene, had ſome reaſon to be *enraged* alſo at Mortimer, becauſe he thought that Mortimer had not been taken priſoner by the efforts of his enemies, but had himſelf *revolted.* MALONE.

[6] *Heir to the crown?*] Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, was the undoubted heir to the crown after the death of Richard, as appears from the following table; in which the three younger children of king Edward V. are not included, as being immaterial to the ſubject before us:

King

As both of you, God pardon it! have done,—
To put down Richard, that ſweet lovely roſe,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke [7]?
And ſhall it, in more ſhame, be further ſpoken,
That you are fool'd, diſcarded, and ſhook off
By him, for whom theſe ſhames ye underwent?
No; yet time ſerves, wherein you may redeem
Your baniſh'd honours, and reſtore yourſelves
Into the good thoughts of the world again:
Revenge the jeering, and diſdain'd [8] contempt,



Sandford in his *Genealogical Hiſtory* ſays, that the laſt mentioned Edmund Earl of March, (the Mortimer of this play,) was married to Anne Stafford, daughter of Edmund Earl of Stafford. Thomas Walſingham aſſerts that he married a daughter of Owen Glendower; and the ſubſequent hiſtorians copied him; but this is a very doubtful point, for the Welſh writers make no mention of it. Sandford ſays that this Earl of March was confined by the jealous Henry in the caſtle of Trim in Ireland, and that he died there, after an impriſonment of twenty years, on the 19th of January, 1424. MALONE.

[7] —*this* canker, *Bolingbroke?*] The canker-roſe is the dog-roſe, the flower of the Cynoſbaton. STEEVENS.

[8] —*diſdain'd*] for diſdainful. JOHNSON.

Of

Of this proud king; who ſtudies, day and night,
To anſwer all the debt he owes to you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore, I ſay,—

Wor. Peace, couſin, ſay no more:
And now I will unclaſp a ſecret book,
And to your quick-conceiving diſcontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril, and advent'rous ſpirit,
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
On the unſteadfaſt footing of a ſpear [9].

Hot. If he fall in, good night:—or ſink or ſwim [1]:—
Send danger from the eaſt unto the weſt,
So honour croſs it from the north to ſouth,
And let them grapple;—O! the blood more ſtirs,
To rouze a lion, than to ſtart a hare.

North. Imagination of ſome great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, methinks, it were an eaſy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon [2];

Or

[9] *On the unſteadfaſt footing of a ſpear.*] That is, of a ſpear laid acroſs. WARBURTON.

[1] —*ſink or ſwim:*—] This is a very ancient proverbial expreſſion. STEEVENS.

[2] *By heaven, methinks, it were an eaſy leap,*
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;] Though I am very far from condemning this ſpeech with Gildon and Theobald, as abſolute madneſs, yet I cannot find in it that profundity of reflection and beauty of allegory which Dr. Warburton has endeavoured to diſplay. This ſally of Hotſpur may be, I think, ſoberly and rationally vindicated, as the violent eruption of a mind inflated with ambition and fired with reſentment; as the boaſted clamour of a man able to do much, and eager to do more; as the haſty motion of turbulent deſire; as the dark expreſſion of indetermined thoughts. The paſſage from Euripides is ſurely not allegorical, yet it is produced, and properly, as parallel. JOHNSON.

I have not preſerved Dr. Warburton's note, becauſe it appears to me, like many others of that commentator, to extort a meaning from theſe words that probably Shakſpeare was wholly unconſcious of. The paſſage from Euripides, which he has put into the mouth of Eteocles, is this: "I will not, madam, diſguiſe my thoughts; I would ſcale heaven, I would deſcend to the very entrails of the earth, if ſo be that by that price I could obtain a kingdom." MALONE.

In

Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
Without corrival, all her dignities:
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowſhip[3]!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here[4],
But not the form of what he ſhould attend.—
Good couſin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Thoſe ſame noble Scots,
That are your priſoners,—

Hot. I'll keep them all;
By heaven, he ſhall not have a Scot of them:
No, if a Scot would ſave his ſoul, he ſhall not:

In the *Knight of the burning Peſtle*, B. and Fletcher have put this ſpeech into the mouth of Ralph the apprentice, who, like Bottom, appears to have been fond of acting parts *to tear a cat in*. I ſuppoſe a ridicule on Hotſpur was deſigned. STEEVENS.

3 *But out upon this* half-fac'd *fellowſhip!*] Dr. Johnſon ſuppoſes our author was thinking of a coat *faced* with ſomewhat more ſplendid than itſelf; and that "*half-fac'd* fellowſhip means partnerſhip half-adorned, partnerſhip which yet wants half the ſhew of dignities and honours."

I doubt whether the alluſion was to dreſs. *Half-fac'd* ſeems to have meant *paltry*. The expreſſion, which appears to have been a contemptuous one, I believe, had its riſe from the meaner denominations of coin, on which, formerly, only a *profile* of the reigning prince was exhibited; whereas on the more valuable pieces a *full face* was repreſented. So, in *K. John*:

"With that *half face* he would have all my land,—
"A *half-fac'd groat*, five hundred pound a year!"

But then, it will be ſaid, "what becomes of *fellowſhip*? Where is the fellowſhip in a *ſingle* face in profile? The alluſion muſt be to the coins of Philip and Mary, where two faces were in part exhibited."—This ſquaring of our author's compariſons, and making them correſpond preciſely on every ſide, is in my apprehenſion the ſource of endleſs miſtakes. See p. 147, n. 5. *Fellowſhip* relates to Hotſpur's "corrival" and himſelf, and I think to nothing more.

I find the epithet here applied to it, in Naſhe's *Apologie of Pierce Pennileſſe*, 1593: "—with all other odd ends of your *half-faced* Engliſh." MALONE.

4 — *a world of figures here,*] *Figure* is here uſed equivocally. As it is applied to Hotſpur's ſpeech it is a rhetorical mode; as oppoſed to form, it means appearance or ſhape. JOHNSON.

"Figures (ſays Mr. Edwards) mean ſhapes created by Hotſpur's imagination; but not the form of what he ſhould attend, viz. of what his uncle had to propoſe." MALONE.

I'll

I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You ſtart away,
And lend no ear unto my purpoſes.—
Thoſe priſoners you ſhall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:—
He ſaid, he would not ranſom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to ſpeak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies aſleep,
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer:
Nay, I'll have a ſtarling ſhall be taught to ſpeak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger ſtill in motion.

Wor. Hear ye, couſin; a word.

Hot. All ſtudies here I ſolemnly defy [5],
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that ſame ſword-and-buckler prince of Wales [6],
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with ſome miſchance,
I'd have him poiſon'd with a pot of ale [7].

Wor. Farewell, kinſman! I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a waſp-tongue and impatient fool [8]

5 Art

[5] — *I ſolemnly* defy,] One of the ancient ſenſes of the verb, to *defy*, was to *refuſe*. See Vol. II. p. 69, n. 4. STEEVENS.

[6] *And that ſame ſword-and-buckler prince of Wales,*] A royſter or turbulent fellow, that fought in taverns, or raiſed diſorders in the ſtreets, was called a Swaſh-buckler. In this ſenſe *ſword-and-buckler* is here uſed. JOHNSON.

[7] —*poiſon'd with a pot of ale.*] Dr. Grey ſuppoſes this to be ſaid in alluſion to Caxton's *Account of King John's Death*; (ſee Caxton's *Fructus Temporum*, 1515, fol. 62.) but I rather think it has reference to the low company (drinkers of ale) with whom the prince ſpent ſo much of his time in the meaneſt taverns. STEEVENS.

[8] *Why, what a waſp*-tongue *and impatient fool*] The quarto, 1598, reads—waſp-*ſtung*; and ſurely it affords a more obvious meaning than the folio, which reads—*waſp*-tongued. That Shakſpeare knew the ſting of a waſp was not ſituated in its mouth may be learned from the following paſſage in the *Winter's Tale*, Act. I. ſc. ii: "—is goads, thorns, nettles, *tails of waſps*." STEEVENS.

The firſt quarto copies of ſeveral of theſe plays are in many reſpects much preferable to the folio, and in general I have paid the utmoſt attention to them. In the preſent inſtance, however, I think the tranſcriber's ear deceived him, and that the true reading is that of the ſecond

Art thou, to break into this woman's mood;
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own?

Hot.

ſecond quarto, 1599, waſp-*tongue*, which I have adopted, not on the authority of that copy, (for it has none,) but becauſe I believe it to have been the word uſed by the author. The folio was apparently printed from a later quarto; and the editor from ignorance of our author's phraſeology changed waſp-*tongue* to waſp-*tongued*. There are other inſtances of the ſame unwarrantable alterations even in that valuable copy of our author's plays. The change, I ſay, was made from ignorance of Shakſpeare's phraſeology; for in *K. Richard* III. we have—his *venom*-tooth, not *venom'd*-tooth; his *widow*-dolour, not *widow'd*-dolour; and in another play,—parted with *ſugar*-breath, not *ſugar'd*-breath; and many more inſtances of the ſame kind may be found.

Shakſpeare certainly knew, as Mr. Steevens has obſerved, that the ſting of a waſp lay in his tail; nor is there in my apprehenſion any thing couched under the epithet *waſp-tongue*, inconſiſtent with that knowledge. It means only, having a tongue as peeviſh and miſchievous (if ſuch terms may be applied to that inſtrument of the mind) as a waſp. Thus, in *As you like it*, *waſpiſh* is uſed without any particular reference to any action of a waſp, but merely as ſynonymous to *peeviſh* or *fretful*:

"By the ſtern brow and *waſpiſh* action
"Which ſhe did uſe as ſhe was writing of it,
"It bears an *angry* tenour."

In the *Tempeſt*, when Iris ſpeaking of Venus, ſays,

"Her waſpiſh-*headed* ſon has broke his arrows,"

the meaning is perfectly clear; yet the objection that Shakſpeare knew the ſting of a waſp was in his tail, not in his *head*, might, I conceive, be made with equal force, there, as on the preſent occaſion.

Though this note has run out to an unreaſonable length, I muſt add a paſſage in the *Taming of the Shrew*; which, while it ſhews that our author knew the ſting of a waſp was really ſituated in its *tail*, proves at the ſame time that he thought it might with propriety be applied metaphorically to the *tongue*:

Pet. Come, come, you *waſp*; i'faith you are too angry.
Cath. If I be waſpiſh, beſt beware my ſting.
Pet. My remedy is then to pluck it out.
Cath. Ay, if the fool could find where it lies.
Pet. Who knows not where a waſp does wear his *ſting*?
In his tail.
Cath. In his *tongue*.
Pet. Whoſe tongue?
Cath. Yours, if you talk of tails, &c.

This paſſage appears to me fully to juſtify the reading that I have choſen. Independent however of all authority, or reference to other paſſages, it is ſupported by the context here. A perſon ſtung by a waſp would

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and ſcourg'd with rods,
Nettled, and ſtung with piſmires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time,—What do you call the place?
A plague upon't!—it is in Gloceſterſhire;—
'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept;
His uncle York;—where I firſt bow'd my knee
Unto this king of ſmiles, this Bolingbroke,
When you and he came back from Ravenſpurg.

North. At Berkley caſtle.

Hot. You ſay true:—
Why, what a candy deal of courteſy [9]
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look,—*when his infant fortune came to age* [1],—
And,—*gentle Harry Percy*,—and, *kind couſin*,—
O, the devil take ſuch cozeners [2]!—God forgive me!—
Good uncle tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again;
We'll ſtay your leiſure.

Hot. I have done, i'faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottiſh priſoners.

would not be very likely to claim all *the talk* to himſelf, as Hotſpur is deſcribed to do, but rather in the agony of pain to implore the aſſiſtance of thoſe about him; whereas "the waſp-*tongue* fool" may well be ſuppoſed to "break into a woman's mood," and to liſten "to no tongue but his own."

Mr. Maſon thinks that the words afterwards uſed by Hotſpur are deciſively in favour of waſp-*ſtung*,—"Nettled and *ſtung* with piſmires;" but Hotſpur uſes that expreſſion to mark the poignancy of his own *feelings*; Northumberland uſes the term *waſp-tongue* to denote the irritability of his ſon's *temper* and the petulance of his *language*. MALONE.

9 — *what a candy deal of courteſy*] i. e. what a deal of candy courteſy. Mr. Pope and the ſubſequent editors read *candy'd*, without neceſſity. See the laſt note. MALONE.

1 — *infant fortune came to age*,—] Alluding to what paſſed in *King Richard, II.* Act II. ſc. iii. JOHNSON.

2 — *the devil take ſuch* cozeners!—] So, in *Two Tragedies in One*, &c. 1601:

"Come pretty *couſin*, *cozened* by grim death."

Again, in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

"To ſee my *couſin cozen'd* in this ſort." STEEVENS.

Deliver

Deliver them up without their ranſom ſtraight,
And make the Douglas' ſon your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which,—for divers reaſons,
Which I ſhall ſend you written,—be aſſur'd,
Will eaſily be granted.—You, my lord,— [*to* North.
Your ſon in Scotland being thus employ'd,—
Shall ſecretly into the boſom creep
Of that ſame noble prelate, well belov'd,
The archbiſhop.

Hot. Of York, is't not?

Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Briſtol, the lord Scroop.
I ſpeak not this in eſtimation [3],
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and ſet down;
And only ſtays but to behold the face
Of that occaſion that ſhall bring it on.

Hot. I ſmell it; upon my life, it will do well.

North. Before the game's afoot, thou ſtill let'ſt ſlip [4].

Hot. Why, it cannot chooſe but be a noble plot:—
And then the power of Scotland, and of York,—
To join with Mortimer, ha?

Wor. And ſo they ſhall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reaſon bids us ſpeed,
To ſave our heads by raiſing of a head [5]:
For, bear ourſelves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt [6];
And think we think ourſelves unſatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And ſee already, how he doth begin

3 *I ſpeak not this in eſtimation,*] *Eſtimation* for conjecture. WARBURTON.

4 — *let'ſt ſlip.*] To *let ſlip*, is to looſe the greyhound. JOHNSON.

5 — *by raiſing of a* head:] A *head* is a body of forces. JOHNSON.

6 *The king will always* &c.] This is a natural deſcription of the ſtate of mind between thoſe that have conferred, and thoſe that have received obligations too great to be ſatisfied.

That this would be the event of Northumberland's diſloyalty was predicted by king Richard in the former play. JOHNSON.

To make us ſtrangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Couſin [7], farewel:—No further go in this,
Than I by letters ſhall direct your courſe.
When time is ripe, (which will be ſuddenly,)
I'll ſteal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,
(As I will faſhion it,) ſhall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own ſtrong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewel, good brother: We ſhall thrive, I truſt.

Hot. Uncle, adieu:—O, let the hours be ſhort,
Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our ſport!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Rocheſter. *An Inn-yard.*

Enter a Carrier, *with a lantern in his hand.*

1. *Car.* Heigh ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hang'd: Charles' wain [8] is over the new chimney, and yet our horſe not pack'd. What, oſtler!

Oſt. [*within.*] Anon, anon.

1. *Car.* I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's ſaddle [9], put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is rung in the withers out of all ceſs [1].

Enter

[7] *Couſin,*—] This was a common addreſs in our author's time to nephews, nieces, and grandchildren. See Holinſhed's *Chronicle,* paſſim. Hotſpur was Worceſter's nephew. MALONE.

[8] — Charles' *wain*] Charles's wain, ſays an anonymous authour, "is the vulgar appellation given to the conſtellation called the bear. It is a corruption of the *Churles* or *Churls* wain, Sax. Ceopla countryman." The ſame etymology had before been noticed (as Mr. Reed obſerves) in Thoreſby's *Leeds,* p. 268. MALONE.

[9] — Cut's *ſaddle,*] *Cut* is the name of a horſe in the *Witches of Lancaſhire,* 1634, and I ſuppoſe was a common one. STEEVENS.

See Vol. IV. p. 43, n. 1. MALONE.

[1] — *out of all ceſs.*] i. e. *out of all meaſure:* the phraſe being taken from a *ceſs,* tax, or ſubſidy; which being by regular and moderate rates, when any thing was exorbitant, or out of meaſure, it was ſaid to be *out of all ceſs.* WARBURTON.

Enter another Carrier.

2. *Car.* Peaſe and beans are as dank [2] here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots [3]: this houſe is turn'd upſide down, ſince Robin oſtler dy'd.

1. *Car.* Poor fellow! never joy'd ſince the price of oats roſe; it was the death of him.

2. *Car.* I think, this be the moſt villainous houſe in all London road for fleas: I am ſtung like a tench [4].

1. *Car.* Like a tench? by the maſs, there is ne'er a king in Chriſtendom could be better bit than I have been ſince the firſt cock.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jorden, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach [5].

1 *Car.*

2 — *as dank*] i. e. wet, rotten. POPE.

3 — *bots:*] are worms in the ſtomach of a horſe. JOHNSON.

A bots light upon you, is an imprecation frequently repeated in the anonymous play of *K. Henry V.* as well as in many other old pieces. STEEVENS.

4 *I am ſtung like a* tench.] Why like a *tench?* I know not, unleſs the ſimilitude conſiſts in the ſpots of the *tench*, and thoſe made by the bite of vermin. MALONE.

5 — *breeds fleas, like a* loach.] The loach is a very ſmall fiſh, but ſo exceedingly prolifick that it is ſeldom found without ſpawn in it; and it was formerly a practice of the young gallants to ſwallow loaches in wine, becauſe they were conſidered as invigorating, and as apt to communicate their prolifick quality. The carrier therefore means to ſay that "your chamber-lie breeds fleas as faſt as a loach" breeds, not fleas, but loaches.

In *As you like it*, Jaques ſays that he "can ſuck melancholy out of a ſong, as a weaſel ſucks eggs;" but he does not mean that a weaſel ſucks eggs "out of a ſong."—And in *Troilus and Creſſida*, where Neſtor ſays that Therſites is

"A ſlave whoſe gall coins ſlanders like a mint,"

he means, that his gall coined ſlanders as faſt as a mint coins money. MASON.

I entirely agree with Mr. Maſon in his explanation of this paſſage, and, before I had ſeen his COMMENTS, had in the ſame manner interpreted a paſſage in *As you like it*. See Vol. III. p. 168, n. 2. One principal ſource of errour in the interpretation of many paſſages in our author's plays has been the ſuppoſing that his ſimiles were intended to correſpond exactly on both ſides.

The author, however, of *Remarks* &c. on the *text and notes of the*

1. *Car.* What, oſtler! come away, and be hang'd, come away.

2. *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger [6], to be deliver'd as far as Charing-croſs.

1. *Car.* 'Odſbody! the turkies in my pannier are quite ſtarved[7].—What, oſtler!—A plague on thee! haſt thou never an eye in thy head? canſt not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hang'd:—Haſt no faith in thee?

Enter GADS-HILL [8].

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1. *Car.* I think it be two o'clock [9].

laſt edition of Shakſpeare, very gravely aſſures Mr. Steevens, "that in the courſe of his extenſive reſearches he may one day find that a loach either *has* or *was formerly ſuppoſed* to have, when dead, the quality of producing fleas in abundance!!" MALONE.

[2] —*and two razes of ginger*,] A *race* of ginger ſignifies no more than a ſingle root of it; but a *raze is* the Indian term for a *bale* of it. THEOBALD.

—*and two* razes of ginger,] So, in the old anonymous play of *Henry V*: "—he hath taken the great *raze of ginger*, that bouncing Beſs, &c. was to have had." *A dainty* race *of ginger* is mentioned in Ben Jonſon's maſque of the *Gipſies Metamorphoſed*. STEEVENS.

Dr. Grew ſpeaks, in the *Philoſophical Tranſactions*, of a *ſingle root* of ginger weighing fourteen ounces, as uncommonly large. I doubt therefore concerning the truth of Mr. Warner's aſſertion, (in ſupport of which he quotes Sir Hans Sloane's Introduction to his *Hiſt. of Jamaica*, that "a ſingle *root* or *race* of ginger, were it brought home entire, as it might formerly have been, and not in ſmall pieces, as at preſent, would have been ſufficient to load a pack-horſe." Theobald's explanation ſeems equally diſputable. MALONE.

[7] —*the* turkies *in my pannier are quite ſtarved.*] Here is a ſlight anachroniſm. Turkies were not brought into England till the time of King Henry VIII. MALONE.

[8] —*Gads-hill.*] This thief receives his title from a place on the Kentiſh road, where many robberies have been committed. So, in the anonymous play of the *Famous Victories of Henry V*: "And I know thee for a taking fellow upon *Gads-hill* in Kent." In the year 1558 a ballad entitled "The Robery at Gads-hill," was entered on the books of the Stationers' company. STEEVENS.

[9] *I think it be two o'clock.*] The carrier, who ſuſpected Gads-hill, ſtrives to miſlead him as to the hour; becauſe the firſt obſervation made in this ſcene is, that it was *four o'clock*. STEEVENS.

Gads.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to ſee my gelding in the ſtable.

1. *Car.* Nay, ſoft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2. *Car.* Ay, when, canſt tell?—Lend me thy lantern, quoth-a?—marry, I'll ſee thee hang'd firſt.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2. *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge. [*Exeunt* Carriers.

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. [*within.*] At hand, quoth pick-purſe[1].

Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain: for thou varieſt no more from picking of purſes, than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'ſt the plot how *.

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, maſter Gads-hill. It holds current, that I told you yeſternight: There's a franklin[2]

[1] *At hand, quoth pick-purſe.*] This is a proverbial expreſſion often uſed by Green, Naſhe, and other writers of the time, in whoſe works the cant of low converſation is preſerved. STEEVENS.

This proverbial ſaying probably aroſe from the pick-purſe always ſeiſing upon the prey neareſt to him: his maxim being that of Pope's man of gallantry,—"The thing *at hand* is of all things the beſt." MALONE.

* *That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the* chamberlain: &c.] So, in *the Life and Death of Gamaliel Ratſey*, 1605: "—he dealt with the *chamberlaine* of the houſe to learn which way they rode in the morning, which the *chamberlaine* performed accordingly, and that with great care and diligence, for he knew he ſhould partake of their fortunes, if he ſped." STEEVENS.

[2] — *franklin*—] is a little gentleman. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon has ſaid more accurately, in a note on *Cymbeline*, that a franklin is a *freeholder*. MALONE.

"Forteſcue," ſays the editor of the Canterbury Tales, Vol. IV. p. 202, "(de L. L. Ang. c. xxix.) deſcribes a *franklain* to be *pater familias—magnis ditatus poſſeſſionibus*. He is claſſed *with* (but after) the *miles* and *armiger*, and is diſtinguiſhed from the *libere tenentes* and *valecti*, though, as it ſhould ſeem, the only diſtinction between him and other freeholders conſiſted in the largeneſs of his eſtate." REED.

in the wild of Kent, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company, laſt night at ſupper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter[3]: They will away preſently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with ſaint Nicholas' clerks[4], I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I pry'thee, keep that for the hangman; for, I know, thou worſhip'ſt ſaint Nicholas as truly as a man of falſhood may.

Gads. What talk'ſt thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows: for, if I hang, old ſir John hangs with me; and, thou know'ſt, he's no ſtarveling. Tut! there are other Trojans[5] that thou dream'ſt not of, the which, for ſport ſake, are content to do the profeſſion ſome grace; that would, if matters ſhould be look'd into, for their own credit ſake, make all whole. I am join'd with no foot land-rakers[6], no long-

[3] —*and call for eggs and butter:*] It appears from the *Houſehold Book of the Fifth Earl of Northumberland*, that *butter'd eggs* was the uſual breakfaſt of my lord and lady, during the ſeaſon of Lent. STEEV.

[4] —*ſaint Nicholas' clerks*,—] St. Nicholas was the patron ſaint of ſcholars; and Nicholas, or Old Nick, is a cant name for the devil. Hence he equivocally calls robbers, *St. Nicholas' clerks.* WARBURTON.

So in Rowley's *Match at Midnight*, 1633: "I think yonder come prancing down the hills from Kingſton, a couple of Saint *Nicholas's clerks.*" Again in the *Hollander*, a comedy by Glapthorne, 1640:—"to wit, dicer's books, and St. *Nicholas's clerks.*" STEEVENS.

See Vol. I. p. 153, n. 8. where an account is given of the origin of this expreſſion as applied to ſcholars. Mr. Whalley thinks it took its riſe from the pariſh clerks of London, who were incorporated into a fraternity or guild, with St. Nicholas for their patron. Dr. W's account of the application of the term to robbers, is undoubtedly juſt. MALONE.

[5] —*other* Trojans] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*: "Hector was but a *Trojan* in reſpect of this." *Trojan* in both theſe inſtances had a cant ſignification, and perhaps was only a more creditable term for a *thief.* So again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*: "—unleſs you play the *honeſt Trojan*, the poor wench is caſt away." STEEVENS.

[6] *I am join'd with no foot land-rakers*, &c.] That is, with no padders, no wanderers on foot. No *long-ſtaff, ſix-penny ſtrikers*,—no fellows that infeſt the road with long ſtaffs and knock men down for ſix pence. *None of theſe mad, muſtachio, purple-hued malt-worms*,—none of thoſe whoſe faces are red with drinking ale. JOHNSON.

ſtaff,

ſtaff, ſix-penny ſtrikers [7]; none of theſe mad, muſtachio, purple-hued malt-worms [8]: but with nobility, and tranquillity; burgomaſters, and great oneyers [9]; ſuch as can hold

7 —*ſix-penny* ſtrikers;] A *ſtriker* had ſome cant ſignification with which at preſent we are not exactly acquainted. It is uſed in ſeveral of the old plays. So in an old Mſ. play entitled *A ſecond Maiden's Tragedy*:

" ——one that robs the mind,

" Twenty times worſe than any highway-*ſtriker*." STEEVENS.

In Greene's *Art of Coneycatching*, 1592, under the table of *Cant Expreſſions uſed by Thieves*, " the cutting a pocket or picking a purſe," is called *ſtriking*. COLLINS.

See alſo the *London Prodigal*, 1605: " Nay, now I have had ſuch a fortunate beginning, I'll not let a *ſixpenny-purſe* eſcape me." MALONE.

8 — *malt-worms*:] This cant term for a tippler I find in *The life and death* of Jack Strawe, 1593, and in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*. STEEV.

9 — *burgomaſters, and great* oneyers;] The reading which I have ſubſtituted [*moneyers*] I owe to the friendſhip of the ingenious Nicholas Hardinge Eſq. A *moneyer* is an officer of the mint, who makes coin, and delivers out the king's money. *Moneyers* are alſo taken for bankers, or thoſe that make it their trade to turn and return money. Either of theſe acceptations will admirably ſquare with our author's context. THEOBALD.

This is a very acute and judicious attempt at emendation, and is not undeſervedly adopted by Dr. Warburton. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads *great owners*, not without equal or greater likelihood of truth. I know not however whether any change is neceſſary: Gads-hill tells the Chamberlain that he is joined with no mean wretches, but *with burgomaſters and great ones*, or, as he terms them in merriment by a cant termination, *great oneyers*, or *great one-éers*, as we ſay, *privateer, auctioneer, circuiteer*. This is, I fancy, the whole of the matter. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakſpeare wrote—*onyers*, that is, *publick accountants*; men poſſeſſed of large ſums of money belonging to the ſtate.—It is the courſe of the Court of Exchequer, when the ſheriff makes up his accounts for iſſues, amerciaments, and meſne profits, to ſet upon his head *o. ni.* which denotes *oneratur, niſi habeat ſufficientem exonerationem*: he thereupon becomes the king's debtor, and the parties *peravaile* (as they are termed in law) for whom he anſwers, become his debtors, and are diſcharged as with reſpect to the king.

To ſettle accounts in this manner, is ſtill called in the Exchequer, to *ony*; and from hence Shakſpeare perhaps formed the word *onyers*. —The Chamberlain had a little before mentioned, among the travellers whom he thought worth plundering, an officer of the Exchequer, " a kind of *auditor*, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what." This emendation may derive ſome ſupport from what Gads-hill ſays in the next ſcene: " There's money of the king's coming

hold in; ſuch as will ſtrike ſooner than ſpeak, and ſpeak ſooner than drink, and drink ſooner than pray[1]: And yet I lie; for they pray continually to their ſaint, the commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the common-wealth their boots? will ſhe hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, ſhe will; juſtice hath liquor'd her[2].

coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's Exchequer." The firſt quarto has—*oneyres*, which the ſecond and all the ſubſequent copies made *oneyers*. The original reading gives great probability to Hanmer's conjecture. MALONE.

[1] —*ſuch as will ſtrike ſooner than ſpeak; and ſpeak ſooner than* drink; *and* drink *ſooner than pray:*] According to the ſpecimen given us in this play, of this diſſolute gang, we have no reaſon to think *they were leſs ready to drink than ſpeak*. Beſides, it is plain, a natural gradation was here intended to be given of their actions, relative to one another. But what has *ſpeaking*, *drinking*, and *praying* to do with one another? We ſhould certainly read *think* in both places inſtead of *drink*; and then we have a very regular and humourous climax. *They will ſtrike ſooner than ſpeak*; *and ſpeak ſooner than* think; *and* think *ſooner than pray*. By which laſt words is meant, that, "though perhaps they may now and then reflect on their crimes, they will never repent of them." WARB.

Such as can hold in, may mean, *ſuch as can curb old-father antic the law*, or ſuch as *will not blab*. STEEVENS.

I think a gradation was intended, as Dr. Warburton ſuppoſes. To *hold in*, I believe meant to "keep their fellows' counſel and their own;" not to diſcover their rogueries by talking about them. So in *Twelfth Night*: "—that you will not extort from me what I am willing to *keep in*." Gads-hill therefore, I ſuppoſe, means to ſay, that he keeps company with ſteady robbers; ſuch as will not impeach their comrades, or make any diſcovery by talking of what they have done; men that will ſtrike the traveller ſooner than talk to him; that yet would ſooner ſpeak to him than drink, which might intoxicate them, and put them off their guard; and, notwithſtanding, would prefer drinking, however dangerous, to prayer, which is the laſt thing they would think of.—The words however will admit a different interpretation. We have often in theſe plays, "it were as good a deed as to drink." Perhaps therefore the meaning may be, Men who will knock the traveller down ſooner than ſpeak to him; who yet will ſpeak to him and bid him ſtand, ſooner than drink; (to which they are ſufficiently well inclined;) and laſtly, who will drink ſooner than pray. Here indeed the climax is not regular. But perhaps our author did not intend it ſhould be preſerved. MALONE.

[2] *She will, ſhe will; juſtice hath liquor'd her.*] A ſatire on chicane in courts of juſtice; which ſupports ill men in their violations of the law, under the very cover of it. WARBURTON.

We

We ſteal as in a caſtle[3], cock-ſure; we have the receipt of fern-ſeed[4], we walk inviſible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith; I think, you are more beholding to the night, than to fern-ſeed, for your walking inviſible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou ſhalt have a ſhare in our purchaſe[5], as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a falſe thief.

Gads. Go to; *Homo* is a common name to all men[6].—Bid the oſtler bring my gelding out of the ſtable. Farewel, you muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*

3 — *as in a caſtle,*] This was once a proverbial phraſe. So, in the *Little French Lawyer* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

" That noble courage we have ſeen, and we
" Shall fight *as in a caſtle.*"

Perhaps Shakſpeare means, we ſteal with as much ſecurity as the ancient inhabitants of *caſtles*, who had thoſe ſtrong holds to fly to for protection and defence againſt the laws. So, in *King Henry VI.* Act. III. P. I. ſc. i:

" Yes, as an outlaw *in a caſtle* keeps,
" And uſeth it to patronage his *theft.*" STEEVENS.

4 — *we have the receipt of fern-ſeed,*] *Fern* is one of thoſe plants which have their ſeed on the back of the leaf ſo ſmall as to eſcape the ſight. Thoſe who perceived that *fern* was propagated by ſemination, and yet could never ſee the ſeed, were much at a loſs for a ſolution of the difficulty; and as wonder always endeavours to augment itſelf, they aſcribed to *fern-ſeed* many ſtrange properties, ſome of which the ruſtick virgins have not yet forgotten or exploded. JOHNSON.

So in B. Jonſon's *New Inn:*

" No medecine, ſir, to go *inviſible,*
" No *fern-ſeed* in my pocket." STEEVENS.

5 — *in our purchaſe,*] *Purchaſe* was anciently the cant term for ſtolen goods. So, in *Henry V.* Act III: " They will ſteal any thing, and call it *purchaſe.*" So, Chaucer:

" And robbery is holde *purchaſe.*" STEEVENS.

6 *Homo is a common name* &c.] Gads-hill had promiſed as he was a *true man*; the Chamberlain wills him to promiſe rather as a *falſe thief*; to which Gads-hill anſwers, that though he might have reaſon to change the word *true*, he might have ſpared *man*, for *homo* is a name common to all men, and among others to thieves, JOHNSON.

This is a quotation from the Accidence, and I believe is not the only one from that book, which therefore Mr. Capell ſhould have added to his *Shakſperiana.* L - - -.

See Vol. II. p. 254, n. 8; p. 268, n. 1; and Vol. III. p. 263, n. 1. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE II.

The Road by Gads-hill.

Enter Prince HENRY *and* POINS; BARDOLPH *and* PETO, *at ſome diſtance.*

Poins. Come, ſhelter, ſhelter; I have remov'd Falſtaff's horſe, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet[7].

P. Henry. Stand cloſe.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hang'd! Poins!

P. Henry. Peace, ye fat-kidney'd raſcal; What a brawling doſt thou keep?

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal?

P. Hen. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill; I'll go ſeek him. [*pretends to ſeek* Poins.

Fal. I am accurſt to rob in that thief's company: the raſcal hath removed my horſe, aud tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the ſquire[8] further afoot, I ſhall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'ſcape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forſworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty years, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the raſcal have not given me medicines to make me love him[9], I'll be hang'd; it could not be elſe; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll ſtarve, ere I'll rob a foot further[1]. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and to leave theſe rogues, I am the verieſt varlet that ever chew'd

7 —*like a gumm'd velvet.*] This alluſion we often meet with in the old comedies. STEEVENS.

8 —*four foot by the* ſquire] i. e. four feet by a foot rule. JOHNSON. See Vol. II. p. 417, n. 1. MALONE.

The ſame phraſe occurs in the *Winter's Tale*: "— not the worſt of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the *ſquire*." STEEVENS.

9 —*medicines to make me love him,*] Alluding to the vulgar notion of *love-powder*. JOHNSON.

1 —*rob a foot further.*] *I will not go a foot further to rob.* STEEV.

with

with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is three-ſcore and ten miles afoot with me; and the ſtony-hearted villains know it well enough: A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true to one another! [*They whiſtle.*] Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me my horſe, you rogues; give me my horſe, and be hang'd.

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear cloſe to the ground, and liſt if thou canſt hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own fleſh ſo far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye, to colt [2] me thus?

P. Hen. Thou lieſt, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good prince Hal, help me to my horſe; good king's ſon.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue! ſhall I be your oſtler?

Fal. Go, hang thyſelf in thy own heir-apparent garters [3]! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and ſung to filthy tunes, let a cup of ſack be my poiſon [4]: When a jeſt is ſo forward, and afoot too,—I hate it.

Enter GADS-HILL.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, againſt my will.

2 —*to colt*] is to fool, to trick; but the prince taking it in another ſenſe, oppoſes it by *uncolt*, that is, *unhorſe*. JOHNSON.

In the firſt of theſe ſenſes it is uſed by Naſhe, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, &c. 1596: "His maſter fretting and chaffing to be thus *colted* of both of them, &c." STEEVENS.

3 —*heir-apparent garters!*] "He may hang himſelf in his own *garters*," is a proverb in Ray's Collection. STEEVENS.

4 *An I have not ballads made on you all, and ſung to filthy tunes, let a cup of ſack be my poiſon:*] So in the *Rape of Lucrece:*

"Shall have thy treſpaſs cited up in rhimes,
"And ſung by children in ſucceeding times."

Again in *Anthony and Cleopatra:*

"———ſaucy lictors
"Will catch at us like ſtrumpets, and *ſcald rhimers*
"*Ballad* us out of tune." MALONE.

Poins.

Poins. O, tis our ſetter: I know his voice.

Bard. What news[5]?

Gads. Caſe ye, caſe ye; on with your viſors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill, 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

P. Hen. Sirs, you four ſhall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they 'ſcape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. 'Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. Hen. What, a coward, ſir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horſe ſtands behind the hedge; when thou need'ſt him, there thou ſhalt find him. Farewel, and ſtand faſt.

Fal. Now cannot I ſtrike him, if I ſhould be hang'd.

P. Hen. Ned, where are our diſguiſes?

Poins. Here, hard by; ſtand cloſe.

[*Exeunt P.* HENRY *and* POINS.

Fal. Now, my maſters, happy man be his dole[6], ſay I; every man to his buſineſs.

[5] Bardolph. *What news?*—] In all the copies that I have ſeen Poins is made to ſpeak upon the entrance of Gads-hill thus:

O, 'tis our ſetter; I know his voice.—Bardolph, *what news?* This is abſurd; he knows Gads-hill to be the *ſetter*, and aſks Bardolph *what news*. To countenance this impropriety, the latter editions have made Gads-hill and Bardolph enter together, but the old copies bring in Gads-hill alone, and we find that Falſtaff, who knew their ſtations, calls to Bardolph among others for his horſe, but not to Gads-hill, who was poſted at a diſtance. We ſhould therefore read:

Poins. *O, 'tis our ſetter,* &c.
Bard. *What news?*
Gads. *Caſe ye,* &c. JOHNSON.

[6] — *happy man be his dole,*] See Vol. I. p. 264, n. 5. and Vol. II. p. 262, n. 8. MALONE.

The portion of alms diſtributed at Lambeth palace gate is at this day called the *dole*. Sir J. HAWKINS.

Enter

Enter Travellers.

1. *Trav.* Come, neighbour; the boy ſhall lead our horſes down the hill: we'll walk afoot a while, and eaſe our legs.

Thieves. Stand.

Trav. Jeſu bleſs us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: Ah! whorſon caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

1. *Trav.* O, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves[7]; Are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs[8]; I would, your ſtore were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves? young men muſt live: You are grand-jurors, are ye? We'll jure ye, i'faith.

[*Exeunt* Falſtaff &c. *driving the travellers out.*

Re-enter Prince HENRY, *and* POINS.

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men[9]: Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week[1], laughter for a month, and a good jeſt for ever.

Poins. Stand cloſe, I hear them coming.

Re-enter Thieves.

Fal. Come, my maſters, let us ſhare, and then to horſe before day. An the prince and Poins be not two arrant

7 — *gorbellied*—] i. e. fat and corpulent. See the Gloſſary to Kennet's *Parochial Antiquities*. This word is uſed by Sir T. North in his tranſlation of Plutarch, by Naſh and others. STEEVENS.

8 — *ye fat* chuffs;] This term of contempt is always applied to rich and avaricious people. The derivation of the word is ſaid to be uncertain. Perhaps it is a corruption of *chough*, a thieviſh bird that collects its prey on the ſea ſhore. STEEVENS.

9 — *the* true men:] In the old plays a *true man* is always ſet in oppoſition to a *thief*. STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 90, n. 6. MALONE.

1 — argument *for a week*,—] *Argument* here means the ſubject of diſcourſe or merriment. So Pedro ſays to Benedick in *Much ado about Nothing*, [Vol. II. p. 217,] "Well, if ever thou doſt fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable *argument*." MASON.

cowards, there's no equity ſtirring: there's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

P. Hen. Your money. [*ruſhing out upon them.*

Poins. Villains!

[*As they are ſharing, the* Prince *and* Poins *ſet upon them.* Falſtaff, *after a blow or two, and the reſt, run away, leaving their booty behind them.*]

P. Hen. Got with much eaſe. Now merrily to horſe:
The thieves are ſcatter'd, and poſſeſs'd with fear
So ſtrongly, that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good Ned. Falſtaff ſweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Wer't not for laughing, I ſhould pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Warkworth. *A Room in the Caſtle.*

Enter HOTSPUR, *reading a letter*[2].

——*But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in reſpect of the love I bear your houſe.* —He could be contented,—Why is he not then? In reſpect of the love he bears our houſe:—he ſhews in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our houſe. Let me ſee ſome more. *The purpoſe you undertake, is dangerous,*—Why, that's certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to ſleep, to drink: but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, ſafety. *The purpoſe you undertake, is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain; the time itſelf unſorted; and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoiſe of ſo great an oppoſition.*—Say you ſo, ſay you ſo? I ſay unto you again, you are a ſhallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this? By the lord our plot is a good plot as

[2] *Enter Hotſpur, reading a letter.*] This letter was from George Dunbar, earl of March, in Scotland. Mr. EDWARDS's MS. Notes.

ever

ever was laid; our friends true and conſtant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a froſty-ſpirited rogue is this? Why, my lord of York [3] commends the plot, and the general courſe of the action. 'Zounds, an I were now by this raſcal, I could brain him with his lady's fan [4]. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myſelf? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, beſides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not, ſome of them, ſet forward already? What a pagan raſcal is this? an infidel? Ha! you ſhall ſee now, in very ſincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myſelf, and go to buffets, for moving ſuch a diſh of ſkimm'd milk with ſo honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king: We are prepared: I will ſet forward to night.

Enter Lady PERCY.

How now, Kate [5]? I muſt leave you within theſe two hours.

Lady.

3 — *my lord of York*] Richard Scroop, archbiſhop of York. STEEV.

4 *I could brain him with his lady's fan.*] Mr. Edwards obſerves, in his *Canons of Criticiſm*, "that the ladies in our author's time wore fans made of feathers. See the wooden cut in a note on a paſſage in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, Act II. ſc. ii. and the figure of *Marguerite de France Ducheſſe de Savoie*, in the fifth Vol. of Montfaucon's *Monarchie de France*, Plate XI. STEEVENS.

So in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit at ſeveral weapons*, Act V.

"Were't not better

"Your head were broke *with the handle of a fan.*" WHALLEY.

This paſſage ought to be a memento to all commentators, not to be too poſitive about the cuſtoms of former ages. Mr Edwards has laughed unmercifully at Dr. Warburton for ſuppoſing that Hotſpur meant to brain the earl of March with the *handle* of his lady's fan, inſtead of the feathers of it. The lines quoted by Mr. Whalley ſhew that the ſuppoſition was not ſo wild a one as Mr. Edwards ſuppoſed. MALONE.

5 *How now*, Kate?] Shakſpeare either miſtook the name of Hotſpur's wife, (which was not *Katharine*, but *Elizabeth*,) or elſe deſignedly changed it, out of the remarkable fondneſs he ſeems to have had for the familiar appellation of *Kate*, which he is never weary of repeating, when he has once introduced it; as in this ſcene, the ſcene of

Lady P. O my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I, this fortnight, been
A baniſh'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, ſweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy ſtomach, pleaſure, and thy golden ſleep [6]?
Why doſt thou bend thine eyes upon the earth;
And ſtart ſo often when thou ſit'ſt alone?
Why haſt thou loſt the freſh blood in thy cheeks;
And given my treaſures [7], and my rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd muſing, and curs'd melancholy?
In thy faint ſlumbers, I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars:
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding ſteed;
Cry, *Courage!—to the field!* And thou haſt talk'd
Of ſallies, and retires [8]; of trenches, tents,
Of paliſadoes, frontiers [9], parapets;

Katharine and Petruchio, and the courtſhip between king Henry V. and the *French Princeſs*. The wife of Hotſpur was the lady Elizabeth Mortimer, ſiſter to Roger earl of March, and aunt to Edmund earl of March, who is introduced in this play by the name of lord Mortimer. STEEVENS.

The ſiſter of Roger Earl of March, according to Hall, was called *Eleanor*: "This Edmonde was ſonne to Erle Roger,—which Edmonde at King Richarde's going into Ireland was proclaimed heire apparent to the crowne and realme; whoſe aunt, called *Elinor*, this lord Henry Percy had married." Chron. fol. 20. So alſo Holinſhed. MALONE.

6 —*thy* golden ſleep?] So, in Hall's *Chronicle*, Richard III: "—he needed now no more once for that cauſe eyther to wake, or breake his *golden ſleep*." HENDERSON.

7 *And given my* treaſures,—] So in *Othello*:
"To pour our *treaſures* into foreign laps." MALONE.

8 —*and retires*;] *Retires* are *retreats*. So in Holinſhed, p. 960: "—the Frenchmen's flight, for many ſo termed their ſudden *retire*." STEEVENS.

9 —*frontiers*,] *Frontiers* formerly meant not only the bounds of different territories, but alſo the *forts* built along, or near thoſe limits. In Ives's *Practice of Fortification*, printed in 1589, p. 1. it is ſaid, "A forte not placed where it were needful, might ſcantly be accounted for *frontier*." Again, p. 21: "In the *frontiers* made by the late emperor Charles the Fifth, divers of their walles having given way," &c. STEEVENS.

So in *Notes from Blackfryers*, by H. Fitz-geoffery, 1617:
"He'll tell of baſiliſks, trenches and retires,
"Of paliſadoes, parapets, *frontiers*." MALONE.

Of

Of baſiliſks [1], of cannon, culverin;
Of priſoners' ranſom, and of ſoldiers ſlain,
And all the 'currents [2] of a heady fight.
Thy ſpirit within thee hath been ſo at war,
And thus hath ſo beſtir'd thee in thy ſleep,
That beads of ſweat [3] have ſtood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-diſturbed ſtream:
And in thy face ſtrange motions have appear'd,
Such as we ſee when men reſtrain their breath
On ſome great ſudden haſte. O, what portents are theſe?
Some heavy buſineſs hath my lord in hand,
And I muſt know it, elſe he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho! is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought thoſe horſes from the ſheriff?

Serv. One horſe, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horſe? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan ſhall be my throne.
Well, I will back him ſtraight: O *eſperance* *!
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. [*Exit* Serv.

Lady P. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What ſay'ſt thou, my lady?

Lady P. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horſe,
My love, my horſe.

Lady P. Out, you mad-headed ape!
A weazel hath not ſuch a deal of ſpleen,
As you are toſs'd with. In faith,
I'll know your buſineſs, Harry, that I will.
I fear, my brother Mortimer doth ſtir
About his title; and hath ſent for you,

[1] *Of baſiliſks,*] A *baſiliſk* is a cannon of a particular kind. STEEV.

[2] *And all the* 'currents—] i. e. the *occurrences*. In old language *occurrent* was uſed inſtead of *occurrence*. MALONE.

[3] *That* beads *of ſweat*—] So in *Julius Cæſar*:

" ———mine eyes,
" Seeing thoſe *beads* of ſorrow ſtand in thine,
" Began to water." MALONE.

* —eſperance!] This was the motto of the Percy family. MALONE.

To line his enterprize: But if you go—

Hot. So far afoot, I ſhall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, anſwer me
Directly to this queſtion that I aſk.
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry [4],
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away,
Away, you trifler!—Love?— I love thee not [5],
I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world,
To play with mammets [6], and to tilt with lips:

[4] *I'll break thy little finger, Harry,*] This piece of amorous dalliance appeareth to be of a very ancient date; being mentioned in Geffray Fenton's *Tragical Diſcourſes*, 1579: "Whereupon, I think, no ſort of kyſſes or follyes in love were forgotten, no kynd of crampe, nor *pinching by the little finger*." AMNER.

[5] *Away,*

Away, you trifler!—love?—I love thee not,] This, I think, would be better thus:

Hot. *Away, you trifler!*
Lady. *Love!*
Hot. *I love thee not.*
This is no world &c. JOHNSON.

The alteration propoſed by Dr. Johnſon ſeems unneceſſary. The paſſage, as now regulated, appears to me perfectly clear.—The firſt *love* is not a ſubſtantive, but a verb:

————love [*thee?*] —I love thee not.

Hotſpur's mind being intent on other things, his anſwers are irregular. He has been muſing, and now replies to what lady Percy had ſaid *ſome time before:*

"Some heavy buſineſs hath my lord in hand,
"And I muſt know it,—*elſe he loves me not.*"

In a ſubſequent ſcene this diſtinguiſhing trait of his character is particularly mentioned by the prince of Wales, in his deſcription of a converſation between Hotſpur and lady Percy: "*O my ſweet Harry*, (ſays ſhe) *how many haſt thou kill'd to-day? Give my roan horſe a drench*, ſays he, and anſwers—*ſome fourteen*,—AN HOUR AFTER." MALONE.

[6] — *mammets,*] Puppets. JOHNSON.

So Stubbs, ſpeaking of ladies dreſt in the faſhion, ſays: "they are not natural, but artificial women, not women of fleſh and blood, but rather *puppets* or *mammets*, conſiſting of ragges and clowts compact together."

Mammet is perhaps a corruption of *Mahomet*. Holinſhed's *Hiſtory of England*, p. 108, ſpeaks "of *mawmets* and idols." This conjecture and quotation is from Mr. Tollet. I may add that Hamlet ſeems to have the ſame idea when he tells Ophelia, that "he could interpret between her and her love, if he ſaw the *puppets dallying*." STEEVENS.

We muſt have bloody noſes, and crack'd crowns [7],
And paſs them current too.—Gods me, my horſe!—
What ſay'ſt thou Kate? what would'ſt thou have with me?

Lady. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not then; for, ſince you love me not,
I will not love myſelf. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me, if you ſpeak in jeſt, or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou ſee me ride?
And when I am o'horſe-back, I will ſwear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I muſt not have you henceforth queſtion me
Whither I go, nor reaſon whereabout:
Whither I muſt, I muſt; and, to conclude,
This evening muſt I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wiſe; but yet no further wiſe,
Than Harry Percy's wife: conſtant you are;
But yet a woman: and for ſecreſy,
No lady cloſer; for I well believe,
Thou wilt not utter what thou doſt not know [8];
And ſo far will I truſt thee, gentle Kate.

Lady. How! ſo far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:
Whither I go, thither ſhall you go too;
To-day will I ſet forth, to-morrow you.—
Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It muſt, of force. [*Exeunt.*

[7] — *crack'd crowns,*] ſignifies at once *crack'd money*, and a *broken head*. *Current* will apply to both; as it refers to money, its ſenſe is well known; as it is applied to a broken head, it inſinuates that a ſoldier's wounds entitle him to univerſal reception. JOHNSON.

[8] *Thou wilt not utter what thou doſt not know;*] This line is borrowed from a proverbial ſentence: "A woman conceals what ſhe knows not." See Ray's *Proverbs*. STEEVENS.

SCENE IV.

Eaſtcheap. *A Room in the Boar's head tavern*[9].

Enter Prince HENRY, *and* POINS.

P. Hen. Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where haſt been, Hal?

P. Hen. With three or four loggerheads, amongſt three or four ſcore hogſheads. I have ſounded the very baſe ſtring of humility. Sirrah, I am ſworn brother to a leaſh of drawers; and can call them all by their Chriſtian names, as—Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their ſalvation, that, though I be but prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courteſy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack[1], like Falſtaff; but a Corinthian[2], a lad of mettle, a good boy,—by the Lord, ſo they call me; and when I am king of England, I ſhall command all the good lads in Eaſt-cheap. They call—drinking deep, dying ſcarlet: and when you breathe in your watering[3], they cry—hem! and bid you play it off.—To conclude, I am ſo good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou

[9] Eaſtcheap. *A room in the* Boar's head *tavern.*] In the old anonymous play of *King Henry V. Eaſtcheap* is the place where Henry and his companions meet: "*Henry* 5. You know the old tavern in *Eaſtcheap*; there is good wine." Shakſpeare has hung up a ſign for them that he ſaw daily; for the *Boar's head* tavern was very near Black-friars play-houſe. See Stowe's SURVEY, 4to. 1618, p. 686. MALONE.

[1] — *I am no proud* Jack,] See Vol. I. p. 217, note *; and Vol. II. p. 214, n. 5. MALONE.

[2] — *Corinthian,*] A wencher. JOHNSON.

This cant expreſſion is common in old plays. So Randolph, in *The Jealous Lovers*, 1632:

"———let him *wench*,
"Buy me all *Corinth* for him."

Non cuivis homini contingit adire *Corinthum*. STEEVENS.

[3] — *and when you breathe* &c.] A certain maxim of health attributed to the ſchool of Salerno, may prove the beſt comment on this paſſage. STEEVENS.

haſt

haſt loſt much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, ſweet Ned,—to ſweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of ſugar[4], clapp'd even now into my hand by an under-ſkinker[5]; one that never ſpake other Engliſh in his life, than—*Eight ſhillings and ſixpence*, and—*You are welcome*; with this ſhrill addition,—*Anon, anon, ſir! Score a pint of baſtard in the Half-moon*, or ſo. But Ned, to drive away the time till Falſtaff come, I pr'ythee, do thou ſtand in ſome by-room, while I queſtion my puny drawer, to what end he gave me the ſugar; and do thou never leave calling—Francis, that his tale to me may be nothing but—anon. Step aſide, and I'll ſhew thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis!

P. Hen. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis! [*Exit* POINS.

Enter Francis[6].

Fran. Anon, anon, ſir.—Look down into the Pomgranate, Ralph.

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord.

4 — *this pennyworth of ſugar,*] It appears from the following paſſage in *Look about you*, 1600, and ſome others, that the drawers kept ſugar folded up in papers, ready to be delivered to thoſe who called for ſack:

" ——— but do you hear?

" Bring *ſugar in white paper*, not in brown."

Shakſpeare might perhaps allude to a cuſtom mentioned by Deckar in the *Guls Horn Book*, 1609: "Enquire what gallants ſup in the next roome, and if they be any of your acquaintance, do not you (after the *city faſhion*) ſend them in a pottle of wine, *and your name ſweetened in two pitiful papers of ſugar*, with ſome filthy apologie cram'd into the mouth of a drawer," &c. STEEVENS.

See p. 126, n. 5. MALONE.

5 — *under-ſkinker*;] A tapſter; an under-drawer. *Skink* is *drink*, and a *ſkinker* is *one that ſerves drink at a table*. JOHNSON.

Schenken, Dutch, is to fill a glaſs or cup; and *ſchenker* is a cup-bearer, one that waits at table to fill the glaſſes. An *under-ſkinker* is therefore, as Dr. Johnſon has explained it, an *under-drawer*. STEEV.

6 *Enter Francis.*] This ſcene, helped by the diſtraction of the drawer, and grimaces of the prince, may entertain upon the ſtage, but affords not much delight to the reader. The author has judiciouſly made it ſhort. JOHNSON.

P. Hen. How long haſt thou to ſerve, Francis?

Fran. Forſooth, five year, and as much as to—

Poins. [*within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, ſir.

P. Hen. Five years! by'rlady, a long leaſe for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, dareſt thou be ſo valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and ſhew it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O lord, ſir! I'll be ſworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart—

Poins. [*within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, ſir.

P. Hen. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me ſee,—About Michaelmas next I ſhall be—

Poins. [*within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, ſir.—Pray you, ſtay a little, my lord.

P. Hen. Nay, but hark you, Francis: For the ſugar thou gaveſt me,—'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O lord, ſir! I would, it had been two.

P. Hen. I will give thee for it a thouſand pound: aſk me when thou wilt, and thou ſhalt have it.

Poins. [*within.*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Hen. Anon, Francis? No, Francis: but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thurſday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

Fran. My lord?

P. Hen. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin [7], chryſtal-button [8], nott-pated [9], agat-ring, puke-ſtocking [1], caddice-garter [2], ſmooth-tongue, Spaniſh-pouch,—

7 *Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin*, &c.] The prince intends to aſk the drawer whether he will rob his maſter, whom he denotes by many contemptuous diſtinctions. JOHNSON.

8 —*chryſtal-button*,] A *leather jerkin* with *chryſtal buttons* was the habit of a *pawn-broker*. STEEVENS.

9 —*nott-pated*,] A perſon was ſaid to be *nott-pated*, when the hair was cut ſhort and round; Ray ſays, the word is ſtill uſed in Eſſex, for *polled* or *ſhorn*. Vid. *Ray. Coll.* p. 108. Morell's *Chaucer*, 8vo, p. 11. vid. Jun. Etym. ad verb. PERCY.

In Barrett's *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, to *notte* the hair is the ſame as to *cut* it. STEEVENS.

Fran.

Fran. O lord, ſir, who do you mean?

P. Hen. Why then, your brown baſtard [3] is your only

[1] —*puke-ſtocking*,] In Barrett's *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, a *puke* colour is explained as being a colour between ruſſet and black, and is rendered in Latin *pullus*.

Again in Drant's tranſlation of the eighth ſatire of *Horace*, 1567:

" ——*nigra* ſuccinctam vadere palla.

" ytuckde in *pukiſhe* frocke."

In the time of Shakſpeare the moſt expenſive ſilk ſtockings were worn; and in *King Lear*, by way of reproach, an attendant is called a *worſted-ſtocking* knave. So that, after all, perhaps the word *puke* refers to the quality of the ſtuff rather than to the colour. STEEVENS.

I have no doubt that the epithet referred to the dark colour. Black ſtockings are now worn, as they probably were in Shakſpeare's time, by perſons of inferior condition, on a principle of œconomy. MALONE.

[2] —*caddice-garter*,] *Caddis* was, I believe, a kind of coarſe *ferret*. The garters of Shakſpeare's time were worn in fight, and conſequently were expenſive. He who would ſubmit to wear a coarſer ſort, was probably called by this contemptuous diſtinction, which I meet with again in Glapthorne's *Wit in a Conſtable*, 1639:

" ——doſt hear,

" My honeſt *caddis-garters?*"

This is an addreſs to a ſervant. STEEVENS.

" At this day [about the year 1625] ſays the continuator of Stowe's *Chronicle*, men of mean rank weare *garters* and ſhoe-roſes of more than *five pound price*." In a note on *Twelfth Night*, Mr. Steevens obſerves that very rich garters were anciently worn below the knee; and quotes the following lines from Warner's *Albions England*, 1602, B. ix. c. 47, which may throw a light on the preſent paſſage:

" Then wore they

" *Garters* of *liſtes*; but now of ſilk, ſome edged deep with gold."

MALONE.

[3] — *brown baſtard*—] *Baſtard* was a kind of ſweet wine. The prince finding the waiter not able, or not willing to underſtand his inſtigation, puzzles him with unconnected prattle, and drives him away. JOHNSON.

Maiſon Ruſtique, tranſlated by Markham, 1616, p. 635, ſays, " —ſuch wines are called *mungrell* or *baſtard* wines, which (betwixt the ſweet and aſtringent ones) have neither manifeſt ſweetneſs, nor manifeſt aſtriction, but indeed participate and contain in them both qualities." TOLLET.

Barrett, however, in his *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, ſays, that " *baſtarde* is muſcadell, ſweet wine." STEEVENS.

So alſo in Stowe's *Annals*, 867: " When an argoſie came with Greek and Spaniſh wines, viz. muſcadel, malmſey, ſack, and *baſtard*, &c." MALONE.

drink: for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will ſully: in Barbary, ſir, it cannot come to ſo much.

Fran. What, ſir?

Poins. [*within.*] Francis!

P. Hen. Away, you rogue; Doſt thou not hear them call? [*Here they both call him; the drawer ſtands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What! ſtand'ſt thou ſtill, and hear'ſt ſuch a calling? look to the gueſts within. [*Exit* Francis.] My lord, old ſir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door; Shall I let them in?

P. Hen. Let them alone a while, and then open the door. [*Exit* Vintner.] Poins!

Re-enter POINS.

Poins. Anon, anon, ſir.

P. Hen. Sirrah, Falſtaff and the reſt of the thieves are at the door; Shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; What cunning match have you made with this jeſt of the drawer? come, what's the iſſue?

P. Hen. I am now of all humours, that have ſhew'd themſelves humours, ſince the old days of goodman Adam, to the pupil age of this preſent twelve o'clock at midnight. [*Re-enter* Francis *with wine.*] What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, ſir.

P. Hen. That ever this fellow ſhould have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the ſon of a woman!—His induſtry is—up-ſtairs, and down-ſtairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind[4],

[4] *I am not yet of Percy's mind,*] The drawer's anſwer had interrupted the prince's train of diſcourſe. He was proceeding thus: *I am now of all humours that have ſhewed themſelves humours;—I am not yet of Percy's mind—*; that is, I am willing to indulge myſelf in gaiety and frolick, and try all the varieties of human life. *I am not yet of Percy's mind,*—who thinks all the time loſt that is not ſpent in bloodſhed, forgets decency and civility, and has nothing but the barren talk of a brutal ſoldier. JOHNSON.

the

the Hot-ſpur of the north; he that kills me ſome ſix or ſeven dozen of Scots at a breakfaſt, waſhes his hands, and ſays to his wife,—*Fie upon this quiet life! I want work. O my ſweet Harry*, ſays ſhe, *how many haſt thou kill'd to-day? Give my roan horſe a drench*, ſays he; and anſwers, *Some fourteen*, an hour after; *a trifle. a trifle.* I pr'ythee, call in Falſtaff; I'll play Percy, and that damn'd brawn ſhall play dame Mortimer his wife. *Rivo*[5], ſays the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADS-HILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where haſt thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I ſay, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of ſack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll ſow nether ſtocks[6], and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of ſack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*

P. Hen. Didſt thou never ſee Titan kiſs a diſh of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the ſweet tale of the ſon[7]! if thou didſt, then behold that compound.

Fal.

[5] *Rivo,*] This was perhaps the cant of Engliſh taverns. JOHNSON.

This conjecture Dr. Farmer has ſupported by a quotation from Marſton:

"If thou art ſad at others' fate,
"*Rivo*, drink deep, give care the mate."

I find the ſame word uſed in *Blurt Maſter Conſtable*, 1602:—cry *rivo*, ho, laugh and be fat," &c. Again in Marſton's *What you will*, 1607: "—that rubs his guts, claps his paunch, and cries, *rivo*." STEEVENS.

[6] —*nether ſtocks,*] *Nether ſtocks* are ſtockings. See *King Lear*, Act II. ſc. iv. STEEVENS.

See alſo Vol. IV. p. 14, n. 5. MALONE.

[7] —*pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the ſweet tale of the ſon!*] I have here followed the reading of the original copy in 1598, rejecting only the double genitive, for it reads—of the ſon's. *Sun*, which is the reading of the folio, derives no authority from its being found in that copy; for the change was made arbitrarily in the quarto 1604, and adopted of courſe in that of 1608 and 1613, from the latter of which the folio was printed; in conſequence of which the accumulated errors of the five preceding editions were incorporated in the folio copy of this play.

Mr. Theobald reads—"pitiful-hearted *butter*, that melted at the ſweet

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this ſack too: There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man[8]: Yet

ſweet tale of the *ſun*;" which is not ſo abſurd as "pitiful-hearted *Titan*, that melted at the ſweet tale of the *ſun*," but yet very exceptionable; for what is the meaning of butter melting at a *tale*? or what idea does the *tale of the ſun* here convey? Dr. Warburton, who, with Mr. Theobald, reads—*ſun*, has extracted ſome ſenſe from the paſſage by placing the words—"pitiful-hearted Titan" in a parentheſis, and referring the word *that* to *butter*; but then, beſides that his interpretation of *pitiful-hearted*, which he ſays means *vmorous*, is unauthorized and inadmiſſible, the ſame objection will lie to the ſentence when thus regulated, that has already been made to the reading introduced by Mr. Theobald.

The prince undoubtedly, as Mr. Theobald obſerves, by the words "Didſt thou never ſee Titan kiſs a diſh of butter?" alludes to Falſtaff's entering in a great heat, "his fat dripping with the violence of his motion, as butter does with the heat of the ſun." Our author here, as in many other places, having ſtarted an idea, leaves it, and goes to another that has but a very ſlight connection with the former. Thus the idea of butter *melted* by *Titan*, or the *Sun*, ſuggeſts to him the idea of *Titan's* being *melted* or ſoftened by the tale of his ſon, Phaëton: a tale, which undoubtedly Shakſpeare had read in the third book of Golding's Tranſlation of Ovid, having, in his deſcription of Winter in the *Midſummer Night's Dream*, imitated a paſſage that is found in the ſame page in which the ſtory of Phaëton is related. I ſhould add that the explanation now given was ſuggeſted by the following note.—I would, however, wiſh to read—*thy* ſon. In the old copies, *the*, *thee*, and *thy* are frequently confounded. MALONE.

The ſame thought, as Dr. Farmer obſerved to me, is found among Turberville's *Epitaphs*, p. 142:

"It melts as butter doth againſt the ſun."

The author might have written *pitiful-hearted Titan, who melted at the ſweet tale of* his ſon, i. e. Phaëton, who by a plauſible ſtory won on the eaſy nature of his father ſo far, as to obtain from him the guidance of his own chariot for a day. STEEVENS.

[8] — *here's lime in this ſack too: There's nothing to be found but roguery in villainous man:*—] Sir Richard Hawkins, one of queen Elizabeth's ſea-captains, in his Voyages, p. 397, ſays: "Since the Spaniſh ſacks have been common in our taverns, which for conſervation are mingled with lime in the making, our nation complains of calentures, of the ſtone, the dropſy, and infinite other diſtempers, not heard of before this wine came into frequent uſe. Beſides, there is no year that it waſteth not two millions of crowns of our ſubſtance by conveyance into foreign countries." I think lord Clarendon in his *Apology*, tells us, "That ſweet wines before the Reſtoration were ſo much to the Engliſh taſte, that we engroſſed the whole product of the Canaries; and that not a pipe of it was expended in any other country in Europe."

But

Yet a coward is worſe than a cup of ſack with lime in it; a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a ſhotten herring. There live not three good men unhang'd in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I ſay! I would I were a weaver; I could ſing pſalms or any thing[9]; A plague of all cowards, I ſay ſtill!

P. Hen. How now, wool-ſack? what mutter you?

Fal. A king's ſon! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath[1], and drive all thy ſubjects

But the baniſh'd cavaliers brought home with them the gouſt for French wines, which has continued ever ſince. WARBURTON.

Eliot in his *Orthoepia*, 1593, ſpeaking of *ſack* and *rheniſh*, ſays: "The vintners of London put in *lime*, and thence proceed infinite maladies, ſpecially the *gouttes*." FARMER.

9 — *I would I were a weaver; I could ſing pſalms* &c.] Thus the quarto. The editors of the folio, 1623, to avoid the penalty of the ſtatute, 3 Jac. I. c. 21. changed the text here, as they did in many other places from the ſame motive, and printed—"I could ſing *all manner of ſongs*." MALONE.

In the perſecutions of the proteſtants in Flanders under Philip II. thoſe who came over into England on that occaſion, brought with them the woollen manufactory. Theſe were Calviniſts, who were always diſtinguiſhed for their love of pſalmody. WARBURTON.

I believe nothing more is here meant than to allude to the practice of weavers, who having their hands more employed than their minds, amuſe themſelves frequently with ſongs at the loom. The knight, being full of vexation, wiſhes he could ſing to divert his thoughts. *Weavers* are mentioned as lovers of muſick in the *Merchant of Venice*, [*Twelfth Night*, Vol. IV p. 36, n. 9.] Perhaps to "ſing like a weaver" might be proverbial. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton's obſervation may be confirmed by the following paſſage. Ben Jonſon, *in the Silent Woman*, makes Cutberd tell Moroſe, that "the parſon caught his cold by ſitting up late, and ſinging catches with cloth-workers." STEEVENS.

The proteſtants who fled from the perſecution of the duke d'Alva were moſtly weavers and woollen manufacturers: they ſettled in Gloceſterſhire, Somerſetſhire and other counties, and (as Dr. Warburton obſerves) being Calviniſts, were diſtinguiſhed for their love of pſalmody. For many years the inhabitants of theſe counties have excelled the reſt of the kingdom in the ſkill of vocal harmony. Sir J. HAWKINS.

1 — *a dagger of lath,*] i. e. ſuch a dagger as the *Vice* in the old moralities was arm'd with. So, in *Twelfth Night:*

"In

jects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you whoreſon round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? anſwer me to that; and Poins there?

Poins. 'Zounds * ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll ſtab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll ſee thee damn'd ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thouſand pound, I could run as faſt as thou canſt. You are ſtrait enough in the ſhoulders, you care not who ſees your back: Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon ſuch backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of ſack: —I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Hen. O villain? thy lips are ſcarce wiped ſince thou drunk'ſt laſt.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, ſtill ſay I! [*He drinks.*

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thouſand pound this morning.

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-ſword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'ſcap'd by miracle. I am eight times thruſt through the doublet;

" In a trice, like to the old *Vice*,
" Your need to ſuſtain:
" Who with *dagger of lath*
" In his rage and his wrath &c."

In the ſecond part of this play, Falſtaff calls Shallow a " *Vice's dagger.*" STEEVENS.

* Poins. *'Zounds* &c.] Thus the firſt quarto and the three ſubſequent copies. In the quarto of 1613, *Prince* being prefixed to this ſpeech by the careleſſneſs of the printer, the errour, with many others, was adopted in the folio; the quarto of 1613 being evidently the copy from which the folio was printed. MALONE.

four,

four, through the hoſe; my buckler cut through and through [2]; my ſword hack'd like a hand-ſaw, *ecce ſignum*. I never dealt better ſince I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them ſpeak: if they ſpeak more or leſs than truth, they are villains, and the ſons of darkneſs.

P. Hen. Speak, ſirs; How was it?

Gads. We four ſet upon ſome dozen,—

Fal. Sixteen, at leaſt, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew elſe, an Ebrew Jew [3].

Gads. As we were ſharing, ſome ſix or ſeven freſh men ſet upon us,—

Fal. And unbound the reſt, and then come in the other.

P. Hen. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call, all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radiſh: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legg'd creature.

P. Hen. Pray God, you have not murder'd ſome of them.

Fal. Nay, that's paſt praying for: I have pepper'd two of them: two, I am ſure, I have pay'd [4]; two rogues in

[2] — *my buckler cut through and through*;] It appears from the old comedy of *The two angry Women of Abington*, that this method of defence and fight was in Shakſpeare's time growing out of faſhion. The play was publiſhed in 1599, and one of the characters in it makes the following obſervation:

"I ſee by this dearth of good ſwords, that ſword-and-buckler-fight begins to grow out. I am ſorry for it; I ſhall never ſee good manhood again. If it be once gone, this poking fight of rapier and dagger will come up then. Then a tall man, and a good ſword-and-buckler man, will be ſpitted like a cat, or a coney: then a boy will be as good as a man," &c. STEEVENS.

See Vol. I. p. 228, n. 8. MALONE.

[3] — *an Ebrew Jew*,] So, in the *Two Gent. of Verona*: "—thou art an *Hebrew, a Jew*, and not worth the name of a Chriſtian." STEEVENS.

Jews in Shakſpeare's time were ſuppoſed to be peculiarly hard-hearted. So in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*: "A Jew would have wept to have ſeen our parting." MALONE.

[4] — *I have* pay'd;] i. e. drubbed, beaten. So, in Marlowe's tranſlation of Ovid's *Elegies*, printed at Middleburgh (without date):

"Thou

in buckram ſuits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, ſpit in my face, call me horſe. Thou know'ſt my old ward;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

P. Hen. What, four? thou ſaid'ſt but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he ſaid four.

Fal. Theſe four came all a-front, and mainly thruſt at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their ſeven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven? why, there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram [5].

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram ſuits.

Fal. Seven, by theſe hilts, or I am a villain elſe.

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, let him alone; we ſhall have more anon.

Fal. Doſt thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do ſo, for it is worth the liſtening to. Theſe nine in buckram, that I told thee of,—

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—

Poins. Down fell their hoſe [6].

Fal. Began to give me ground: But I follow'd me cloſe, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, ſeven of the eleven I pay'd.

" Thou cozeneſt boys of ſleep, and doſt betray them
" To pedants, that with cruel laſhes *pay* them." MALONE.

5 *In buckram.*] I believe theſe words belong to the prince's ſpeech: " —there were but four even now,—in buckram." Poins concurs with the Prince: " Ay, four, in buckram ſuits;" and Falſtaff perſeveres in the number of ſeven. As the ſpeeches are at preſent regulated, Falſtaff ſeems to aſſent to the prince's aſſertion, that there were but *four*, if the prince will but grant that they were in *buckram*; and then immediately afterwards aſſerts that the number of his aſſailants was ſeven. The regulation propoſed renders the whole conſiſtent. MALONE.

6 *Their points being broken,—Down fell their hoſe.*] To underſtand Poins's joke, the double meaning of *point* muſt be remembered, which ſignifies *the ſharp end of a weapon*, and *the lace of a garment*. The cleanly phraſe for letting down the hoſe, *ad levandum alvum*, was *to untruſs a point*. JOHNSON.

See Vol. IV. p. 17, n. *. MALONE.

P. Hen.

P. Hen. O monſtrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three miſbegotten knaves, in Kendal green[7], came at my back, and let drive at me;—for it was ſo dark, Hal, that thou could'ſt not ſee thy hand.

P. Hen. Theſe lies are like the father that begets them; groſs as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brain'd guts; thou knotty-pated fool; thou whoreſon, obſcene, greaſy tallow-keech[8],—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. Hen. Why, how could'ſt thou know theſe men in Kendal green, when it was ſo dark thou could'ſt not ſee thy hand; come, tell us your reaſon, What ſay'ſt thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reaſon, Jack, your reaſon.

Fal. What, upon compulſion? No; were I at the ſtrappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulſion. Give you a reaſon on compulſion!

7 *In* Kendal green,] "*Kendal*, a towne ſo highly renowned for her commodious cloathing and induſtrious trading, as her name is become famous in that kind." Camd. in Brit. *Barnabees Journal.* BOWLE.

Kendal green was the livery of *Robert Earl of Huntington* and his followers, while they remained in a ſtate of outlawry, and their leader aſſumed the title of *Robin Hood.* The colour is repeatedly mentioned in the old play on this ſubject, 1601. Again, in the *Playe of Robyn Hoode verye proper to be played in May Games*, bl. l. no date:

"Here be a ſort of ragged knaves come in,
"Clothed all in *Kendale grene.*" STEEVENS.

See alſo Hall's *Chronicle*, Henry VIII. p. 6. MALONE.

8 —*greaſy tallow*-keech,] The old copies read tallow-*catch*, which Mr. Warton thinks right, underſtanding by that word a *receptacle for tallow.* The emendation now adopted, which appears to me more likely to be the true reading, was ſuggeſted by Dr. Johnſon. Mr. Steevens's note is a ſtrong confirmation of it. MALONE.

Tallow-*keech* is undoubtedly right. A *keech* of *tallow* is the fat of an ox or cow rolled up by the butcher in a round lump, in order to be carried to the chandler. It is the proper word in uſe now. PERCY.

A *keech* is what is called a *tallow loaf* in Suſſex, and in its form reſembles the rotundity of a fat man's belly. COLLINS.

Shakſpeare calls the *butcher's wife* goody *Keech* in the ſecond part of this play. STEEVENS.

if

if reaſons were as plenty as black-berries, I would give no man a reaſon upon compulſion, I.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this ſin; this ſanguine coward, this bed-preſſer, this horſe-back breaker, this huge hill of fleſh;—

Fal. Away, you ſtarveling, you elf-ſkin [9], you dry'd neat's-tongue, bull's pizzle, you ſtock-fiſh,—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you ſheath, you bow-caſe, you vile ſtanding tuck;—

P. Hen. Well, breathe a while, and then to it again: and when thou haſt tired thyſelf in baſe compariſons, hear me ſpeak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two ſaw you four ſet on four; you bound them [1], and were maſters of their wealth.—Mark now, how plain a tale ſhall put you down.—Then did we two ſet on you four: and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can ſhew it you here in the houſe:—and, Falſtaff, you carry'd your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and ſtill ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a ſlave art thou, to hack thy ſword as thou haſt done; and

[9] —*you ſtarveling, you* elf-*ſkin,*] For *elf-ſkin* ſir Thomas Hanmer and Dr. Warburton read *eel-ſkin*. The true reading, I believe, is *elf-kin*, or *little fairy*: for though the Baſtard in *King John* compares his brother's two legs to two eel-ſkins ſtuff'd, yet an eel-ſkin ſimply bears no great reſemblance to a man. JOHNSON.

In theſe compariſons Shakſpeare was not drawing the picture of a *little fairy*, but of a man remarkably *tall* and *thin*, to whoſe ſhapeleſs uniformity of length an "*eel-ſkin ſtuff'd*" (for that circumſtance is implied) certainly bears a humorous reſemblance, as do the *taylor's yard*, the *tuck*, or ſmall ſword ſet upright, &c. The compariſons of the *ſtock-fiſh* and dry'd *neat's tongue*, allude to the leanneſs of the prince. The reading—*eel-ſkin* is ſupported likewiſe by the paſſage already quoted from *K. John*, and by Falſtaff's deſcription of the *lean* Shallow in the ſecond part of *K. Henry IV.*

Shakſpeare had hiſtorical authority for the *leanneſs* of the prince of Wales. Stowe, ſpeaking of him, ſays, "he exceeded the mean ſtature of men, his neck long, body ſlender and lean, and his bones ſmall," &c. STEEVENS.

[1] —*you* bound them,] The old copies read—*and* bound them. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

then

then ſay, it was in fight? What trick, what device, what ſtarting hole, canſt thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent ſhame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick haſt thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my maſters: Was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou know'ſt, I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware inſtinct; the lion will not touch the true prince [2]. Inſtinct is a great matter; I was a coward on inſtinct. I ſhall think the better of myſelf, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou, for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hoſteſs, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, All the titles of good fellowſhip come to you! What, ſhall we be merry? ſhall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content;—and the argument ſhall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou loveſt me.

Enter Hoſteſs.

Hoſt. My lord the prince,—

P. Hen. How now, my lady the hoſteſs? what ſay'ſt thou to me?

Hoſt. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would ſpeak with you: he ſays, he comes from your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him a royal man [3], and ſend him back again to my mother.

Fal.

[2] — *the lion will not touch the true prince.*] So in the *Mad Lover*, by B. and Fletcher:

" Fetch the Numidian *lion* I brought over;
" If ſhe be ſprung from *royal blood*, the lion
" Will *do her reverence*, elſe he'll tear her," &c. STEEVENS.

[3] — *there is a nobleman——Give him as much as will make him a royal man,*] I believe here is a kind of jeſt intended. He that received a *noble* was, in cant language, called a *nobleman*: in this ſenſe the prince

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Hoſt. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his anſwer?

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll ſend him packing. [*Exit.*

P. Hen. Now, ſirs; by'r-lady, you fought fair;—ſo did you, Peto;—ſo did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon inſtinct, you will not touch the true prince; no,—fie!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I ſaw others run.

P. Hen. Tell me now in earneſt, How came Falſtaff's ſword ſo hack'd?

Peto. Why, he hack'd it with his dagger; and ſaid, he would ſwear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and perſuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noſes with ſpear-graſs [4], to make them bleed; and then to beſlubber our garments with it, and ſwear it was the blood of true men [5]. I did that I did not this ſeven year before, I bluſh'd to hear his monſtrous devices.

P. Hen. O villain, thou ſtoleſt a cup of ſack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner [6], and ever ſince

catches the word, and bids the landlady *give him as much as will make him a royal man*, that is, a *real* or *royal man*, and ſend him away. JOHNS.

The *royal* went for 10s.—the noble only for 6s. and 8d. TYRWHITT.

This ſeems to allude to a jeſt of queen Elizabeth. Mr. John Blower in a ſermon before her majeſty, firſt ſaid, "My *royal* queen," and a little after, "My *noble* queen." Upon which ſays the queen, "What, am I *ten groats* worſe than I was?" This is to be found in Hearne's *Diſcourſe of ſome Antiquities between Windſor and Oxford*; and it confirms the remark of the very learned and ingenious Mr. Tyrwhitt. TOLLET.

4 — *to tickle our noſes with ſpear-graſs*, &c.] So, in the old anonymous play of *The Victories of Henry the Fifth*: "Every day when I went into the field, I would take *a ſtraw*, and thruſt it into my noſe, and make my noſe bleed," &c. STEEVENS.

5 — *the blood of true men.*—] That is, of the men with whom they fought, of *honeſt men*, oppoſed to thieves. JOHNSON.

6 — *taken* with the manner,] See Vol. II. p. 316, n. 8. MALONE.

thou

thou haſt bluſh'd extempore: Thou hadſt fire and ſword[7] on thy ſide, and yet thou ran'ſt away; What inſtinct hadſt thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you ſee theſe meteors? do you behold theſe exhalations?

P. Hen. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Hen. Hot livers, and cold purſes[8].

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken, halter[9].

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my ſweet creature of bombaſt[1]? How long is't ago, Jack, ſince thou ſaw'ſt thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waiſt; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring[2]: A plague of ſighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's

7 — *Thou hadſt fire and ſword* &c.] The *fire* was in his face. A red face is termed a *fiery face*. JOHNSON.

8 *Hot livers, and cold purſes.*] That is, *drunkenneſs* and *poverty*. To *drink* was, in the language of thoſe times, to *beat the liver*. JOHNS.

9 Choler, *my lord, if rightly taken.*

No, if rightly taken, halter.] The reader who would enter into the ſpirit of this repartee, muſt recollect the ſimilarity of ſound between *collar* and *choler*. STEEVENS.

1 — *bombaſt?*] is the ſtuffing of cloaths. JOHNSON.

Stubbs, in his *Anatomie of Abuſes*, 1595, obſerves, that in his time "the doublettes were ſo hard quilted, ſtuffed, *bombaſted*, and ſewed, as they could neither worke, nor yet well play in them." And again, in the ſame chapter, he adds, that they were "ſtuffed with foure, five, or ſixe pounde of *bombaſt* at leaſt." *Bombaſt* is *cotton*. Gerard calls the *cotton plant* "the *bombaſt* tree." STEEVENS.

2 *I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring:*] Ariſtophanes has the ſame thought:

Διὰ δακτυλίου μὲν ἂν ἐμέ γ' ἂν διελκύσαις. *Plutus*, v. 1037.

Sir W. RAWLINSON.

An Alderman's *thumb-ring* is mentioned by Broom in the *Antipodes*, 1636, and in *Wit in a Conſtable*, 1640. The cuſtom of wearing *a ring on the thumb* is very ancient. In Chaucer's *Squier's Tale*, it is ſaid of the rider of the brazen horſe who advanced into the hall of Cambuſcan, that

"—upon his *thombe* he had of gold a *ring*." STEEVENS.

villainous news abroad: here was ſir John Bracy from your father; you muſt to the court in the morning. That ſame mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the baſtinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and ſwore the devil his true liegeman upon the croſs of a Welſh hook [3],—What, a plague call you him?—

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the ſame;—and his ſon-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that ſprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horſe-back up a hill perpendicular:

P. Hen. He that rides at high ſpeed, and with his piſtol [4] kills a ſparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the ſparrow.

Fal. Well, that raſcal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

P. Hen. Why, what a raſcal art thou then, to praiſe him ſo for running?

Fal. O'horſeback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon inſtinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon inſtinct. Well, he is there too,

[3] —*upon the croſs of a Welſh hook,*] I believe the *Welſh hook* and the brown bill are no more than varieties of the *ſecuris falcata*, or probably a weapon of the ſame kind with the *Lochabar axe*, which was uſed in the late rebellion. Colonel Gardner was attacked with ſuch a one at the battle of Preſtonpans. STEEVENS.

Minſheu in his Dict. 1617, explains a *Welſh hook* thus: "*Armorum genus eſt ære in falcis modum incurvato, perticæ longiſſimæ præfixo.*" Cotgrave calls it "a long hedging-bill, about the length of a partizan." See in Vol. II. p. 258, ſeveral ancient bills. Either the ſecond or the fourth, there repreſented, ſufficiently correſponds with Minſheu's deſcription. MALONE.

[4] —*piſtol*—] Shakſpeare never has any care to preſerve the manners of the time. *Piſtols* were not known in the age of Henry. *Piſtols* were, I believe, about our author's time, eminently uſed by the Scots. Sir Henry Wotton ſomewhere makes mention of a *Scottiſh piſtol*. JOHNSON.

B. and Fletcher are ſtill more inexcuſable. In the *Humourous Lieutenant*, they have equipped one of the immediate ſucceſſors of Alexander the Great, with the ſame weapon. STEEVENS.

and one Mordake, and a thouſand blue-caps [5] more: Worceſter is ſtolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turn'd white with the news [6]; you may buy land now as cheap as ſtinking mackarel [7].

P. Hen. Why then, 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffetting hold, we ſhall buy maiden-heads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the maſs, lad, thou ſay'ſt true; it is like, we ſhall have good trading that way.—But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three ſuch enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that ſpirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Hen. Not a whit, i'faith; I lack ſome of thy inſtinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comeſt to thy father: if thou love me, practiſe an anſwer.

P. Hen. Do thou ſtand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life [8].

[5] —*blue caps*—] A name of ridicule given to the Scots from their *blue bonnets*. JOHNSON.

There is an old ballad called *Blew cap for me*; or

" A Scottiſh laſs her reſolute chooſing,
" She'll have bonny *blew cap*, all other refuſing." STEEVENS.

[6] — *thy father's* beard is turn'd white *with the news*;] I think Montaigne mentions a perſon condemned to death, whoſe *hair turned grey* in one night. TOLLET.

Naſhe, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden* &c. 1596, ſays: " ——look and you ſhall find a *grey haire* for everie line I have writ againſt him; and you ſhall have *all his beard white* too, by the time he hath read over this booke." The reader may find more examples of this phænomenon in Grimeſtone's tranſlation of Goulart's *Memorable Hiſtories*. STEEVENS.

[7] —*you may buy land* &c.] In former times the proſperity of the nation was known by the value of land, as now by the price of ſtocks. Before Henry the Seventh made it ſafe to ſerve the king regnant, it was the practice at every revolution, for the conqueror to confiſcate the eſtates of thoſe that oppoſed, and perhaps of thoſe who did not aſſiſt him. Thoſe, therefore, that foreſaw a change of government, and thought their eſtates in danger, were deſirous to ſell them in haſte for ſomething that might be carried away. JOHNSON.

Fal. Shall I? content:—This chair ſhall be my ſtate [9], this dagger my ſcepter, and this cuſhion my crown [1].

P. Hen. Thy ſtate [2] is taken for a joint ſtool, thy golden ſcepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now ſhalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of ſack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I muſt ſpeak in paſſion, and I will do it in king Cambyſes' vein [3].

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg [4].

Fal. And here is my ſpeech:—Stand aſide, nobility.

[8] *Dothou ſtand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life,*] In the old anonymous play of *Henry V.* the ſame ſtrain of humour is diſcoverable:—"Thou ſhalt be my lord chief juſtice, and ſhall ſit in the chair, and I'll be the young prince and hit thee a box on the ear," &c. STEEVENS.

[9] *This chair ſhall be my* ſtate,] See Vol. IV. p. 53, n. *. MALONE.

This, as well as a following paſſage, was perhaps deſigned to ridicule the mock majeſty of *Cambyſes*, the hero of a play which appears from Decker's *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609, to have been exhibited with ſome degree of theatrical pomp. Decker is ridiculing the impertinence of young gallants who ſat or ſtood on the ſtage; "on the very ruſhes where the commedy is to daunce, yea and under the *ſtate of Cambyſes himſelfe*." STEEVENS.

[1] —*this cuſhion my crown.*] Dr. Letherland in a Mſ. note, obſerves that the country people in Warwickſhire uſe a *cuſhion* for a *crown*, at their harveſt-home diverſions. STEEVENS.

[2] *Thy ſtate* &c.] This anſwer might, I think, have better been omitted: it contains only a repetition of Falſtaff's mock royalty. JOHNSON.

This is an *apoſtrophe* of the prince to his abſent father, not an *anſwer* to Falſtaff. FARMER.

[3] —*king Cambyſes' vein.*] The banter here is upon a play—called A lamentable tragedie, mixed full of pleſant mirth, containing the life of *Cambiſes* king of Perſia. By Thomas Preſton. [1570.] THEOBALD.

I queſtion if Shakſpeare had ever ſeen this tragedy; for there is a remarkable peculiarity of meaſure, which, when he profeſſed to ſpeak in *king Cambyſes' vein*, he would hardly have miſſed, if he had known it. JOHNSON.

There is a marginal direction in the old play of King *Cambiſes*, "At this tale tolde, let the queen weep;" which I fancy is alluded to, though the meaſure is not preſerved. FARMER.

[4] —*my leg.*] That is, my obeiſance to my father. JOHNSON.

Hoſt. This is excellent ſport, i'faith.

Fal. Weep not, ſweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Hoſt. O the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's ſake, lords, convey my triſtful queen[5], For tears do ſtop the flood-gates of her eyes[6].

Hoſt. O rare! he doth it as like one of theſe harlotry players[7], as I ever ſee.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain[8]. —Harry, I do not only marvel where thou ſpendeſt thy time, but alſo how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile[9], the more it is trodden on, the faſter it grows, yet youth, the more it is waſted, the ſooner it wears. That thou art my ſon, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of

[5] — *my* triſtful *queen.*] Old Copies—*truſtful.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. The word *triſtful* is again uſed in *Hamlet.* MALONE.

[6] — *the flood-gates of her eyes.*] This paſſage is probably a burleſque on the following in *Preſton's Cambyſes:*

"*Queen.* Theſe words to hear makes ſtilling teares iſſue from chryſtall eyes."

Perhaps, ſays Dr. Farmer, we ſhould read—do *ope* the flood-gates &c. STEEVENS.

[7] — harlotry *players,*] This word is uſed in the *Plowman's Tale:* "Soche *harlotre* men" &c. Again, in *P. P.* fol. 27. "I had lever here an *harlotry,* or a ſomer's game." Junius explains the word by "*inhoneſta* paupertinæ ſortis fœditas." STEEVENS.

[8] — *tickle-brain.*] This appears to have been the nick name of ſome ſtrong liquor. So, in *A new Trick to cheat the Devil,* 1636:

"A cup of Nipſitate briſk and neat,
"The drawers call it *tickle-brain.*"

In the *Antipodes,* 1638, *ſettle-brain* is mentioned as another potation. STEEVENS.

[9] — *though the camomile,* &c.] This whole ſpeech is ſupremely comick. The ſimile of camomile uſed to illuſtrate a contrary effect, brings to my remembrance an obſervation of a late writer of ſome merit, whom the deſire of being witty has betrayed into a like thought. Meaning to enforce with great vehemence the mad temerity of young ſoldiers, he remarks, that "though Bedlam be in the road to Hogſden, it is out of the way to promotion." JOHNSON.

The ſtyle immediately ridiculed, is that of Lilly in his *Euphues:* "Though the *camomile* the more it is trodden and preſſed downe, the more it ſpreadeth; yet the *violet* the oftener it is handled and touched, the ſooner it withereth and decayeth," &c. FARMER.

thine eye, and a fooliſh hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be ſon to me, here lies the point;—Why, being ſon to me, art thou ſo pointed at? Shall the bleſſed ſun of heaven [1] prove a micher [2], and eat black-berries? a queſtion not to be aſk'd. Shall the ſon of England prove a thief, and take purſes? a queſtion to be aſk'd. There is a thing, Harry, which thou haſt often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile [3]; ſo doth the company thou keepeſt: for, Harry, now I do not ſpeak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleaſure, but in paſſion; not in words only, but in woes alſo:—And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Hen. What manner of man, an it like your majeſty?

Fal. A good portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleaſing eye, and a moſt noble carriage; and, as I think, his age ſome fifty, or by'r-lady, inclining to threeſcore; and now I remember me, his name is Falſtaff: if that man ſhould be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I ſee virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree [4], then, peremptorily I ſpeak it, there is virtue in that

[1] *Shall the bleſſed* ſun *of heaven*—] Thus the firſt quarto. In the ſecond quarto 1599, the word *ſun* was changed to *ſon*, which conſequently is the reading of the ſubſequent quartos and the folio: and ſo I ſuſpect the author wrote. The orthography of theſe two words was formerly ſo unſettled, that it is often from the context alone one can determine which is meant. MALONE.

[2] —*a micher*,] i. e. truant; to *mich*, is to lurk out of ſight, a hedge creeper. WARBURTON.

The alluſion is to a truant boy, who, unwilling to go to ſchool, and afraid to go home, lurks in the fields, and picks wild fruits. JOHNSON.

[3] —*this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile*;] Alluding to an old ballad, beginning,

"Who toucheth *pitch*, muſt be *defil'd*." STEEVENS.

Or perhaps to Lilly's *Euphues*:

"He that toucheth pitch ſhall be defiled." T. H. W.

[4] *If then the tree* &c.] Sir T. Hanmer reads—If then the fruit may be

that Falſtaff: him keep with, the reſt baniſh. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where haſt thou been this month?

P. Hen. Doſt thou ſpeak like a king? Do thou ſtand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depoſe me? if thou doſt it half ſo gravely, ſo majeſtically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbet-ſucker [5], or a poulter's hare.

P. Hen. Well, here I am ſet.

Fal. And here I ſtand:—judge, my maſters.

P. Hen. Now, Harry? whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eaſt-cheap.

P. Hen. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are falſe:—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i'faith.

P. Hen. Swearеſt thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeneſs of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion. Why doſt thou converſe with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch [6] of beaſtlineſs, that ſwoln parcel of dropſies, that huge bombard of ſack, that ſtuff'd cloak-bag of guts, that

be known by the tree, as the tree by the fruit, &c. and his emendation has been adopted in the late editions. The old reading is, I think, well ſupported by Mr. Heath, who obſerves, that "Virtue is conſidered as the fruit, the man as the tree; conſequently the old reading muſt be right. If then the *tree* may be known by the *fruit*, as the *fruit* by the *tree*,—that is, If I can judge of the man by the virtue I ſee in his looks, he muſt be a virtuous man." MALONE.

I am afraid here is a profane alluſion to the 33d verſe of the 12th chapter of St. Matthew. STEEVENS.

5 — *rabbet-ſucker*,] is, I ſuppoſe, a *ſucking rabbet*. The jeſt is in comparing himſelf to ſomething thin and little. So a *poulterer's hare*; a hare hung up by the hind legs without a ſkin, is long and ſlender. JOHNS.

Dr. Johnſon is right: for in the account of the ſerjeant's feaſt, by Dugdale, in his *Orig. Juridiciales*, one article is a dozen of *rabbet-ſuckers*. A *poulterer* was formerly written—a *poulter*, and ſo the old copies of this play. Thus in *Pierce Pennileſſe his Supplication to the Devil*, 1595: "We muſt have our tables furniſht like *poulters'* ſtalles." STEEVENS.

6 — *bolting-hutch*—] is the wooden receptacle into which the meal is *bolted*. STEEVENS.

roaſted

roaſted Manningtree-ox with the pudding in his belly [7], that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years [8]? Wherein is he good, but to taſte ſack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning [9], but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would, your grace would take me with you [1]; Whom means your grace?

P. Hen. That villainous abominable miſ-leader of youth, Falſtaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Hen. I know, thou doſt.

7 — *that roaſted* Manningtree ox *with the pudding in his belly,*] *Manningtree* in Eſſex appears to have been noted for the intemperance of its inhabitants. So, in *Newes from Hell, brought by the Divel's Carrier,* by Tho. Decker, 1606: "——you ſhall have a ſlave eat more at a meale than ten of the guard; and drink more in two days, than all *Manningtree* does at a Whitſun-ale." STEEVENS.

It appears from Heywood's *Apology for Actors,* 1612, that *Manningtree* formerly enjoyed the privilege of fairs, by exhibiting a certain number of ſtage-plays yearly. See alſo *The Chooſing of Valentines,* a poem, by Thomas Naſhe, Mſ. in the Library of the Inner Temple, No. 538, Vol. 43:

"——or ſee a *play* of ſtrange moralitie,
"Shewen by bachelrie of *Manning-tree,*
"Whereto the countrie franklins flock-meale ſwarme."

Again, in Decker's *Sewen Deadly Sinnes of London,* 1607: "Cruelty has got another part to play; it is acted like the old *morals* at *Manning-tree.*" In this ſeaſon of feſtivity, we may preſume it was cuſtomary to roaſt an *ox whole.* "Huge volumes, (ſays Oſborne in his *Advice to his Son*) like the *ox roaſted whole* at *Bartholemew Fair,* may proclaim plenty of labour and invention, but afford leſs of what is delicate, ſavoury, and well concocted, than ſmaller pieces."

Again in *A Strappado for the Devil,* by R. Brathwaite, 1615:

"If mother Redcap chance to have an *ox*
"*Roaſted all whole,* O, how you'll flie to it,
"That for his pennie each may have a bit." MALONE.

8 — *that reverend* vice, *that grey* iniquity,—*that* vanity *in years?*] The *Vice, Iniquity,* and *Vanity,* were perſonages exhibited in the old moralities. MALONE.

9 — *cunning,*] *Cunning* was not yet debaſed to a bad meaning; it ſignified *knowing,* or *ſkilful.* JOHNSON.

1 — *take me with you;*] That is, go no faſter than I can follow you. Let me know your meaning. JOHNSON.

Fal.

Fal. But to ſay, I know more harm in him than in myſelf, were to ſay more than I know. That he is old, (the more the pity,) his white hairs do witneſs it: but that he is (ſaving your reverence) a whore-maſter, that I utterly deny. If ſack and ſugar be a fault [2], God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a ſin, then many an old hoſt that I know is damn'd: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; baniſh Peto, baniſh Bardolph, baniſh Poins: but for ſweet Jack Falſtaff, kind Jack Falſtaff, true Jack Falſtaff, valiant Jack Falſtaff, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old Jack Falſtaff, baniſh not him thy Harry's company, baniſh not him thy Harry's company; baniſh plump Jack, and baniſh all the world.

P. Hen. I do, I will. [*A knocking heard. Exeunt* Hoſteſs, FRANCIS, *and* BARDOLPH.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *running.*

Bar. O, my lord, my lord; the ſheriff, with a moſt monſtrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have much to ſay in the behalf of that Falſtaff.

Re-enter Hoſteſs, *haſtily.*

Hoſt. O Jeſu, my lord, my lord!—

2 *If ſack and ſugar be a fault,*] *Sack with ſugar* was a favourite liquor in Shakſpeare's time. In a letter deſcribing queen Elizabeth's entertainment at Killingworth-caſtle, 1575, by R. L. [Langham] bl. l. 12mo. the writer ſays, (p. 86.) "ſipt I no more *ſak and ſuger* than I do Malmzey, I ſhould not bluſh ſo much a dayz az I doo." And in another place, deſcribing a minſtrell, who, being ſomewhat iraſcible, had been offended at the company, he adds: "at laſt, by ſum entreaty and many fair woords, with *ſak and ſuger*, wee ſweeten him again." p. 52.

In an old Mſ. book of the chamberlain's account belonging to the city of Worceſter, I alſo find the following article, which points out the origin of our word *ſack*, [Fr. *ſec.*] viz. "—Anno Eliz. xxxiiij. [1592.] Item. For a gallon of clarett wyne, and *ſeck*, and a pound of *ſugar*, geven to ſir John Ruſſel, iiij. s." PERCY.

This liquor is likewiſe mentioned in *Northward Hoe*, 1607. "I uſe not to be drunk with *ſack and ſugar*." Again in the *Wildgooſe chace* and *Monſieur Thomas* by B. and Fletcher. STEEVENS.

Fal.

Fal. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-ſtick[3]: What's the matter?

Hoſt. The ſheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to ſearch the houſe; Shall I let them in?

Fal. Doſt thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold, a counterfeit: thou art eſſentially mad[4] without ſeeming ſo.

P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without inſtinct.

Fal. I deny your *major:* if you will deny the ſheriff, ſo[5]; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope, I ſhall as ſoon be ſtrangled with a halter, as another.

P. Hen. Go, hide thee behind the arras[6];—the reſt walk

3 —*a fiddle-ſtick:*] I ſuppoſe this phraſe is proverbial. It occurs in the *Humorous Lieutenant* of B. and Fletcher:

" ——————for certain, gentlemen,
" *The fiend rides on a fiddleſtick.*" STEEVENS.

4 —*mad*] Old copies—*made.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. I am not ſure that I underſtand this ſpeech. Perhaps Falſtaff means to ſay,—We muſt now look to ourſelves; never call that which is real danger, fictitious or imaginary. If you do, you are a madman, though you are not reckoned one. Should you admit the ſheriff to enter here, you will deſerve that appellation.—The firſt words, however, "Never call &c." may allude, not to real and imaginary danger, but to the ſubſequent words only, *eſſential* and *ſeeming* madneſs. MALONE.

5 *I deny your* major: *if you will deny the ſheriff, ſo;*] An anonymous writer ſuppoſes, that "Falſtaff here intends a quibble. *Major,* which ſheriff brought to his mind, ſignifies as well one of the parts of a logical propoſition, as the principal officer of a corporation."—To render this ſuppoſition probable, it ſhould be proved that the mayor of a corporation was called in Shakſpeare's time *ma-jor.* That he was not called ſo at an earlier period, appears from ſeveral old books, among others from *The Hiſtory of Edward V.* annexed to Hardynge's *Chronicle,* 1543, where we find the old ſpelling was *maire:*—"he beeyng at the haveryng at the bower, ſent for the *maire* and aldermen of London." Fol. 307. b. —If it ſhall be objected, that afterwards the pronunciation was changed to *ma-jor,* the following couplet in Jordan's *Poems* (no date, but printed about 1661) may ſerve to ſhew that it is very unlikely that ſhould have been the caſe, the pronunciation being at the Reſtoration the ſame as it is now:

" ——————and the *major*
" Shall juſtle zealous Iſaac from the *chaire.*" MALONE.

6 —*hide thee behind the arras;*] The bulk of Falſtaff made him not the fitteſt to be concealed behind the hangings, but every poet ſacrifices ſomething

walk up above. Now, my maſters, for a true face, and good conſcience.

Fal. Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

P. Hen. Call in the ſheriff.—

[*Exeunt all but the* Prince *and* POINS.

Enter Sheriff, *and* Carrier.

Now, maſter ſheriff; what's your will with me?

Sher. Firſt, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry
Hath follow'd certain men unto this houſe.

P. Hen. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord;
A groſs fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Hen. The man, I do aſſure you, is not here[7];
For I myſelf at this time have employ'd him.
And, ſheriff, I will engage my word to thee,
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to anſwer thee, or any man,
For any thing he ſhall be charg'd withal:
And ſo let me entreat you leave the houſe.

Sher. I will, my lord: There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery loſt three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be ſo: if he have robb'd theſe men,

ſomething to the ſcenery. If Falſtaff had not been hidden, he could not have been found aſleep, nor had his pockets ſearched. JOHNSON.

In old houſes, there were always large ſpaces left between the arras and the walls, ſufficient to contain even one of Falſtaff's bulk. Such are thoſe which Fantome mentions in *The Drummer*. In *Much Ado about Nothing*, Borachio ſays, "I whipp'd me behind the *arras*." Polonius is killed through the *arras*. See likewiſe Holinſhed, Vol. III. p. 594. See alſo my note on the ſecond ſcene of the firſt act of *K. Richard* II. STEEVENS.

So, in Brathwaite's *Survey of Hiſtories*, 1614: "Pyrrhus, to terrifie Fabius, commanded his guard to place *an elephant behind the arras*." MALONE.

[7] *The man, I do aſſure you, is not here*;] Every reader muſt regret that Shakſpeare would not give himſelf the trouble to furniſh prince Henry with ſome more pardonable excuſe, without obliging him to have recourſe to an abſolute falſhood, and that too uttered under the ſanction of ſo ſtrong an aſſurance. STEEVENS.

He

He ſhall be anſwerable; and ſo, farewel.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Hen. I think, it is good morrow; Is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt* Sheriff *and* Carrier.

P. Hen. This oily raſcal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.

Poins. Falſtaff[8]!—faſt aſleep behind the arras, and ſnorting like a horſe.

P. Hen. Hark how hard he fetches breath: Search his pockets. [Poins *ſearches.*] What haſt thou found?

Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen. Let's ſee what they be: read them.

Poins. Item, a capon, 2s. 2d.
Item, Sauce, 4d.
Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d[9].
Item, Anchovies, and ſack after ſupper, 2s. 6d.

[8] Poins. *Falſtaff! &c.*] This ſpeech, in the old copies, is given to *Peto.* It has been transferred to *Poins* on the ſuggeſtion of Dr. Johnſon. *Peto* is again printed elſewhere for *Poins* in this play, probably from a P. only being uſed in the Mſ. "What had Peto done, (Dr. Johnſon obſerves,) to be truſted with the plot againſt Falſtaff? Poins has the prince's confidence, and is a man of courage. This alteration clears the whole difficulty; they all retired but Poins, who, with the prince, having only robbed the robbers, had no need to conceal himſelf from the travellers." MALONE.

[9] *Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.*] It appears from Peacham's *Worth of a Penny*, that ſack was not many years after Shakſpeare's death, about two ſhillings a quart. If therefore our author had followed his uſual practice of attributing to former ages the modes of his own, the charge would have been here 16s. Perhaps he ſet down the price at random. He has however, as a learned friend obſerves to me, fallen into an anachroniſm, in furniſhing his tavern in Eaſtcheap with ſack in the time of K. Henry IV. "The *vintners* ſold no other ſacks, muſcadels, malmſies, baſtards, alicants, nor any other wines but white and claret, till the 33d year of K. Henry VIII. 1543, and then was old Parr 60 years of age. All thoſe ſweet wines were ſold till that time at the apothecary's, for no other uſe but for medicines." Taylor's Life of Thomas Parr, 4to. Lond. 1635. "If therefore Falſtaff got drunk with ſack 140 years before the above date, it could not have been at Mrs Quickly's."

For this information I am indebted to the Rev. Dr. Stock, the accurate and learned editor of Demoſthenes. MALONE.

Item,

Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

P. Hen. O monſtrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of ſack!—What there is elſe, keep cloſe; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him ſleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning: we muſt all to the wars, and thy place ſhall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve-ſcore [1]. The money ſhall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and ſo good morrow, Poins.

Poins. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Bangor. *A Room in the Archdeacon's Houſe.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, *and* GLENDOWER.

Mor. Theſe promiſes are fair, the parties ſure,
And our induction [2] full of proſperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer,—and couſin Glendower,—
Will you ſit down?—
And, uncle Worceſter:—A plague upon it!

[1] —*his death will be a march of* twelve-ſcore.] That is, it will kill him to march ſo far as twelve-ſcore foot. POPE.

Ben Jonſon uſes the ſame expreſſion in his *Sejanus:*

"That look'd for ſalutations *twelve-ſcore* off."

Again in *Weſtward Hoe*, 1706:

"I'll get me *twelve-ſcore* off, and give aim." STEEVENS.

The Prince quibbles on the word *foot*, which ſignifies a meaſure and the infantry of an army. I cannot conceive why Dr. Johnſon ſuppoſes that he means twelve-ſcore *yards*; he might as well extend it to twelve-ſcore miles. MASON.

[2] —*induction*—] That is, entrance; beginning. JOHNSON.

An *induction* was anciently ſomething introductory to a play. Such is the buſineſs of the Tinker, previous to the performance of the *Taming of the Shrew*. Shakſpeare often uſes the word, which his attendance on the theatres might have familiariſed to his conception. Thus, in *K. Richard III:*

"Plots have I laid, *inductions* dangerous." STEEVENS.

I have

I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.
Sit, couſin Percy; ſit, good couſin Hotſpur:
For by that name as oft as Lancaſter
Doth ſpeak of you, his cheek looks pale; and, with
A riſing ſigh, he wiſheth you in heaven.

Hot. And you in hell as oft as he hears
Owen Glendower ſpoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: at my nativity[3],
The front of heaven was full of fiery ſhapes,
Of burning creſſets[4]; and, at my birth,
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.

Hot. Why, ſo it would have done
At the ſame ſeaſon, if your mother's cat
Had but kitten'd, though yourſelf had ne'er been born.

Glend. I ſay, the earth did ſhake when I was born.

Hot. And I ſay, the earth was not of my mind,
If you ſuppoſe, as fearing you it ſhook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth ſhook to ſee the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.

[3] — *at my nativity*, &c.] Moſt of theſe prodigies appear to have been invented by Shakſpeare. Holinſhed ſays only: "Strange wonders happened at the nativity of this man; for the ſame night he was born, all his father's horſes in the ſtable were found to ſtand in blood up to their bellies." STEEVENS.

In the year 1402, a blazing ſtar appeared, which the Welſh bards repreſented as portending good fortune to Owen Glendower. Shakſpeare had probably read an account of this ſtar in ſome chronicle, and transferred its appearance to the time of Owen's nativity. MALONE.

[4] *Of burning* creſſets;] A *creſſet* was a great light ſet upon a beacon, light-houſe, or watch-tower; from the French word, *croiſſette*, or little croſs, becauſe the beacons had anciently croſſes on the top of them. HANMER.

In the reign of Elizabeth, Holinſhed ſays, "The countie Palatine of Rhene was conveied by *creſſet*-light, and torch-light to ſir T. Greſham's houſe in Biſhopſgate ſtreet."—The *creſſet-lights* were lights fixed on a moveable frame or croſs, like a turnſtile, and were carried on poles, in proceſſions. I have ſeen them repreſented in an ancient print from Van Velde. STEEVENS.

Diſeaſed

Diſeaſed nature oftentimes breaks forth
In ſtrange eruptions [5]: oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of cholick pinch'd and vex'd
By the impriſoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement ſtriving,
Shakes the old beldame earth [6], and topples down
Steeples, and moſs-grown towers. At your birth,
Our grandam earth, having this diſtemperature,
In paſſion ſhook.

Glend. Couſin, of many men
I do not bear theſe croſſings. Give me leave
To tell you once again,—that, at my birth,
The front of heaven was full of fiery ſhapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were ſtrangely clamorous to the frighted fields [7].

5 *Diſeaſed nature oftentimes breaks forth*, &c.] The poet has here taken, from the perverſeneſs and contrariouſneſs of Hotſpur's temper, an opportunity of raiſing his character, by a very rational and philoſophical confutation of ſuperſtitious error. JOHNSON.

6 — *oft the teeming earth*
Is with a kind of cholick pinch'd and vex'd
By the impriſoning *of unruly* wind
Within her womb, which for enlargement ſtriving,
Shakes *the old beldame* earth,—] So in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"As when the *wind*, *impriſon'd* in the ground,
"Struggling for paſſage, *earth's* foundation *ſhakes*,
"Which with cold terrours doth men's minds confound."

MALONE.

Beldame is not uſed here as a term of contempt, but in the ſenſe of *ancient mother*. *Belle age*, Fr. Perhaps *beldame* originally meant a grand-mother. So, in Shakſpeare's *Tarquin and Lucrece*:

"To ſhew the *beldame* daughters of her daughter." STEEV.

7 *The goats* ran *from the mountains, and the* herds
Were ſtrangely clamorous *to the frighted fields.*] Shakſpeare appears to have been as well acquainted with the rarer phœnomena, as with the ordinary appearances of nature. A writer in the *Philoſophical Tranſactions*, No. 207, deſcribing an earthquake in Catanea, near Mount Ætna, by which eighteen perſons were deſtroyed, mentions one of the circumſtances that are here ſaid to have marked the birth of Glendower: "There was a blow, as if all the artillery in the world had been diſcharged at once; the ſea retired from the town above two miles; the birds flew about aſtoniſhed; *the cattle in the fields ran crying*." MALONE.

These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;
And all the courses of my life do shew,
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living,—clipp'd in with the sea,
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,—
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think, there is no man speaks better Welsh:—
I will to dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I; or so can any man:
But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command
The devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil,
By telling truth; Tell truth, and shame the devil.—
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him hence.
O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

Mort. Come, come,
No more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power: thrice, from the banks of Wye,
And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,
Bootelesś[8] home, and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
How 'scapes he agues in the devil's name?

Glend. Come, here's the map; Shall we divide our right,
According to our three-fold order ta'en?

Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits, very equally:

[8] *Bootelesś*—] Thus one of the old editions; and without reading *bootelesś* (i. e. making the word a trissyllable) the metre will be defective. STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope transferred the word *him* from the former line to this: and perhaps he was right. MALONE.

England,

England, from Trent and Severn hitherto [9],
By ſouth and eaſt, is to my part aſſign'd:
All weſtward, Wales beyond the Severn ſhore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower:—and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn:
Which being ſealed interchangeably,
(A buſineſs that this night may execute,)
To-morrow, couſin Percy, you, and I,
And my good lord of Worceſter, will ſet forth,
To meet your father, and the Scottiſh power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewſbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor ſhall we need his help theſe fourteen days:—
Within that ſpace, [*to* Glen.] you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glend. A ſhorter time ſhall ſend me to you, lords,
And in my conduct ſhall your ladies come:
From whom you now muſt ſteal, and take no leave;
For there will be a world of water ſhed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks, my moiety [1], north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this river comes me cranking in [2],
And cuts me, from the beſt of all my land,
A huge half-moon, a monſtrous cantle out [3].
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up;
And here the ſmug and ſilver Trent ſhall run,

In

9 — hitherto,] i. e, to this ſpot, (pointing to the map.) MALONE.

1 *Methinks, my* moiety,] The diviſion is here into three parts.—A *moiety* was frequently uſed by the writers of Shakſpeare's age, as a portion of any thing, though not divided into two equal parts. See a note on *K. Lear*, Act I. ſc. iv. MALONE.

2 — cranking *in*,] Perhaps we ſhould read—*crankling*. So Drayton in his *Polyolbion*, ſong 7:

"Hath not ſo many turns, nor *crankling* nooks as ſhe." STEEV.

Mr. Pope reads—*crankling*. MALONE.

3 — cantle *out*.] A *cantle* is a corner, or piece of any thing, in the ſame ſenſe that Horace uſes *angulus*:

In a new channel, fair and evenly:
It ſhall not wind with ſuch a deep indent,
To rob me of ſo rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind? it ſhall, it muſt; you ſee, it doth.

Mort. Yea, but mark,
How he bears his courſe, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other ſide;
Gelding the oppoſed continent as much,
As on the other ſide it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north ſide win this cape of land;
And then he runs ſtraight and even.

Hot. I'll have it ſo; a little charge will do it.

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you ſhall not.

Hot. Who ſhall ſay me nay?

Glen. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not underſtand you then,
Speak it in Welſh.

Glend. I can ſpeak Engliſh, lord, as well as you;
For I was train'd up in the Engliſh court [4]:
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an Engliſh ditty lovely well,
And gave the tongue [5] a helpful ornament;
A virtue that was never ſeen in you.

Hot.

" O ſi *angulus* ille
" Proximus arridet!"

Canton, Fr. *canto*. Ital. ſignify a *corner*. STEEVENS.

Canton in heraldry ſignifies a corner. *Cant* of cheeſe is now uſed in Pembrokeſhire. L——.

[4] *For I was train'd up in the Engliſh court:*] The real name of *Owen Glendower* was *Vaughan*, and he was originally a barriſter of the Middle Temple. STEEVENS.

He afterwards became eſquire of the body to King Richard II. with whom he was in attendance at Flint Caſtle, when Richard was taken priſoner by Henry of Bolingbroke, afterwards king Henry IV. Owen Glendower was crowned Prince of Wales in the Year 1402, and for near twelve years was a very formidable enemy to the Engliſh. He died in great diſtreſs in 1415. MALONE.

[5] —*the tongue*—] The Engliſh language. JOHNSON.

He

Hot. Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my heart;
I had rather be a kitten, and cry—mew,
Than one of theſe ſame metre ballad-mongers:
I had rather hear a brazen canſtick turn'd [6],
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would ſet my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing ſo much as mincing poetry;
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a ſhuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you ſhall have Trent turn'd.

Hot. I do not care: I'll give thrice ſo much land
To any well-deſerving friend;
But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? ſhall we be gone?

Glend. The moon ſhines fair, you may away by night:
I'll haſte the writer, [7] and, withal,
Break with your wives of your departure hence:
I am afraid, my daughter will run mad,
So much ſhe doteth on her Mortimer. [*Exit.*

Mort. Fie, couſin Percy! how you croſs my father!

Hot. I cannot chooſe: ſometimes he angers me,
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant [9],
Of

He may mean, as an anonymous writer has obſerved, that "he graced his own tongue with the art of ſinging." But I think Dr. Johnſon's explanation the true one. MALONE.

[6] —*a brazen canſtick turn'd,*] The word *candleſtick*, which deſtroys the harmony of the line, is written—*canſtick* in the quartos 1598, 1599, and 1608; and ſo it might have been pronounced. Heywood and ſeveral of the old writers, conſtantly ſpell it in this manner. *Kit* with the *canſtick* is one of the ſpirits mentioned by *Reginald Scott*, 1584. STEEVENS.

"Coll under *canſtick*, he can play with both hands," is one of Howel's proverbial ſentences. DICT. 1660. MALONE.

[7] —*the writer,*] He means the writer of the articles. POPE.

I ſuppoſe, to complete the meaſure, we ſhould read: *I'll* in and *haſte the writer*; for he goes out immediately. STEEVENS.

[8] —*of the moldwarp and the ant,*] This alludes to an old prophecy, which is ſaid to have induced Owen Glendower to take arms againſt king Henry. See Hall's *Chronicle*, fol. 20. POPE.

So Holinſhed, for he was Shakſpeare's authority: "This [the diviſion

Of the dreamer Merlin, and his prophecies;
And of a dragon, and a finleſs fiſh,
A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven,
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,
And ſuch a deal of ſkimble-ſkamble ſtuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—
He held me laſt night at leaſt nine hours,
In reckoning up the ſeveral devils' names [9],
That were his lackeys: I cry'd, humph!—and well,—
go to,—
But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious
As a tired horſe, a railing wife;
Worſe than a ſmoky houſe: I had rather live
With cheeſe and garlick, in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any ſummer-houſe in Chriſtendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In ſtrange concealments [1]; valiant as a lion,
And wond'rous affable; and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, couſin?
He holds your temper in a high reſpect,
And curbs himſelf even of his natural ſcope,
When you do croſs his humour; 'faith he does:
I warrant you, that man is not alive,
Might ſo have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taſte of danger and reproof;

viſion of the realm between Mortimer, Glendower, and Percy,] was done (as ſome have ſayde) through a fooliſh credite given to a vaine prophecie, as though king Henry was the *moldewarpe*, curſed of God's owne mouth, and they three were the *dragon*, the *lion*, and the *wolfe*, whiche ſhould devide this realm between them." MALONE.

The *mould-warp* is the *mole*, ſo called becauſe it renders the ſurface of the earth unlevel by the hillocks which it raiſes. STEEVENS.

9 *In reckoning up the ſeveral devils' names,*] See Reginald Scott's *Diſcovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, p. 377 where the reader may find his patience as ſeverely exerciſed as that of Hotſpur, and on the ſame occaſion. Shakſpeare muſt certainly have ſeen this book. STEEVENS.

1 ——— *profited*
In ſtrange concealments;] Skilled in wonderful ſecrets. JOHNSON.

But

But do not uſe it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame[2];
And ſince your coming hither, have done enough
To put him quite beſide his patience.
You muſt needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:
Though ſometimes it ſhew greatneſs, courage, blood,
(And that's the deareſt grace it renders you,)
Yet oftentimes it doth preſent harſh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtineſs, opinion[3], and diſdain:
The leaſt of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loſeth men's hearts; and leaves behind a ſtain
Upon the beauty of all parts beſides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am ſchool'd; Good manners be your ſpeed!
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter GLENDOWER, *with the Ladies.*

Mort. This is the deadly ſpight that angers me,—
My wife can ſpeak no Engliſh, I no Welſh.

Glend. My daughter weeps; ſhe will not part with you,
She'll be a ſoldier too, ſhe'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her,—that ſhe, and my aunt Percy,
Shall follow in your conduct ſpeedily.

[Glendower *ſpeaks to his daughter in Welſh, and ſhe anſwers him in the ſame.*

Glend. She's deſperate here; a peeviſh ſelf-will'd harlotry,
One that no perſuaſion can do good upon.

[*Lady* M. *ſpeaks to* Mortimer *in Welſh.*

Mort. I underſtand thy looks: that pretty Welſh
Which thou poureſt down from theſe ſwelling heavens,
I am too perfect in; and, but for ſhame,
In ſuch a parly would I anſwer thee. [*Lady* M. *ſpeaks.*

2 —*too wilful-blame*;] This is a mode of ſpeech with which I am not acquainted. Perhaps it might be read—*too wilful*-blunt, or *too wilful*-bent; or thus:

Indeed, my lord, you are much to blame, too wilful. JOHNSON.

3 —*opinion,*] means here *ſelf-opinion*, or conceit. MASON.

I underſtand thy kiſſes, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling diſputation:
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welſh as ſweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a ſummer's bower [4],
With raviſhing diviſion, to her lute [5].

Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will ſhe run mad.

[*Lady* M. *ſpeaks again.*

Mort. O, I am ignorance itſelf in this [6].

Glend. She bids you,
Upon the wanton ruſhes lay you down [7],
And reſt your gentle head upon her lap,
And ſhe will ſing the ſong that pleaſeth you,
And on your eye-lids crown the god of ſleep [8],
Charming your blood with pleaſing heavineſs;

Making

4 *Sung by a fair queen &c.*] Our author perhaps here intended a compliment to Queen Elizabeth, who was a performer on the lute and the virginals. See Sir James Melvil's curious account. *Memoirs.* folio, p. 50. MALONE.

5 *With raviſhing diviſion, to her lute.*] This verſe may ſerve for a tranſlation of a line in Horace.

" —— grataque fæminis
" Imbelli cithara carmina divides."

It is to no purpoſe that you *(Paris)* pleaſe the women by ſinging " with raviſhing diviſion" to the harp. See the Commentators, and Voſſius on Catullus, p. 239. S. W.

6 *O, I am ignorance itſelf in this.*] Maſſinger uſes the ſame expreſſion in *The Unnatural Combat*, 1639:

" ———in this you ſpeak, ſir,
" *I am ignorance itſelf.*" STEEVENS.

7 *Upon the wanton ruſhes lay you down.*] It was the cuſtom in this country, for many ages, to ſtrew the floors with ruſhes, as we now cover them with carpets. JOHNSON.

8 *And on your eye-lids crown the god of ſleep,*] The ſame image (whatever idea it was meant to convey) occurs in *Philaſter:*

" ———who ſhall take up his lute,
" And touch it till he *crown a ſilent ſleep*
" *Upon my eye-lid.*" STEEVENS.

The image is certainly a ſtrange one; but I do not ſuſpect any corruption of the text. The god of ſleep is not only to ſit on Mortimer's eye-lids, but to ſit *crowned*, that is, with ſovereign dominion. So in *Twelfth Night:*

" Him

Making ſuch difference 'twixt wake and ſleep[9],
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harneſs'd team
Begins his golden progreſs in the eaſt.

Mort. With all my heart I'll ſit, and hear her ſing:
By that time will our book[1], I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do ſo;
And thoſe muſicians that ſhall play to you,
Hang in the air a thouſand leagues from hence;
And ſtraight they ſhall be here[2]; ſit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down: Come, quick, quick; that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy gooſe.

Glendower *ſpeaks ſome Welſh words, and then the muſick plays.*

Hot. Now I perceive, the devil underſtands Welſh; And 'tis no marvel, he's ſo humorous.
By'r lady, he's a good muſician.

Lady P. Then ſhould you be nothing but muſical; for, you are altogether govern'd by humours. Lie ſtill, ye thief, and hear the lady ſing in Welſh.

" Him will I tear out of that cruel *eye*,
" Where he *ſits crowned* in his maſter's ſpight." MALONE.

9 *Making ſuch difference 'twixt wake and ſleep*,] She will lull you by her ſong into ſoft tranquility, in which you ſhall be ſo near to ſleep as to be free from perturbation, and ſo much awake as to be ſenſible of pleaſure; a ſtate partaking of ſleep and wakefulneſs, as the twilight of night and day. JOHNSON.

1 —*our book*,—] Our paper of conditions. JOHNSON.

2 *And thoſe muſicians that ſhall play to you,*
Hang in the air a thouſand leagues from hence;
And *ſtraight they ſhall be here*:] Glendower had before boaſted that he could call ſpirits from the vaſty deep; he now pretends to equal power over the ſpirits of the air. Sit, ſays he to Mortimer, and, by my power, you ſhall have heavenly muſick. The muſicians that ſhall play to you, now hang in the air a thouſand miles from the earth: I will ſummon them, and they ſhall ſtraight be here. " *And* ſtraight" is the reading of the moſt authentick copies, the quarto 1598, and the folio 1623, and indeed of all the other ancient editions. Mr. Rowe firſt introduced the reading—*Yet* ſtraight, which all the ſubſequent editors have adopted; but the change does not ſeem abſolutely neceſſary. MALONE.

Hot.

Hot. I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl in Iriſh.
Lady P. Would'ſt thou have thy head broken?
Hot. No.
Lady P. Then be ſtill.
Hot. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault[3].
Lady P. Now God help thee!
Hot. To the Welſh lady's bed.
Lady P. What's that?
Hot. Peace! ſhe ſings.

A Welſh Song *ſung by Lady* M.

Hot. Come, Kate, I'll have your ſong too.
Lady P. Not mine, in good ſooth.
Hot. Not yours, in good ſooth! 'Heart, you ſwear like a comfit-maker's wife! Not you, in good ſooth; and, As true as I live; and, As God ſhall mend me: and, As ſure as day:
And giv'ſt ſuch ſarcenet ſurety for thy oaths,
As if thou never walk'dſt further than Finſbury[4].
Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath; and leave in ſooth,
And ſuch proteſt of pepper ginger-bread[5],

To

3 *Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.*] *It is a woman's fault*, is ſpoken ironically. Farmer.

This is a proverbial expreſſion. I find it in the *Birth of Merlin*, 1662:

"*'Tis a woman's fault*: p—— of this baſhfulneſs."

Again:

"*A woman's fault*, we are ſubject to it, ſir."

I believe the meaning is this: Hotſpur having declared his reſolution neither to have his head broken, nor to ſit ſtill, ſlily adds, that ſuch is the uſual fault of women; i. e. never to do what they are bid or deſired to do. Steevens.

The whole tenor of Hotſpur's converſation in this ſcene ſhews, that the ſtillneſs which he here imputes to women as a fault, was ſomething very different from ſilence; and that an idea was couched under theſe words, which may be better underſtood than explained.—He is ſtill in the Welſh lady's bed-chamber. White.

4 — *Finſbury*,] Open walks and fields near Chiſwell ſtreet, London Wall, by Moorgate; the common reſort of the citizens, as appears from many of our ancient comedies. Steevens.

5 — *ſuch proteſt of* pepper ginger-bread,] i. e. proteſtations as common as the letters which children learn from an alphabet of ginger-bread.

To velvet-guards [6], and ſunday-citizens.
Come, ſing.

Lady P. I will not ſing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breaſt teacher[7]. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away

bread. What we now call *ſpice ginger-bread* was then called *pepper ginger-bread.* STEEVENS.

[6] *To velvet-guards,*] To ſuch as have their cloaths adorned with ſhreds of velvet, which was, I ſuppoſe, the finery of cockneys. JOHNS.

Velvet guards appear to have been *a city faſhion.* So, in *Hiſtriomaſtix,* 1610:

"Nay, I myſelf will wear the *courtly* grace:
"Out on theſe *velvet guards,* and black-lac'd ſleeves,
"Theſe ſimp'ring faſhions ſimply followed!" STEEVENS.

To *velvet guards* means, I believe, to *the higher rank of female citizens,* the wives of either merchants or wealthy ſhopkeepers. It appears from the following paſſage in *The London Prodigal,* 1605, that a *guarded gown* was the beſt dreſs of a *city lady* in the time of our author:

"*Frances.* But Tom, muſt I go as I do now, when I am married?
"*Civet.* No, Franke, [i. e. Frances,] I'll have thee go like a *citizen,* in a *garded* gown, and a French hood."

Fynes Moriſon is ſtill more expreſs to the ſame point, and furniſhes us with the beſt comment on the words before us. Deſcribing the dreſs of various orders of people in England, he ſays, "At publick meetings the aldermen of London weere ſkarlet gownes, and their *wives* a cloſe gown of ſkarlet, with *gardes* of black *velvet.*" ITIN. fol. 1617. P. III. p. 179. *Gards* have been already explained. See Vol. II. p. 66, n. 9. MALONE.

[7] *'Tis the* next *way to turn tailor, or be red-breaſt teacher.*] I ſuppoſe Percy means, that ſinging is a mean quality, and therefore he excuſes his lady. JOHNSON.

The *next* way is the *neareſt* way. *Taylors* ſeem to have been as remarkable for ſinging as *weavers,* of whoſe muſical turn Shakſpeare has more than once made mention. B. and Fletcher, in the *Knight of the Burning Peſtle,* ſpeak of this quality in the former: "Never truſt a *taylor* that does not *ſing* at his work; his mind is on nothing but filching." STEEVENS.

One inſtance may ſuffice, to ſhew that *next* has been rightly interpreted: "—and when mattens was done, the erles and the lordes went the *next* way to the deane's place to breckfaſt." Ives's *Seleƈt Papers,* 4to, 1773, p. 165.

This paſſage has been interpreted as if the latter member of the ſentence were explanatory of the former; but ſurely they are entirely diſtinct. The plain meaning is, that he who makes a common practice of

away within theſe two hours; and ſo come in when ye will. [*Exit.*

Glend. Come, come, lord Mortimer; you are as ſlow,
As hot lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this, our book is drawn[3]; we'll but ſeal, and then
To horſe immediately.

Mort. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, Prince of Wales, *and Lords.*

K. Hen. Lords, give us leave; the prince of Wales and I,
Muſt have ſome private conference: But be near
At hand, for we ſhall preſently have need of you.—
[*Exeunt Lords.*
I know not whether God will have it ſo,
For ſome diſpleaſing ſervice[9] I have done,
That, in his ſecret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a ſcourge for me;
But thou doſt, in thy paſſages of life[1],
Make me believe,—that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,
To puniſh my miſ-treadings. Tell me elſe,
Could ſuch inordinate, and low deſires,
Such poor, ſuch bare, ſuch lewd, ſuch mean attempts[2],
Such

of ſinging, reduces himſelf to the condition *either* of a tailor, *or* a teacher of muſick to birds. That *tailors* were remarkable for *ſinging* in our author's time, he has himſelf informed us elſewhere. "Do you make an alehouſe of my lady's houſe, (ſays Malvolio in *Twelfth Night*,) that ye ſqueak out your *coziers' catches*, without any mitigation or remorſe of voice?" See Vol. IV. p. 38, n. 7. MALONE.

[3] —*our* book *is drawn*;] i. e. our articles. Every compoſition, whether play, ballad, or hiſtory, was called a *book*, on the regiſters of ancient publication. STEEVENS.

9 *For ſome diſpleaſing* ſervice—] *Service* for *action*, ſimply. WARB.

[1] —*in thy paſſages of life*,] i. e. in the paſſages of thy life. STEEVENS.

[2] —*ſuch lewd, ſuch mean attempts*,] *Mean attempts*, are *mean, unworthy*

Such barren pleaſures, rude ſociety,
As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatneſs of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Hen. So pleaſe your majeſty, I would, I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuſe,
As well as, I am doubtleſs, I can purge
Myſelf of many I am charg'd withal:
Yet ſuch extenuation let me beg[3],
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,—
Which oft the ear of greatneſs needs muſt hear,—
By ſmiling pick-thanks[4] and baſe news-mongers,
I may, for ſome things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true ſubmiſſion.

K. Hen. God pardon thee!—yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy anceſtors.
Thy place in council thou haſt rudely loſt[5],
Which by thy younger brother is ſupply'd;
And art almoſt an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood:
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd; and the ſoul of every man

worthy undertakings. Lewd does not in this place barely ſignify *wanton*, but *licentious*. STEEVENS.

The word is thus uſed in many of our ancient ſtatutes. MALONE.

3 *Yet ſuch extenuation let me beg*, &c.] The conſtruction is ſomewhat obſcure. Let me beg ſo much extenuation, that, *upon confutation of many falſe charges, I may be pardoned ſome that are true.* I ſhould read *on reproof*, inſtead of *in reproof*; but concerning Shakeſpeare's particles there is no certainty. JOHNSON.

4 —*pick-thanks*—] i. e. officious paraſites. STEEVENS.

5 *Thy place in council thou haſt rudely loſt,*] The prince was removed from being preſident of the council, immediately after he ſtruck the judge. STEEVENS.

Our author has, I believe, here been guilty of an anachroniſm. The prince's removal from council in conſequence of his ſtriking the Lord Chief Juſtice Gaſcoigne, was ſome years after the battle of Shrewſbury (1603). His brother, Thomas Duke of Clarence, was appointed Preſident of the Council in his room, and he was not created a duke till the 13th year of K. Henry IV. (1411.) MALONE.

Prophe-

Prophetically does fore-think thy fall.
Had I ſo laviſh of my preſence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So ſtale and cheap to vulgar company;
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had ſtill kept loyal to poſſeſſion [6];
And left me in reputeleſs baniſhment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
By being ſeldom ſeen, I could not ſtir,
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at:
That men would tell their children, *This is he*;
Others would ſay,—*Where? which is Bolingbroke?*
And then I ſtole all courteſy from heaven [7],

And

[6] —*loyal to poſſeſſion*;] True to him that had then poſſeſſion of the crown. JOHNSON.

[7] *And then I ſtole all courteſy from heaven*,] This is an alluſion to the ſtory of Prometheus's theft, who ſtole *fire* from thence; and as with *this* he made a man, ſo with *that* Bolingbroke made a king. As the gods were ſuppoſed jealous in appropriating *reaſon* to themſelves, the getting *fire* from thence, which lighted it up in the mind, was called a theft; and as power is their prerogative, the getting *courteſy* from thence, by which power is beſt procured, is called a theft. The thought is exquiſitely great and beautiful. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's explanation of this paſſage appears to me very queſtionable. The poet had not, I believe, a thought of Prometheus or the heathen gods, nor indeed was *courteſy* (even underſtanding it to ſignify *affability*) the characteriſtick attribute of thoſe deities.—The meaning, I apprehend, is,—*I was ſo affable and popular, that I engroſſed the devotion and reverence of all men to myſelf, and thus* defrauded Heaven of its worſhippers.

Courteſy may be here uſed for the reſpect and obeiſance paid by an inferior to a ſuperior. So, in this play:

"To dog his heels and *court'ſy* at his frowns."

In Act V. it is uſed for a reſpectfull ſalute, in which ſenſe it was applied formerly to *men* as well as *women*:

"I will embrace him with a ſoldier's arm,
"That he ſhall ſhrink under my *courteſy*."

Again, in the Hiſt. of Edward IV. annexed to Hardynge's *Chronicle*, 1543:—"which thyng if I could have forſene,—I would never have wonne the *courtiſies* of men's knees with the loſs of ſo many heades."

This interpretation is ſtrengthened by the two ſubſequent lines, which contain a kindred thought:

"And dreſs'd myſelf in ſuch humility,
"That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts."

And dreſs'd myſelf in ſuch humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts[8],
Loud ſhouts and ſalutations from their mouths,
Even in the preſence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my perſon freſh, and new;
My preſence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er ſeen but wonder'd at[9]: and ſo my ſtate,
Seldom, but ſumptuous, ſhewed like a feaſt;
And won, by rareneſs, ſuch ſolemnity.
The ſkipping king, he ambled up and down
With ſhallow jeſters, and raſh bavin wits[1],
Soon kindled, and ſoon burn'd: carded his ſtate[2];

Henry, I think, means to ſay, that he robbed *heaven* of its *worſhip*, and the *king* of the *allegiance* of his ſubjects. MALONE.

8 *That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,*] Apparently copied from Marlowe's *Luſt's Dominion*, written before 1593:

"The Pope ſhall ſend his bulls through all thy realm,
"And *pull obedience from thy ſubjects' hearts.*"

In another place in the ſame play, we meet with the phraſe uſed here:

"——— Then here upon my knees
"*I pluck allegiance* from her." MALONE.

9 *My preſence, like a robe pontifical,*
Ne'er ſeen, but wonder'd at:] So in our author's 52d Sonnet:

"Or as the wardrobe, which the robe doth hide,
"To make ſome ſpecial inſtant ſpecial-bleſt,
"By new unfolding his impriſon'd pride." MALONE.

1 —*raſh bavin wits,*] *Raſh* is heady, thoughtleſs: *bavin* is bruſhwood, which, fired, burns fiercely, but is ſoon out. JOHNSON.

Raſh is, I believe, *fierce, violent.* So, in *K. Richard II.*

"His *raſh* fierce blaze of riot cannot laſt."

In Shakſpeare's time *bavin* was uſed for *kindling* fires. See Florio's SECOND FRUTES, quarto, 1591, ch. 1: "There is no fire.—Make a little blaze with a *bavin*." MALONE.

2 —carded *his ſtate*;] Dr. Warburton ſuppoſes that *carded*, or *'ſcarded*, (for ſo he would read,) means *diſcarded*, threw it off. Mr. Steevens thinks the king means, that Richard *mingled* and carded together his royal ſtate with, &c. "the metaphor being" (as he ſuppoſes) "taken from mixing *coarſe* wool with *fine*, and carding them together, whereby the value of the latter is diminiſhed." But to *card* does not mean to mix coarſe wool with fine, as Mr. Maſon has juſtly obſerved, but ſimply to work wool with a card or teazel, ſo as to prepare it for ſpinning. I ſhould mention, however, that Mr. S. has produced an inſtance in which to *card* ſeems to be uſed for to mix. "You *card* your beer, (if you ſee your gueſts begin to be drunk) half ſmall, half ſtrong." Greene's *Quip for an upſtart Courtier*, 1620.

I am unable to throw any light on this difficult paſſage. MALONE.

Mingled

Mingled his royalty with capering fools [3];
Had his great name profaned with their ſcorns;
And gave his countenance, againſt his name [4],
To laugh at gibing boys [5], and ſtand the puſh
Of every beardleſs vain comparative [6]:

[3] — *with* capering *fools*;] Thus the firſt quarto, 1598. In the ſecond, printed in 1599, *capering* was changed into *carping*, and that word was tranſmitted through all the ſubſequent quartos. Hence, it is alſo the reading of the folio, which appears to have been printed from the quarto of 1613. Had all the quartos read *capering*, and the folio *carping*, the latter reading might derive ſome ſtrength from the authority of that copy; but the change having been made arbitrarily, or by chance, in 1599, it has no pretenſions of that kind. Mr. Steevens agrees with me in thinking the original, the true reading.

It may be further obſerved, that "*capering* fools" were very proper companions for a "*ſkipping* king;" and that Falſtaff in the ſecond part of this play, boaſts of his being able to *caper*, as a proof of his youth. "To approve my *youth* further I will not; the truth is, I am old in judgment and underſtanding; and he that will *caper* with me for a thouſand marks," &c.

Carping undoubtedly might alſo have been uſed with propriety; having had in our author's time the ſame ſignification as at preſent; though it has been doubted. Minſhieu explains it in his *Dict.* 1617, thus. "To taunt, to find fault with, or bite with words." MALONE.

[4] *And gave his countenance, againſt his name,*] Made his preſence injurious to his reputation. JOHNSON.

Againſt his name, is, I think, parenthetical. He gave his countenance, (to the diminution of his *name* or character,) to laugh, &c. In plain Engliſh, he honoured gibing boys with his company, and diſhonoured himſelf by joining in their mirth. MALONE.

[5] *To laugh at gibing boys,*—] i. e. at the *jeſts* of gibing boys. MALONE.

[6] *Of every beardleſs vain comparative:*] Of every boy whoſe vanity incited him to try his wit againſt the king's.

When Lewis XIV. was aſked, why, with ſo much wit, he never attempted raillery, he anſwered, that he who practiſed raillery ought to bear it in his turn, and that to ſtand the butt of raillery was not ſuitable to the dignity of a king. *Scudery's Converſation.* JOHNSON.

I believe comparative means here, one who affects wit, *a dealer in compariſons*: what Shakſpeare calls, ſomewhere elſe, if I remember right, a *ſimile-monger*. "The moſt *comparative* prince" has already occured in the play before us, and the following paſſage in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, is yet more appoſite in ſupport of this interpretation:

"—The world's large tongue
"Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
"Full of *compariſons*, and wounding flouts." MALONE.

Grew

Grew a companion to the common ſtreets,
Enfeoff'd himſelf to popularity[7]:
That, being daily ſwallow'd by men's eyes[8],
They ſurfeited with honey; and began
To loath the taſte of ſweetneſs, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occaſion to be ſeen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded; ſeen, but with ſuch eyes,
As, ſick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on ſun-like majeſty
When it ſhines ſeldom in admiring eyes:
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids down,
Slept in his face, and render'd ſuch aſpect
As cloudy men uſe to their adverſaries;
Being with his preſence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very line, Harry, ſtand'ſt thou:
For thou haſt loſt thy princely privilege,
With vile participation; not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common ſight,
Save mine, which hath deſir'd to ſee thee more;
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itſelf with fooliſh tenderneſs.

P. Hen. I ſhall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,
Be more myſelf.

K. Hen. For all the world,
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then
When I from France ſet foot at Ravenſpurg;
And even as I was then, is Percy now.
Now by my ſceptre, and my ſoul to boot,

7 Enfeoff'd *himſelf to popularity:*] *Gave* himſelf up *abſolutely and entirely* to popularity. *A feofment* was the ancient mode of conveyance, by which all lands in England were granted in fee-ſimple for ſeveral ages, till the conveyance of Leaſe and Releaſe was invented by Sergeant Moor, about the year 1630. Every deed of feofment was accompanied with *livery of ſeiſin*, that is with the delivery of corporal poſſeſſion of the land or tenement granted in fee. MALONE.

8 *That, being daily ſwallow'd by men's eyes,—*] Nearly the ſame expreſſion occurs in *A Warning for faire Women*, a tragedy, 1599:
"The people's *eyes* have *fed* them with my ſight." MALONE.

He hath more worthy intereſt to the ſtate,
Than thou, the ſhadow of ſucceſſion[9]:
For, of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harneſs in the realm;
Turns head againſt the lion's armed jaws;
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend biſhops on,
To bloody battles, and to bruiſing arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Againſt renowned Douglas; whoſe high deeds,
Whoſe hot incurſions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all ſoldiers chief majority,
And military title capital,
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Chriſt?
Thrice hath this Hotſpur Mars in ſwathing clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprizes
Diſcomfited great Douglas: ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And ſhake the peace and ſafety of our throne.
And what ſay you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The archbiſhop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate[1] againſt us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell theſe news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'ſt and deareſt[2] enemy?
Thou that art like enough,—through vaſſal fear,
Baſe inclination, and the ſtart of ſpleen,—

9 *He hath more worthy intereſt to the ſtate,*
Than thou, the ſhadow of ſucceſſion:] This is obſcure. I believe the meaning is—Hotſpur hath a right to the kingdom more worthy than thou, who haſt only the *ſhadowy right of lineal ſucceſſion*, while he has real and ſolid power. JOHNSON.

1 *Capitulate*—] i. e. make head. So, to *articulate*, in a ſubſequent ſcene, is to form articles. STEEVENS.

To *capitulate*, Minſhieu explains thus: "—*per* capita *ſeu* articulos *paciſci*;" and nearly in this ſenſe, I believe, it is uſed here. The Percies, we are told by Walſingham, ſent about letters containing three *articles*, or principal grievances, on which their riſing was founded: and to this perhaps our author alludes. MALONE.

2 —*deareſt*—] *Deareſt* is moſt fatal, moſt miſchievous. JOHNSON.

To

To fight againſt me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and court'ſy at his frowns,
To ſhew how much degenerate thou art.

P. Hen. Do not think ſo, you ſhall not find it ſo:
And God forgive them, that ſo much have ſway'd
Your majeſty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the cloſing of ſome glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your ſon;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And ſtain my favours in a bloody maſk [3],
Which, waſh'd away, ſhall ſcour my ſhame with it.
And that ſhall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this ſame child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotſpur, this all-praiſed knight,
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet:
For every honour ſitting on his helm,
'Would they were multitudes; and on my head
My ſhames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I ſhall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engroſs up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to ſo ſtrict account,
That he ſhall render every glory up,
Yea, even the ſlighteſt worſhip of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promiſe here:

[3] *And ſtain my favours in a bloody maſk,*] *Favours* are *features.* JOHNSON.

I am not certain that *favours*, in this place, means *features*, or that the plural number of *favour* in that ſenſe is ever uſed. I believe *favours* mean only ſome decoration uſually worn by knights in their helmets, as a preſent from a miſtreſs, or a trophy from an enemy. So, in this play:

"Then let my *favours* hide thy bloody face:"

where the prince muſt have meant his ſcarf.

Again, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1626:

"Aruns, theſe crimſon *favours*, for thy ſake,
"I'll wear upon my forehead *maſk'd with blood.*" STEEVENS.

The word *garments* in the preceding line ſeems to confirm Mr. Steevens's explanation. MASON.

The which if he be pleas'd I ſhall perform,
I do beſeech your majeſty, may ſalve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
And I will die a hundred thouſand deaths,
Ere break the ſmalleſt parcel of this vow.

K. Hen. A hundred thouſand rebels die in this;—
Thou ſhalt have charge, and ſovereign truſt, herein.

Enter BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of ſpeed.

Blunt. So hath the buſineſs that I come to ſpeak of[4].
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath ſent word[5],—
That Douglas, and the Engliſh rebels, met,
The eleventh of this month, at Shrewſbury:
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promiſes be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a ſtate.

K. Hen. The earl of Weſtmoreland ſet forth to-day;
With him my ſon, lord John of Lancaſter;
For this advertiſement is five days old:—
On Wedneſday next, Harry, you ſhall ſet

[4] *So* hath *the buſineſs that I come to ſpeak of.*] So alſo the buſineſs that I come to ſpeak of, hath *ſpeed*; i. e. requires immediate attention and diſpatch. Mr. Pope changed *hath* to *is*, and the alteration has been adopted, in my opinion unneceſſarily, by the ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

[5] Lord Mortimer of Scotland *hath ſent word,*] There was no ſuch perſon as *lord Mortimer of Scotland*; but there was a *lord March of Scotland*, (George Dunbar) who having quitted his own country in diſguſt, attached himſelf ſo warmly to the Engliſh, and did them ſuch ſignal ſervices in their wars with Scotland, that the Parliament petitioned the king to beſtow ſome reward on him. He fought on the ſide of Henry in this rebellion, and was the means of ſaving his life at the battle of Shrewſbury, as is related by Holinſhed. This, no doubt, was the lord whom Shakſpeare deſigned to repreſent in the act of ſending friendly intelligence to the king.—Our author had a recollection that there was in theſe wars a Scottiſh lord on the king's ſide, who bore the ſame title with the Engliſh family, on the rebel ſide, (one being the earl of March in England, the other earl of March in Scotland,) but his memory deceived him as to the particular name which was common to both. He took it to be *Mortimer*, inſtead of *March*. STEEVENS.

Forward; on Thurſday, we ourſelves will march:
Our meeting is Bridgnorth: and, Harry, you
Shall march through Gloſterſhire; by which account,
Our buſineſs valued, ſome twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgnorth ſhall meet.
Our hands are full of buſineſs: let's away;
Advantage feeds him[6] fat, while men delay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Eaſt-cheap. *A Room in the Boar's-head Tavern.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely ſince this laſt action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my ſkin hangs about me like an old lady's looſe gown[7]; I am wither'd like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that ſuddenly, while I am in ſome liking*; I ſhall be out of heart ſhortly, and then I ſhall have no ſtrength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inſide of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horſe[8]; the inſide of a church[9]: Company, villainous company, hath been the ſpoil of me.

Bard.

[6] *feeds* him—] i. e. himſelf. MALONE.

[7] —*my ſkin hangs about me like an old lady's looſe gown*;] Pope has in the *Dunciad* availed himſelf of this idea:

"In a dun night-gown of his own looſe ſkin." MALONE.

* —*while I am in ſome* liking;] While I have ſome fleſh, ſome ſubſtance. We have had *good-liking* in the ſame ſenſe in a former play. MALONE.

[8] —*a brewer's horſe*;—] I ſuppoſe a *brewer's horſe* was apt to be lean with hard work. JOHNSON.

A *brewer's horſe* does not, perhaps, mean a *dray-horſe*, but the croſs-beam on which beer-barrels are carried into cellars, &c. The alluſion may be to the taper form of this machine.

A *brewer's horſe* is, however, mentioned in *Ariſtippus*, or *The Jovial Philoſopher*, 1630: "— to think Helicon a barrel of beer, is as great a ſin as to call Pegaſus a *brewer's horſe*." STEEVENS.

The commentators ſeem not to be aware, that, in aſſertions of this ſort, Falſtaff does not mean to point out any *ſimilitude* to his own condition, but on the contrary ſome ſtriking *diſſimilitude*. He ſays here, *I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horſe*; juſt as in Act II. ſc. iv. he aſſerts the truth of ſeveral parts of his narrative, on pain of being conſidered as *a rogue—a Jew—an Ebrew Jew—a bunch of raddiſh—a horſe*. TYRW.

[9] *I am a pepper corn, a brewer's horſe; the inſide of a church:*]

Bard. Sir John, you are ſo fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it:—come, ſing me a bawdy ſong; make me merry. I was as virtuouſly given, as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough: ſwore little; diced, not above ſeven times a week; went to a bawdy-houſe, not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrow'd, three or four times; lived well, and in good compaſs: and now I live out of all order, out of all compaſs.

Bard. Why, you are ſo fat, ſir John, that you muſt needs be out of all compaſs; out of all reaſonable compaſs, ſir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: Thou art our admiral, thou beareſt the lantern in the poop,—but 'tis in the noſe of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp[1].

Bard. Why, ſir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be ſworn; I make as good uſe of it as

The latter words (*the inſide of a church*) were, I ſuſpect, repeated by the miſtake of the compoſitor. Falſtaff is here mentioning (as Mr. Tyrwhitt has obſerved) things to which he is very unlike; things remarkably ſmall and thin. How can the *inſide of a church* come under that deſcription?

Perhaps, however, the alluſion may be to the pious uſes to which churches are appropriated.—"*I am* as thin as *a brewer's horſe*; *I am* as holy as *the inſide of a church.*" Or Falſtaff may be here only repeating his former words—*The inſide of a church!*—without any connexion with the words immediately preceding. My firſt conjecture appears to me the moſt probable. MALONE.

As the inſide of a church conſiſts of a vacant choir, there is humour in Falſtaff's compariſon of himſelf, who is *all filled up with guts and midriff*, to ſuch an empty building. STEEVENS.

It ſhould however be remembered, that churches are not always empty, though the congregations in them are often thin; and that there is nothing in the text to ſhew that Falſtaff means an *empty* church. MALONE.

[1] —*the knight of the burning lamp.*] This is a natural picture. Every man who feels in himſelf the pain of deformity, however, like this merry knight, he may affect to make ſport with it among thoſe whom it is his intereſt to pleaſe, is ready to revenge any hint of contempt upon one whom he can uſe with freedom. JOHNSON.

The *knight of the burning lamp*, and the *knight of the burning peſtle*, are both names invented with a deſign to ridicule the titles of heroes in ancient romances. STEEVENS.

many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori*: I never ſee thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would ſwear by thy face; my oath ſhould be, By this fire[2]: but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the ſon of utter darkneſs. When thou ran'ſt up Gads-hill in the night to catch my horſe, if I did not think thou had'ſt been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchaſe in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph[3], an everlaſting bonfire-light! Thou haſt ſaved me a thouſand marks in links and torches[4], walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the ſack that thou haſt drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap[5], at the deareſt chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that ſalamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years; Heaven reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy! ſo ſhould I be ſure to be heart-burn'd.

2 — *By this fire:*] Here the quartos 1599, and 1608, very profanely add:—*that's God's Angel.* STEEVENS.

The firſt quarto, 1598, reads—By *that* fire, that's God's angel. MALONE.

3 *O, thou art a perpetual triumph,*] See Vol. II. p. 442, n. 4. MALONE.

4 — *Thou haſt ſaved me a thouſand marks,* &c.] This paſſage ſtands in need of no explanation; but I cannot help ſeizing the opportunity to mention that in Shakſpeare's time, (long before the ſtreets were illuminated with lamps,) *candles and lanthorns to let*, were cried about London. In *Pierce Pennyleſs's Supplication to the Devil*, 1595: "It is ſaid that you went up and down London, crying like *a lantern and candle man.*" STEEVENS.

5 — *good cheap*—] *Cheap* is *market*, and *good cheap* therefore is *a bon marché*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, 1599:

"If this weather hold, we ſhall have hay *good cheap.*"

Cheap (as Dr. Johnſon has obſerved) is undoubtedly an old word for *market*. From this word *Eaſt-cheap*, *Chep-ſtow*, *Cheap-ſide*, &c. are derived. STEEVENS.

Enter HOSTESS.

How now, dame Partlet[6] the hen? have you enquired yet, who pick'd my pocket?

Hoſt. Why, ſir John! what do you think, ſir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my houſe? I have ſearch'd, I have enquired, ſo has my huſband, man by man, boy by boy, ſervant by ſervant: the tithe of a hair was never loſt in my houſe before.

Fal. You lie, hoſteſs; Bardolph was ſhaved, and loſt many a hair: and I'll be ſworn, my pocket was pick'd: Go to, you are a woman, go.

Hoſt. Who I? I defy thee: I was never call'd ſo in mine own houſe before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Hoſt. No, ſir John; you do not know me, ſir John: I know you, ſir John: you owe me money, ſir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of ſhirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Hoſt. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight ſhillings an ell. You owe money here beſides, ſir John, for your diet, and by drinkings and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Hoſt. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; What call you rich[7]? let them coin his noſe, let them coin his cheeks; I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me[8]? ſhall I not take mine eaſe in mine inn, but I

[6] — *dame Partlet*—] *Dame Partlet* is the name of the hen in the old ſtory-book of *Reynard the Fox:* and in Chaucer's tale of the *Cock and the Fox*, the favourite hen is called dame *Pertelote*. STEEVENS.

[7] —*What call you rich?*] A face ſet with carbuncles is called a *rich* face. *Legend of Capt. Jones.* JOHNSON.

[8] —*a younker of me?*] A *younker* is a novice, a young inexperienced man eaſily gull'd. STEEVENS.

ſhall

ſhall have my pocket pick'd[9]? I have loſt a ſeal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.

Hoſt. O Jeſu! I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack[1], a ſneak-cup; and,

9 —*ſhall I not take mine eaſe in mine inn, but I ſhall have my pocket pick'd?*] There is a peculiar force in theſe words. *To take mine eaſe in mine inne*, was an ancient proverb, not very different in its application from that maxim, "Every man's houſe is his caſtle;" for *inne* originally ſignified *a houſe* or *habitation*. [Sax. inne, *domus, domicilium.*] When the word *inne* began to change its meaning, and to be uſed to ſignify *a houſe of entertainment*, the proverb, ſtill continuing in force, was applied in the latter ſenſe, as it is here uſed by Shakſpeare: or perhaps Falſtaff here humouroufly puns upon the word *inne*, in order to repreſent the wrong done him more ſtrongly.

In John Heywood's *Works*, 1598, quarto, bl. l. is "a dialogue wherein are pleaſantly contrived the number of all the effectual proverbs in our Engliſh tongue, &c. together with three hundred epigrams on three hundred proverbs." In ch. 6. is the following:

"Reſty welth willeth me the widow to winne,
"To let the world wag, and *take my eaſe in mine inne.*"

And among the epigrams is: [26. *Of Eaſe in an Inne.*]

"Thou *takeſt thine eaſe in thine inne* ſo nye thee,
"That no man in his inne can take eaſe by thee."

Otherwiſe:

"Thou *takeſt thine eaſe in thine inne*, but I ſee,
"Thine *inne* taketh neither eaſe nor profit by thee."

Now in the firſt of theſe diſtichs the word *inne* is uſed in its ancient meaning, being ſpoken by a perſon who is about to marry a widow for the ſake of a home, &c. In the two laſt places, *inne* ſeems to be uſed in the ſenſe it bears at preſent. PERCY.

Gabriel Hervey, in a MS. note to Speght's *Chaucer*, ſays, "Some of Heywood's epigrams are ſuppoſed to be the conceits and devices of pleaſant ſir Thomas More."

Inne, for a habitation, or receſs, is frequently uſed by Spenſer and other ancient writers. Again, in Greene's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617: "The beggar Irus that haunted the palace of Penelope, would *take his eaſe in his inne* as well as the peeres of Ithaca." STEEVENS.

I believe *inns* differed from caſtles, in not being of ſo much conſequence and extent, and more particularly in not being fortified.—So *Inns* of court, and in the univerſities before the endowment of colleges. Thus Trinity College, Cambridge, was made out of, and built on the ſite of, ſeveral inns. L——.

1 —*the prince is a* Jack,] This term of contempt occurs frequently in our authour. In the *Taming of the Shrew*, Catharine calls her muſick-maſter, in deriſion, a twangling *Jack*. See Vol. I. p. 217, n. *, and Vol. II. p. 214, n. 5. MALONE.

if

if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would ſay ſo.

Enter Prince HENRY, *and* POINS, *marching.* FALSTAFF *meets the prince, playing on his truncheon, like a fife.*

Fal. How now, lad? is the wind in that door, i'faith? muſt we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate-faſhion[2].

Hoſt. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Hen. What ſay'ſt thou, miſtreſs Quickly? How does thy huſband? I love him well, he is an honeſt man.

Hoſt. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and liſt to me.

P. Hen. What ſay'ſt thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell aſleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket pick'd: this houſe is turn'd bawdy-houſe, they pick pockets.

P. Hen. What didſt thou loſe, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a ſeal-ring of my grand-father's.

P. Hen. A trifle, ſome eight-penny matter.

Hoſt. So I told him, my lord; and I ſaid, I heard your grace ſay ſo: And, my lord, he ſpeaks moſt vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is; and ſaid, he would cudgel you.

P. Hen. What! he did not?

Hoſt. There's neither faith, truth, nor woman-hood in me elſe.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a ſtew'd prune[3]; nor no more truth in thee, than in a drawn fox;

[2] — *Newgate-faſhion.*] As priſoners are conveyed to Newgate, faſtened two and two together. JOHNSON.

So in Decker's *Satiromaſtix*, 1602: "Why then, come; we'll walk arm in arm, as though we were leading one another to Newgate." REED.

[3] — *There's no more faith in thee than in a ſtew'd prune*; &c.] The propriety of theſe ſimiles I am not ſure that I fully underſtand. A *ſtew'd*

fox[4]; and for woman-hood, maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee[5]. Go, you thing, go.

Hoſt.

A *ſtew'd prune* has the appearance of a prune, but has no taſte. A *drawn fox*, that is, an *exenterated fox*, has the form of a fox without his powers. I think Dr. Warburton's explication wrong, which makes a *drawn fox* to mean, a fox *often hunted*; though to *draw* is a hunter's term for purſuit by the track. My interpretation makes the *fox* ſuit better to the *prune*. Theſe are very ſlender diſquiſitions, but ſuch is the taſk of a commentator. JOHNSON.

Dr. Lodge, in his pamphlet called *Wit's Miſerie, or the World's Madneſſe*, 1596, deſcribes a bawd thus: "This is ſhee that laies wait at all the carriers for wenches new come up to London; and you ſhall know her dwelling by a *diſh of ſtew'd prunes* in the window; and two or three fleering wenches ſit knitting or ſowing in her ſhop."

In *Meaſure for Meaſure*, act II. the male bawd excuſes himſelf for having admitted Elbow's wife into his houſe, by ſaying, "that ſhe came in great with child, and longing for *ſtew'd prunes*, which ſtood in a diſh," &c.

Slender, in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, who apparently wiſhes to recommend himſelf to his miſtreſs by a ſeeming propenſity to love as well as war, talks of having meaſured weapons with a fencing-maſter for a *diſh of ſtew'd prunes*.

In *The Knave of Harts*, a collection of ſatyrical poems, 1612, a wanton knave is mentioned, as taking

"Burnt wine, *ſtew'd prunes*, a punk to ſolace him."

Again, in *The Noble Stranger*, 1640: "—to be drunk with cream and *ſtewed prunes!*—Pox on't, bawdy-houſe fare."

The paſſages already quoted are ſufficient to ſhew that *a diſh of ſtew'd prunes* was not only the ancient deſignation of a brothel, but the conſtant appendage to it.

From *A Treatiſe on the Lues Venerea*, written by W. Clowes, one of his majeſty's ſurgeons, 1596, and other books of the ſame kind, it appears that *prunes* were directed to be boiled in broth for thoſe perſons already infected; and that both *ſtew'd prunes* and roaſted apples were commonly, though unſucceſsfully, taken by way of prevention. So much for the infidelity of *ſtew'd prunes*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens has ſo fully diſcuſſed the ſubject of *ſtew'd prunes*, that one can add nothing but the *price*. In a piece called *Banks's Bay Horſe in a Trance*, 1595, we have—"A ſtock of wenches, ſet up with their *ſtew'd prunes*, nine for a teſter." FARMER.

4 —*a drawn fox*;] A *drawn fox* is a fox drawn over the ground to exerciſe the hounds. I am not, however, confident that this explanation is right. It was formerly ſuppoſed that a *fox*, when *drawn* out of his hole, had the ſagacity to *counterfeit death*, that he might thereby obtain an opportunity to eſcape. For this information I am indebted to Mr. Tollet, who quotes *Olaus Magnus*, lib. xviii. cap. 39: "Inſuper fingit

Hoſt. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.

Hoſt. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou ſhould'ſt know it; I am an honeſt man's wife: and, ſetting thy knighthood aſide, thou art a knave to call me ſo.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aſide, thou art a beaſt to ſay otherwiſe.

Hoſt. Say, what beaſt, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beaſt? why, an otter.

P. Hen. An otter, ſir John! why an otter?

Fal. Why? ſhe's neither fiſh, nor fleſh[6]; a man knows not where to have her.

Hoſt. Thou art an unjuſt man in ſaying ſo; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

P. Hen. Thou ſay'ſt true, hoſteſs; and he ſlanders thee moſt groſsly.

Hoſt. So he doth you, my lord; and ſaid this other day, you ought him a thouſand pound.

P. Hen. Sirrah, do I owe you a thouſand pound?

fingit ſe mortuam," &c. This particular and many others relative to the ſubtilty of the fox, have been tranſlated by ſeveral ancient Engliſh writers. STEEVENS.

Mr. Heath obſerves, that "a *fox drawn* over the ground to leave a ſcent, and exerciſe the hounds, may be ſaid to have no truth in it, becauſe it deceives the hounds, who run with the ſame eagerneſs as if they were in purſuit of a real fox." MALONE.

5 — *maid Marian may be*, &c.] *Maid Marian* is a man dreſſed like a woman, who attends the dancers of the morris. JOHNSON.

In the ancient ſongs *of Robin Hood* frequent mention is made of *maid Marian*, who appears to have been his concubine. PERCY.

It appears from the old play of the *Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601, that *maid Marian* was originally a name aſſumed by *Matilda* the daughter of *Robert Lord Fitzwater*, while *Robin Hood* remained in a ſtate of outlawry. This lady was afterwards poiſoned by king John at Dunmow Priory, after he had made ſeveral fruitleſs attempts on her chaſtity. Drayton has written her Legend.

Shakſpeare ſpeaks of *maid Marian* in her degraded ſtate, when ſhe was repreſented by a ſtrumpet or a clown. See Figure 2 in the plate at the end of this play, with Mr. Tollet's obſervations on it. STEEV.

6 — *neither fiſh nor fleſh*;] So, the proverb; "*Neither fiſh nor fleſh*, nor good red herring." STEEVENS.

Fal.

Fal. A thouſand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million; thou oweſt me thy love.

Hoſt. Nay, my lord, he call'd you Jack[7], and ſaid, he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, ſir John, you ſaid ſo.

Fal. Yea; if he ſaid, my ring was copper.

P. Hen. I ſay, 'tis copper: Dareſt thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou know'ſt, as thou art but man, I dare: but, as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Hen. And why not, as the lion?

Fal. The king himſelf is to be fear'd as the lion: Doſt thou think, I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break[8]!

P. Hen. O, if it ſhould, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, ſirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honeſty, in this boſom of thine; it is all fill'd up with guts, and midriff. Charge an honeſt woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreſon, impudent, imboſs'd raſcal[9], if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houſes, and one poor penny-worth of ſugar-candy to

7 — *he call'd you* Jack,] See p. 217, n. 1. MALONE.

8 *I pray God my* girdle break!] This wiſh had more force formerly than at preſent, it being once the cuſtom to wear the purſe hanging by the girdle; ſo that its breaking, if not obſerved by the wearer, was a ſerious matter. MALONE.

— *my girdle break,*] Alluding to the old adage, "ungirt, unbleſt." Thus in the *Phantaſtick Age*, bl. l. an ancient ballad:

"*Ungirt, unbleſt*, the proverbe ſays,
"And they, to prove it right,
"Have got a faſhion now a days,
"That's odious to the ſight;
"Like Frenchmen, all on points they ſtand,
"No *girdles* now they wear," &c.

Perhaps this ludicrous imprecation is proverbial. So, in *'Tis Merry when Goſſips meet*, a poem, quarto, 1609:

"How ſay'ſt thou, Beſſe? ſhall it be ſo, girle? ſpeake:
"If I make one, pray God *my girdle break!*" STEEVENS.

9 — *imboſs'd raſcal,*—] *Imboſs'd* is ſwoln, puffy. JOHNSON.

make

make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but theſe[1], I am a villain. And yet you will ſtand to it; you will not pocket up wrong[2]: Art thou not aſham'd?

Fal. Doſt thou hear, Hal? thou know'ſt, in the ſtate of innocency, Adam fell; and what ſhould poor Jack Falſtaff do, in the days of villainy? Thou ſeeſt, I have more fleſh than another man; and therefore more frailty.—You confeſs then, you pick'd my pocket?

P. Hen. It appears ſo by the ſtory.

Fal. Hoſteſs, I forgive thee: Go, make ready breakfaſt; love thy huſband, look to thy ſervants, cheriſh thy gueſts: thou ſhalt find me tractable to any honeſt reaſon: thou ſeeſt, I am pacify'd.—Still?—Nay, pr'ythee, be gone. [*Exit Hoſteſs.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad,—How is that anſwer'd?

P. Hen. O my ſweet beef, I muſt ſtill be good angel to thee:—The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double labour.

P. Hen. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the firſt thing thou do'ſt, and do it with unwaſh'd hands too[3].

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. Hen. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would, it had been of horſe. Where ſhall I find one that can ſteal well? O for a fine thief, of the age of two

[1] —*if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other* injuries *but theſe*, &c.] As the *pocketing of injuries* was a common phraſe, I ſuppoſe, the Prince calls the contents of Falſtaff's pocket—*injuries*. STEEVENS.

[2] —*you will not pocket up wrong*:—] Some part of this merry dialogue ſeems to have been loſt. I ſuppoſe Falſtaff in preſſing the robbery upon his hoſteſs, had declared his reſolution *not to pocket up wrongs* or *injuries*, to which the Prince alludes. JOHNSON.

[3] —*do it with unwaſh'd hands too.*] i. e. Do it immediately, or the firſt thing in the morning, even without ſtaying to waſh your hands.—Perhaps, however, Falſtaff alludes to the ancient adage: "*Illotis manibus tractare ſacra.*" I find the ſame expreſſion in *Acolaſtus* a comedy, 1540: "Why be theſe holy thynges to be medled with *with unwaſhed hands?*" STEEVENS.

and

and twenty, or thereabouts! I am heinouſly unprovided. Well, God be thanked for theſe rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praiſe them.

P. Hen. Bardolph,—

Bard. My lord.

P. Hen. Go bear this letter to lord John of Lancaſter,
To my brother John; this to my lord of Weſtmoreland.—
Go, Poins, to horſe[4], to horſe; for thou, and I,
Have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner-time.—
Jack, meet me to-morrow i' the Temple-hall
At two o'clock i' the afternoon:
There ſhalt thou know thy charge; and there receive
Money, and order for their furniture.
The land is burning; Percy ſtands on high;
And either they, or we, muſt lower lie.

[*Exeunt* Prince, POINS, *and* BARD.

Fal. Rare words! brave world!—Hoſteſs, my breakfaſt; come:—
O, I could wiſh, this tavern were my drum! [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Rebel Camp near Shrewſbury.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, *and* DOUGLAS.

Hot. Well ſaid, my noble Scot: If ſpeaking truth,
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
Such attribution ſhould the Douglas[5] have,
As not a ſoldier of this ſeaſon's ſtamp

4 *Go*, Poins, *to horſe*,—] I cannot but think that Peto is again put for Poins. I ſuppoſe the copy had only a P—. We have Peto afterwards, not riding with the Prince, but lieutenant to Falſtaff. JOHNSON.

The old copies read, Go, *Peto*, to horſe. In further ſupport of Dr. Johnſon's emendation, it may be obſerved, that Poins ſuits the metre of the line, which would be deſtroyed by a word of two ſyllables. MALONE.

5 —the *Douglas*—] This expreſſion is frequent in Holinſhed, and is always applied by way of pre-eminence to the head of *the* Douglas family. STEEVENS.

Should

Should go ſo general current through the world.
By heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy
The tongues of ſoothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love, hath no man than yourſelf:
Nay, taſk me to my word; approve me, lord.

Doug. Thou art the king of honour:
No man ſo potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him [6].

Hot. Do ſo, and 'tis well:—

Enter a Meſſenger, *with Letters.*

What letters haſt thou there?—I can but thank you.

Meſſ. Theſe letters come from your father,—

Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himſelf?

Meſſ. He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous ſick.

Hot. 'Zounds! how has he the leiſure to be ſick,
In ſuch a juſtling time? Who leads his power?
Under whoſe government come they along?

Meſſ. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord [7].

[6] *But I will* beard *him.*] To *beard* is *to oppoſe face to face* in a hoſtile or daring manner. So in *Macbeth:*

" ——— met them dareful, *beard* to *beard.*"

This phraſe, which ſoon loſt its original ſignification, appears to have been adopted from romance. In ancient language, to *head* a man was to *cut off his head*, and to *beard* him ſignify'd to *cut off his beard*; a puniſhment which was frequently inflicted by giants on ſuch unfortunate princes as fell into their hands. So Drayton in his *Polyolbion*, ſong 4:

" And for a trophy brought the giant's coat away,
" Made of the *beards* of kings." STEEVENS.

[7] *His letters bear his mind, not I, my* lord.] The earlieſt quarto, 1598, reads—not I my *mind*;—the compoſitor having inadvertently repeated the word *mind*, which had occurred immediately before; an error which often happens at the preſs. The printer of the third quarto, in 1604, not ſeeing how the miſtake had ariſen, in order to obtain ſome ſenſe, changed *my* to *his*, reading, " not I *his* mind," which was followed in all the ſubſequent ancient editions. The preſent correction, which is certainly right, was made by Mr. Capell. In two of the other ſpeeches ſpoken by the meſſenger, he uſes the ſame language, nor is it likely that he ſhould addreſs Hotſpur, without this mark of reſpect. In his firſt ſpeech the meſſenger is interrupted by the impetuoſity of the perſon whom he addreſſes, to whom, it may be ſuppoſed, he would otherwiſe have there alſo given his title. MALONE.

Wor.

Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?
Meſſ. He did, my lord, four days ere I ſet forth;
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his phyſicians.
Wor. I would, the ſtate of time had firſt been whole,
Ere he by ſickneſs had been viſited;
His health was never better worth than now.
Hot. Sick now! droop now! this ſickneſs doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprize;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.—
He writes me here,—that inward ſickneſs—*
And that his friends by deputation could not
So ſoon be drawn; nor did he think it meet,
To lay ſo dangerous and dear a truſt
On any ſoul remov'd[8], but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertiſement,—
That with our ſmall conjunction, we ſhould on,
To ſee how fortune is diſpos'd to us:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now[9];
Becauſe the king is certainly poſſeſs'd
Of all our purpoſes. What ſay you to it?
Wor. Your father's ſickneſs is a maim to us.
Hot. A perilous gaſh, a very limb lopp'd off:—
And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his preſent want
Seems more than we ſhall find it:—Were it good,
To ſet the exact wealth of all our ſtates
All at one caſt? to ſet ſo rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good: for therein ſhould we read[1]

The

* —*that inward ſickneſs*—] A line, probably, has here been loſt. MALONE.

8 *On any ſoul* remov'd,—] On any *leſs near* to himſelf: on any whoſe intereſt is *remote*. JOHNSON. See Vol. II. p. 18, n. 4. MALONE.

9 —*no* quailing *now*;] To *quail* is to languiſh, to ſink into dejection. STEEVENS.

1 —*for therein ſhould we* read
The very bottom and the ſoul of hope;
The very liſt, the very utmoſt bound
Of all our fortunes.] I once wiſhed to read—*tread*, inſtead of *read*; but I now think, there is no need of alteration. To *read a bound* is certainly a very harſh phraſe, but not more ſo than many others of Shakſpeare.

The very bottom and the ſoul of hope;
The very liſt, the very utmoſt bound
Of all our fortunes.

Doug. 'Faith, and ſo we ſhould;
Where now remains [2] a ſweet reverſion:
We may boldly ſpend upon the hope of what
Is to come in:
A comfort of retirement [3] lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and miſchance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet, I would your father had been here.
The quality and hair of our attempt [4]

Brooks

ſpeare. At the ſame time that *the bottom* of their fortunes ſhould be diſplayed, its *circumference* or boundary would be neceſſarily expoſed to view. *Sight* being neceſſary to reading, *to read* is here uſed, in Shakſpeare's licentious language, for *to ſee*.

The paſſage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *K. Henry VI.* ſtrongly confirms this interpretation. To it may be added this in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" Is there no pity ſitting in the clouds,
" Which *ſees* into the *bottom* of my grief?"

And this in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

" —— and it concerns me
" To *look* into the *bottom* of my place."

One of the phraſes in the text is found in *Twelfth Night*: " She is the *liſt* of my voyage." The other [the *ſoul* of hope] occurs frequently in our authour's plays, as well as in thoſe of his contemporaries. Thus, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*, we find — " the *ſoul* of counſel;" and in *Troilus and Creſſida* — " the *ſoul* of love." So alſo, in Marlowe's *Luſt's Dominion*:

" ——Your deſperate arm
" Hath almoſt thruſt quite through *the heart of hope*." MALONE.

I believe the old reading is the true one. So, in *K. Henry* VI. P. II.

" ——we then ſhould *ſee the bottom*
" Of all our fortunes." STEEVENS.

[2] Where *now remains* —] *Where* is, I think, uſed here for *whereas*. It is often uſed with that ſignification by our authour and his contemporaries. MALONE.

[3] *A comfort of retirement*—] A ſupport to which we may have recourſe. JOHNSON.

[4] *The quality and* hair *of our attempt*] The *hair* ſeems to be the *complexion*, the *character*. The metaphor appears harſh to us, but, perhaps, was familiar in our authour's time. We ſtill ſay, ſomething is *againſt the hair*, as *againſt the grain*, that is, againſt the natural tendency. JOHNSON.

In

Brooks no diviſion: It will be thought
By ſome, that know not why he is away,
That wiſdom, loyalty, and mere diſlike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence;
And think, how ſuch an apprehenſion
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of queſtion in our cauſe:
For, well you know, we of the offering ſide [5]
Muſt keep aloof from ſtrict arbitrement;
And ſtop all ſight-holes, every loop, from whence
The eye of reaſon may pry in upon us:
This abſence of your father's draws a curtain [6],
That ſhews the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You ſtrain too far.
I, rather, of his abſence make this uſe;
It lends a luſtre, and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprize,
Than if the earl were here; for men muſt think,
If we, without his help, can make a head
To puſh againſt the kingdom; with his help,

In an old comedy call'd *The Family of Love*, I meet with an expreſſion which very well ſupports Dr. Johnſon's explanation: "They ſay, I am of the right *hair*, and indeed they may ſtand to't." STEEVENS.

This word is uſed in the ſame ſenſe in the old interlude of *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1660:

"But I bridled a colt of a contrarie *haire*." MALONE.

5 — *we of the* offering *ſide*] The *offering ſide* may ſignify that party, which, acting in oppoſition to the law, ſtrengthens itſelf only by *offers*; increaſes its numbers only by *promiſes*. The king can raiſe an army, and continue it by threats of puniſhment; but thoſe, whom no man is under any obligation to obey, can gather forces only by *offers* of advantage: and it is truly remarked, that they, whoſe influence ariſes from *offers*, muſt keep danger out of ſight.

The *offering ſide* may mean ſimply the *aſſailant*, in oppoſition to the *defendant*; and it is likewiſe true of him that *offers* war, or makes an invaſion, that his cauſe ought to be kept clear from all objections. JOHNSON.

6 *This abſence of your father's* draws *a curtain*,] i. e. draws it *open*. So, in a ſtage-direction in *K. Henry VI.* P. II. (quarto 1600): "Then the *curtaines* being *drawne*, duke Humphrey is *diſcovered* in his bed." MALONE.

We ſhall o'erturn it topſy-turvy down.—
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think: there is not ſuch a word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this term of fear.

Enter Sir Richard VERNON.

Hot. My couſin Vernon! welcome, by my ſoul.

Ver. Pray God, my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The earl of Weſtmoreland, ſeven thouſand ſtrong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him, prince John.

Hot. No harm: What more?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,—
The king himſelf in perſon is ſet forth,
Or hitherwards intended ſpeedily,
With ſtrong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He ſhall be welcome too. Where is his ſon,
The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales[7],
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aſide,
And bid it paſs?

Ver. All furniſh'd, all in arms,
All plum'd like eſtridges, that wing the wind[8];

Bated

[7] *The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales,*] Shakſpeare rarely beſtows his epithets at random. Stowe ſays of the Prince: "He was paſſing ſwift in running, inſomuch that he with two other of his lords, without hounds, bow, or other engine, would take a wild-buck, or doe, in a large park." STEEVENS.

[8] *All plum'd like eſtridges, that* wing *the wind;*] This is one of thoſe paſſages, in which, in my apprehenſion, there can be no doubt that there is ſome corruption, either by the omiſſion of an entire line, or by one word being printed inſtead of another. The firſt quarto, which is followed by all the other ancient copies, reads:

All plum'd like eſtridges, that *with* the wind,
Bated like eagles having lately bath'd.

From the Context it appears to me evident that two diſtinct compariſons were here intended, that two objects were mentioned, to *each* of which the prince's troops were compared; and that our author could never mean to compare *eſtridges* to *eagles*, a conſtruction which the word *with* forces us to. In each of the ſubſequent lines a diſtinct image is given.—Beſides, as Dr. Johnſon has remarked, "What is the meaning of *eſtridges that bated with the wind like eagles?* for the relative *that* in the uſual conſtruction muſt relate to eſtridges."

Mr. Tyrwhitt concurs with me in thinking the old text corrupt. I have

Bated like eagles having lately bath'd[9];
Glittering in golden coats, like images[1];

As

have therefore adopted the ſlight alteration propoſed by Dr. Johnſon—that *wing* the wind; which gives an eaſy ſenſe.—The *ſpirit* and *ardour* of the troops are marked by their being compared to eagles in the next line; but the eſtridges appear to be introduced here, as in the paſſage quoted below from Drayton, by Mr. Steevens, ſolely on account of the ſoldiers' *plumes*; and the manner in which thoſe birds are ſaid to move, ſufficiently explains the meaning of the words—that *wing* the wind. If this emendation be not juſt, and *with* be the true reading, a line muſt have been loſt, in which the particular movement of the eſtridge was deſcribed. The concurrence of the copies (mentioned by Mr. Steevens in a ſubſequent note) militates but little in my mind againſt the probability of ſuch an omiſſion; for in general, I have obſerved, that whenever there is a corruption in one copy, it is continued in every ſubſequent one. Omiſſion is one of the moſt frequent errors of the preſs, and we have undoubted proofs that ſome lines were omitted in the early editions of theſe plays. See Vol. II. p. 4, n. 4; Vol. V. p. 36, n. 5; and *Romeo and Juliet*, Act III. ſc. iv. See alſo *King Henry VI.* P. II. Act III. ſc. iv. where the following line is omitted in the folio, 1623:

"Jove ſometimes went diſguis'd, and why not I?"

There is ſtill another objection to the old reading, that I had nearly forgotten. Suppoſing the expreſſion—"that *with* the wind bated like eagles"—was defenſible, and that theſe eſtridges were intended to be compared to eagles, why ſhould the compariſon be in the *paſt* time? Would it not be more natural to ſay, The troops were all plumed like eſtridges, that, like eagles, *bate* with the wind, &c.

On the whole, I think it moſt probable that a line in which the motion of eſtridges was deſcribed, was inadvertently paſſed over by the tranſcriber or compoſitor, when the earlieſt copy was printed; an error which has indiſputably happened in other places in theſe plays. It is obſervable, that in this paſſage, as it ſtands in the old copy, there is no verb: nothing is predicated concerning the troops. In the loſt line it was probably ſaid, that they were then *advancing*. Rather, however, than print the paſſage with aſteriſks as imperfect, I have, as the leſſer evil, adopted Dr. Johnſon's emendation. I ſhall ſubjoin Mr. Steevens's notes, becauſe they perfectly explain the text as now regulated; but it is proper at the ſame time to add, that he is of opinion the reading of the old copy is intelligible. MALONE.

I believe eſtridges never mount at all, but only run before the wind, opening their wings to receive its aſſiſtance in urging them forward. They are generally hunted on horſeback, and the art of the hunter is to turn them from the gale, by the help of which they are too fleet for the ſwifteſt horſe to keep up with them. I ſhould have ſuſpected a line to have been omitted, had not all the copies concurred in the ſame reading.

In the 22d ſong of Drayton's *Polyolbion* is the ſame thought:

As full of ſpirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the ſun at midſummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I ſaw young Harry,—with his beaver on[2],

" Prince Edward all in gold, as he great Jove had been:
" The Mountfords *all in plumes, like eſtridges*, were ſeen." STEEV.

I have little doubt that inſtead of *with*, ſome verb ought to be ſubſtituted here. Perhaps it ſhould be *whiſk*. The word is uſed by a writer of Shakſpeare's age. *England's Helicon*, ſign. 2:

" This ſaid, he *whiſk'd* his particoloured wings." TYRWHITT.

All plum'd *like eſtridges*,] All dreſſed like the prince himſelf, the *oſtrich-feather* being the cognizance of the Prince of Wales. GREY.

9 Bated *like eagles having lately* bath'd:] *Bated* is, I believe, here uſed for *bating*, the paſſive for the active participle; a licence which our author often takes. So, in *Othello*:

" If virtue no *delighted* beauty lack."

Again, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

" And careful hours, with time's *deformed* hand."

To *bate*, as appears from Minſheu's *Dict.* 1617, was originally applied to birds of prey, when they ſwoop upon their quarry. *S'abbatre, ſe devaller.* Fr. Hence it ſignifies, as Dr. Johnſon has explained it, to flutter, " a Gal. *batre*, (ſays Minſheu,) i. e. to beat, becauſe ſhe [the hawk] beats herſelf with unquiet fluttering." MALONE.

To *bate* is, in the ſtyle of falconry, to *beat the wing*, from the French, *battre*; that is, to flutter in preparation for flight. JOHNSON.

Writers on falconry often mention the *bathing* of hawks and eagles, as highly neceſſary for their health and ſpirits.—All birds after bathing, (which almoſt all birds are fond of,) ſpread out their wings to catch the wind, and flutter violently with them, in order to dry themſelves. This in the falconer's language is called *bating*.—It may be obſerved that birds never appear ſo lively and full of ſpirits as immediately after bathing. STEEVENS.

1 *Glittering in golden coats, like images*;] This alludes to the manner of dreſſing up images in the Romiſh churches on holy-days; when they are bedecked in robes very richly laced and embroidered. STEEV.

2 *I ſaw young Harry,—with his beaver on,*] The face being partly covered by the beaver, Dr. Warburton, inſtead of *on*, reads *up*. He ſeems not to have obſerved, that Vernon only ſays, he ſaw " young *Harry*," not that he ſaw his *face*. MALONE.

There is no need of change; for *beaver* may be a *helmet*; or the prince, trying his armour, might wear his beaver down. JOHNSON.

Bever and *viſiere* were two different parts of the helmet. The former part let down to enable the wearer to drink; the latter was raiſed up to enable him to ſee. L——.

Shakſpeare however confounded them; for, in *Hamlet*, Horatio ſays, that he ſaw the old king's face, becauſe " he wore his *beaver up*." MALONE.

His

His cuiſſes on his thighs [3], gallantly arm'd,—
Riſe from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted [4] with ſuch eaſe into his ſeat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegaſus,
And witch the world [5] with noble horſemanſhip.

Hot. No more, no more; worſe than the ſun in March,
This praiſe doth nouriſh agues. Let them come;
They come like ſacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of ſmoky war,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mailed Mars ſhall on his altar ſit,
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich repriſal is ſo nigh,
And yet not ours:—Come, let me take my horſe,
Who is to bear me, like a thunder-bolt,
Againſt the boſom of the prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry ſhall, hot horſe to horſe,
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corſe.—
O, that Glendower were come!

Ver. There is more news:
I learn'd in Worceſter, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worſt tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a froſty ſound.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thouſand.

Hot. Forty let it be;
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may ſerve ſo great a day.
Come, let us take a muſter ſpeedily:

[3] *His* cuiſſes] *Cuiſſes*, French, armour for the thighs. POPE.
The reaſon why his *cuiſſes* are ſo particularly mentioned, I conceive to be, that his horſemanſhip is here praiſed, and the *cuiſſes* are that part of armour which moſt hinders a horſeman's activity. JOHNSON.

[4] *And* vaulted—] The context requires *vault*, but a word of one ſyllable will not ſuit the metre. Perhaps our author wrote *vault it*, a mode of phraſeology of which there are ſome examples in theſe plays. MALONE.

[5] *And witch*—] For bewitch, charm. POPE.

Dooms-day is near; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying; I am out of fear
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A publick road near Coventry.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of ſack: our ſoldiers ſhall march through; we'll to Sutton-Colfield to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. And if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll anſwer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto[6] meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain: farewell. [*Exit.*

Fal. If I be not aſhamed of my ſoldiers, I am a ſouced gurnet[7]. I have miſ-uſed the king's preſs damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty ſoldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I preſs me none but good houſholders, yeomen's ſons: enquire me out contracted bachelors, ſuch as had been aſk'd twice on the bans; ſuch a commodity of warm ſlaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; ſuch as fear the report of a caliver, worſe than a ſtruck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck[8].

6 —*lieutenant Peto* —] This paſſage proves that Peto did not go with the prince. JOHNSON.

7 —*ſouced gurnet.*] is an appellation of contempt very frequently employed in the old comedies. STEEVENS.

A *gurnet* is a fiſh very nearly reſembling a piper. MALONE.

8 — *worſe than a ſtruck* fowl, *or a hurt wild duck.*] Thus the firſt quarto, 1598. In a ſubſequent copy (1608) the word *fowl* being erroneouſly printed *fool*, that errour was adopted in the quarto 1613, and conſequently in the folio, which was printed from it. MALONE.

Fowl ſeems to have been the word deſigned by the poet, who might have thought an oppoſition between *fowl*, i. e. domeſtick birds, and *wild-fowl*, ſufficient on this occaſion. He has almoſt the ſame expreſſion in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "Alas, poor *hurt fowl!* now will he creep into ſedges." STEEVENS.

I preſs'd

I preſs'd me none but ſuch toaſts and butter[9], with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their ſervices; and now my whole charge conſiſts of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, ſlaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his ſores: and ſuch as, indeed, were never ſoldiers; but diſcarded unjuſt ſervingmen, younger ſons to younger brothers[1], revolted tapſters, and oſtlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace[2]; ten times more diſhonourable ragged, than an old faced ancient[3]: and ſuch have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their ſervices; that you would think, that I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd prodigals, lately come from ſwine-keeping, from eating draff and huſks. A mad fellow

9 —*ſuch toaſts and butter*,—] This term of contempt is uſed in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money*: "They love young *toaſts and butter*, Bow-bell ſuckers." STEEVENS.

"Londiners, and all within the ſound of Bow-bell, are in reproch called cocknies, and *eaters of buttered toſtes*." Moryſon's ITIN. 1617. MALONE.

1 —*younger ſons to younger brothers*,] Raleigh, in his *Diſcourſe on War*, uſes this very expreſſion for men of deſperate fortune and wild adventure. Which borrowed it from the other, I know not, but I think the play was printed before the diſcourſe. JOHNSON.

Perhaps O. Cromwell was indebted to this ſpeech, for the ſarcaſm which he threw out on the ſoldiers commanded by Hambden: "Your troops are moſt of them *old decayed ſervingmen* and *tapſters*, &c. STEEVENS.

2 — cankers of *a calm word, and a long peace*;] So, in *Pierce Pennileſs his Supplication to the devil*, 1592: "— all the *canker-wormes that breed on the ruſt of peace*." STEEVENS.

3 —*ten times more diſhonourable ragged, than an old* faced *ancient*:] How is an old-faced *ancient* or *enſign*, diſhonourably ragged? on the contrary, nothing is eſteemed more honourable than a ragged pair of colours. WARBURTON.

I know not whether the licentiouſneſs of our author's diction may not allow us to ſuppoſe that he meant to repreſent his ſoldiers, as *more ragged*, though leſs honourably ragged, *than an old ancient*. JOHNSON.

An old, fac'd ancient, is an old ſtandard mended with a different colour. It ſhould not be written in one word, as *old* and *fac'd* are diſtinct epithets. To *face* a gown is to *trim it*; an expreſſion at preſent in uſe. In our author's time the *facings* of gowns were always of a colour different from the ſtuff itſelf. So, in this play:

"To

fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and preſs'd the dead bodies. No eye hath ſeen ſuch ſcare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat:—Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on[4]; for, indeed, I had the moſt of them out of priſon. There's but a ſhirt and a half[5] in all my company: and the half-ſhirt is two napkins, tack'd together, and thrown over the ſhoulders like a herald's coat without ſleeves; and the ſhirt, to ſay the truth, ſtolen from my hoſt at ſaint Albans, or the red-noſe inn-keeper of Daintry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter Prince HENRY, *and* WESTMORELAND.

P. Hen. How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt?

Fal. What, Hal? How now, mad wag? what a devil doſt thou in Warwickſhire?—My good lord of Weſtmoreland, I cry you mercy; I thought, your honour had already been at Shrewſbury.

Weſt. 'Faith, ſir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already: The king, I can tell you, looks for us all; we muſt away all night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant, as a cat to ſteal cream.

" To *face* the garment of rebellion
" With ſome fine colour." STEEVENS.

So in *the Puritan*, a comedy, 1607:—" full of *holes*, like a ſhot *ancient*."—The modern editors, inſtead of *diſhonourable* read *diſhonourably*; but the change is unneceſſary, for our author frequently uſes adjectives adverbially. So again in this play:

" And ſince this buſineſs ſo *fair* is done."

Again, in *K. Henry VIII*: " He is *equal* ravenous as he is ſubtle." Again, in *Hamlet*: " I am myſelf *indifferent* honeſt." Again, in *the Taming of the Shrew*:

" Her only fault—
" Is that ſhe is *intolerable* curſt."

See alſo Vol. III. p. 441, n. 2. MALONE.

4 —*gyves on*;] i. e. ſhackles. POPE.

5 *There's* but *a ſhirt and a half*—] The old copies read—There's *not* a ſhirt, &c. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. In *the Merchant of Venice*, printed by J. Roberts, 4to. 1600, *but* has taken the place of *not*:

" Repent *but* you that you ſhall loſe your friend." MALONE.

P. Hen.

P. Hen. I think, to ſteal cream indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack; Whoſe fellows are theſe that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Hen. I did never ſee ſuch pitiful raſcals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toſs[6]; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better: tuſh, man, mortal men, mortal men.

Weſt. Ay, but, ſir John, methinks, they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

Fal. 'Faith, for their poverty,—I know not where they had that: and for their bareneſs,—I am ſure, they never learn'd that of me.

P. Hen. No, I'll be ſworn; unleſs you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, ſirrah, make haſte; Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamp'd?

Weſt. He is, ſir John; I fear, we ſhall ſtay too long.

Fal. Well,
To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feaſt,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen gueſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Rebel Camp near Shrewſbury.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCERSTER, DOUGLAS, *and* VERNON.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why ſay you ſo? looks he not for ſupply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good couſin, be adviſ'd; ſtir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counſel well;
You ſpeak it out of fear, and cold heart.

[6] —*good enough to toſs*;] That is, to toſs upon a pike. JOHNS.

Ver.

Ver. Do me no ſlander, Douglas: by my life,
(And I dare well maintain it with my life,)
If well-reſpected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counſel with weak fear,
As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:—
Let it be ſeen to-morrow in the battle,
Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, ſay I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,
Being men of ſuch great leading[7] as you are,
That you foreſee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: Certain horſe
Of my couſin Vernon's are not yet come up:
Your uncle Worceſter's horſe came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is aſleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horſe is half the half of himſelf.

Hot. So are the horſes of the enemy
In general, journey-bated, and brought low;
The better part of ours are full of reſt.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours:
For God's ſake, couſin, ſtay till all come in.

[*The trumpets ſound a parley.*

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchſafe me hearing, and reſpect.

Hot. Welcome, ſir Walter Blunt; And would to God,
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well: and even thoſe ſome
Envy your great deſervings, and good name;
Becauſe you are not of our quality[8],
But ſtand againſt us like an enemy.

Blunt.

7 —*ſuch great leading*—] Such conduct, ſuch experience in martial buſineſs. Johnson.

8 —*of our* quality,] *Quality* in our author's time was frequently uſed in the ſenſe of *fellowſhip*, or *occupation*. So, in *the Tempeſt*: "Taſk Ariel

Blunt. And God defend, but ſtill I ſhould ſtand ſo,
So long as, out of limit, and true rule,
You ſtand againſt anointed majeſty!
But, to my charge.—The king hath ſent to know
The nature of your griefs[9]; and whereupon
You conjure from the breaſt of civil peace
Such bold hoſtility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty: If that the king
Have any way your good deſerts forgot,—
Which he confeſſeth to be manifold,—
He bids you name your griefs; and, with all ſpeed,
You ſhall have your deſires, with intereſt;
And pardon abſolute for yourſelf, and theſe,
Herein miſ-led by your ſuggeſtion.

Hot. The king is kind; and, well we know, the king
Knows at what time to promiſe, when to pay.
My father, and my uncle, and myſelf,
Did give him that ſame royalty he wears:
And,—when he was not ſix and twenty ſtrong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded out-law ſneaking home,—
My father gave him welcome to the ſhore:
And,—when he heard him ſwear, and vow to God,
He came but to be duke of Lancaſter,
To ſue his livery[1], and beg his peace;

With

Ariel and all his *quality*." i. e. all thoſe who were employed with Ariel in ſimilar ſervices or occupations; his fellows. Again, in *Hamlet*:—" give me a taſte of your *quality*." MALONE.

9 —*of your* griefs;] That is, *grievances*. So in *A Declaration of the Treaſons of the late Earle of Eſſex*, &c. 1601: " The Lord Keeper required the Earle of Eſſex, that if he would not declare his *griefs* openly, yet that then he would impart them privately." See Vol. IV. p. 50, n. 3. MALONE.

1 *To ſue his livery*,] During the exiſtence of the feudal tenures, on the death of any of the king's tenants, an inqueſt of office, called *inquiſitio poſt mortem*, was held, to inquire of what lands he died ſeized, who was his heir, of what age he was, &c. and in thoſe caſes where the heir was a minor, he became the ward of the crown; the land was ſeized by its officers, and continued in its poſſeſſion, or that of the perſon to whom the crown granted it, till the heir came of age, and *ſued* out *his livery*, or *ouſterlemaine*, that is, the delivery of the land out

of

With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal,—
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him aſſiſtance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and leſs [2] came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages;
Attended him on bridges, ſtood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs; as pages followed him [3],
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
He preſently,—as greatneſs knows itſelf,—
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked ſhore at Ravenſpurg [4];
And now, forſooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts, and ſome ſtrait decrees,
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth:
Cries out upon abuſes, ſeems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,
This ſeeming brow of juſtice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for.
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites, that the abſent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was perſonal in the Iriſh war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then, to the point.—
In ſhort time after, he depos'd the king;
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;

of his guardian's hands. To regulate theſe inquiries, which were greatly abuſed, many perſons being compelled to ſue out livery from the crown, who were by no means tenants thereunto, the *Court of Wards and Liveries* was erected by Stat. 32 Hen. VIII. c. 46. See Blackſtone's COMM. II. 61. III. 258. MALONE.

2 *The* more *and leſs*—] i. e. the *greater* and the leſs. STEEVENS.

3 *Gave him their heirs; as pages follow'd him,*] Perhaps we ought to point differently:

Gave him their heirs as pages; follow'd him, &c. MALONE.

4 *Upon the naked ſhore* &c.] In this whole ſpeech he alludes again to ſome paſſages in *Richard the Second*. JOHNSON.

And, in the neck of that *, task'd the whole state [5]:
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March
(Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
Indeed his king,) to be incag'd in Wales [6],
There without ransom to lie forfeited:
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories;
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
Rated my uncle from the council-board;
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong:
And in conclusion, drove us to seek out
This head of safety [7]; and, withal, to pry
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king?

Hot. Not so, sir Walter; we'll withdraw a while.
Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall mine uncle
Bring him our purposes: and so farewel.

Blunt. I would, you would accept of grace and love.

Hot. And, may be, so we shall.

Blunt. Pray heaven, you do! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

York. *A Room in the Archbishop's House.*

Enter the Archbishop of York, *and a* Gentleman.

Arch. Hie, good sir Michael; bear this sealed brief [8],
With winged haste, to the lord mareshal [9];

* *And* in the neck *of that*, &c.] So, in *the Palace of Pleasure*, 1566: "Great mischiefes succedyng *one in another's neck*. HENDERSON.

5 — task'd *the whole state*:] *Task'd* is here used for *taxed*: it was once common to employ these words indiscriminately. So in Holinshed, p. 422: "There was a new and strange subsidie or *taske* granted to be levied for the king's use." STEEVENS.

6 — incag'd *in Wales*,] The old copies have *engag'd*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

7 *This head of safety*;] This army, from which I hope for protection. JOHNSON.

8 — *sealed brief*,] A *brief* is simply a letter. JOHNSON.

9 — *to the lord mareshal*;] Thomas Lord Mowbray. MALONE.

This

This to my couſin Scroop; and all the reſt
To whom they are directed: if you knew
How much they do import, you would make haſte.
Gent. My good lord,
I gueſs their tenor.
Arch. Like enough, you do.
To-morrow, good ſir Michael, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thouſand men
Muſt 'bide the touch: For, ſir, at Shrewſbury,
As I am truly given to underſtand,
The king, with mighty and quick-raiſed power,
Meets with lord Harry: and I fear, ſir Michael,—
What with the ſickneſs of Northumberland,
(Whoſe power was in the firſt proportion [1],)
And what with Owen Glendower's abſence thence,
(Who with them was a rated ſinew too [2],
And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies,)—
I fear, the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an inſtant trial with the king.
Gent. Why, my good lord, you need not fear;
There's Douglas and lord Mortimer.
Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.
Gent. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,
And there's my lord of Worceſter; and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.
Arch. And ſo there is: but yet the king hath drawn
The ſpecial head of all the land together;—
The prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaſter,
The noble Weſtmoreland, and warlike Blunt;
And many more corrivals, and dear men
Of eſtimation and command in arms.
Gent. Doubt not, my lord, they ſhall be well oppos'd.
Arch. I hope no leſs, yet needful 'tis to fear;
And, to prevent the worſt, ſir Michael, ſpeed:
For, if lord Percy thrive not, ere the king

[1] —*in the firſt proportion,*)] Whoſe quota was larger than that of any other man in the confederacy. JOHNSON.

[2] —*a rated ſinew too,*] *A rated ſinew* ſignifies a ſtrength on which we reckoned; a help of which we made account. JOHNSON.

Diſmiſs

Diſmiſs his power, he means to viſit us,—
For he hath heard of our confederacy,—
And 'tis but wiſdom to make ſtrong againſt him;
Therefore, make haſte: I muſt go write again
To other friends; and ſo farewel, ſir Michael.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT V[3]. SCENE I.

The King's Camp near Shrewſbury.

Enter King HENRY, *Prince* HENRY, *Prince* JOHN *of* Lancaſter, *Sir* Walter BLUNT, *and Sir* John FALSTAFF[4].

K. Hen. How bloodily the ſun begins to peer
Above yon buſky hill[5]! the day looks pale
At his diſtemperature.

P. Hen. The ſouthern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purpoſes[6];
And, by his hollow whiſtling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempeſt, and a bluſtering day.

K. Hen. Then with the loſers let it ſympathize;
For nothing can ſeem foul to thoſe that win.—

Trumpet. Enter WORCESTER, *and* VERNON.

How now, my lord of Worceſter? 'tis not well
That you and I ſhould meet upon ſuch terms

3 *Act V.*] It ſeems proper to be remarked, that in the editions printed while the author lived, this play is not broken into acts. The diviſion which was made by the players in the firſt folio, ſeems commodious enough, but, being without authority, may be changed by any editor who thinks himſelf able to make a better. JOHNSON.

4 In the old and modern editions the Earl of Weſtmoreland is made to enter here with the king; but it appears from a paſſage in the next ſcene that he was left as a hoſtage in Hotſpur's camp, till Worceſter ſhould return from treating with Henry. See p. 247, n. 5. MALONE.

5 — buſky *hill!*] *Buſky* is woody. (*Boſquet*, Fr.) Milton writes the word perhaps more properly, *boſky*. STEEVENS.

6 — *to his purpoſes*;] That is, to the ſun's, to that which the ſun portends by his unuſual appearance. JOHNSON.

As now we meet: You have deceiv'd our truſt;
And made us doff our eaſy robes of peace,
To cruſh our old limbs in ungentle ſteel:
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What ſay you to't? will you again unknit
This churliſh knot of all-abhorred war?
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light;
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached miſchief to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours; for I do proteſt,
I have not ſought the day of this diſlike.

K. Hen. You have not ſought it! how comes it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Hen. Peace, chewet, peace [7].

Wor. It pleas'd your majeſty, to turn your looks
Of favour, from myſelf, and all our houſe;
And yet I muſt remember you, my lord,
We were the firſt and deareſt of your friends.
For you, my ſtaff of office [8] did I break

[7] *Peace*, chewet, *peace.*] A *chewet*, or *chuet*, is a noiſy chattering bird, a pie. This carries a proper reproach to Falſtaff for his ill-timed and impertinent jeſt. THEOBALD.

In an old book of cookery, printed in 1596, I find a receipt to make *chewets*, which from their ingredients ſeem to have been fat greaſy puddings; and to theſe it is highly probable that the prince alludes. Both the quartos and folio ſpell the word as it now ſtands in the text, and as I found it in the book already mentioned. So, in Bacon's *Nat. Hiſt.* "As for *chuets*, which are likewiſe minced meat, inſtead of butter and fat, it were good to moiſten them partly with cream, or almond and piſtachio milk," &c. It appears from a receipt in the *Forme of Cury, a Roll of ancient Engliſh Cookery, compiled about A. D. 1390, by the Maſter Cook of King Richard II*, and publiſhed by Mr. Pegge, 8vo. 1780, that theſe *chewets* were fried in oil. See p. 83 of that work. Cotgrave's *Dictionary* explains the French word *goubelet*, to be a kind of round pie reſembling *our chuet*. STEEVENS.

[8] — *my ſtaff of office*—] See *Richard the Second*. JOHNSON.

In

In Richard's time; and poſted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiſs your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing ſo ſtrong and fortunate as I.
It was myſelf, my brother, and his ſon,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time; You ſwore to us,—
And you did ſwear that oath at Doncaſter,—
That you did nothing purpoſe 'gainſt the ſtate;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The ſeat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaſter:
To this we ſwore our aid. But, in ſhort ſpace,
It rain'd down fortune ſhowering on your head;
And ſuch a flood of greatneſs fell on you,—
What with our help; what with the abſent king;
What with the injuries of a wanton time [9]:
The ſeeming ſufferances that you had borne;
And the contrarious winds, that held the king
So long in his unlucky Iriſh wars,
That all in England did repute him dead,—
And, from this ſwarm of fair advantages,
You took occaſion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general ſway into your hand:
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaſter;
And, being fed by us, you us'd us ſo
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird [1],
Uſeth the ſparrow: did oppreſs our neſt;
Grew by our feeding to ſo great a bulk,
That even our love durſt not come near your ſight,
For fear of ſwallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforc'd, for ſafety ſake, to fly
Out of your ſight, and raiſe this preſent head:
Whereby we ſtand oppoſed [2] by ſuch means
As you yourſelf have forg'd againſt yourſelf;

9 — *the injuries of a wanton time:*] i. e. the injuries done by king Richard in the wantonneſs of proſperity. MUSGRAVE.

1 *As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,*] The cuckow's chicken, who, being hatched and fed by the ſparrow, in whoſe neſt the cuckow's egg was laid, grows in time able to devour her nurſe. JOHNSON.

2 — *we ſtand oppoſed*—] We ſtand in oppoſition to you. JOHNSON.

By unkind uſage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprize.

K. Hen. Theſe things, indeed you have articulated [3],
Proclaim'd at market-croſſes, read in churches;
To face the garment of rebellion
With ſome fine colour [4], that may pleaſe the eye
Of fickle changelings, and poor diſcontents [5],
Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
Of hurly-burly innovation:
And never yet did inſurrection want
Such water-colours to impaint his cauſe;
Nor moody beggars, ſtarving for a time [6]
Of pell-mell havock and confuſion.

P. Hen. In both our armies, there is many a ſoul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praiſe of Henry Percy: By my hopes,—
This preſent enterprize ſet off his head [7],—
I do not think, a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more-valiant-young [8],

3 —*articulated,*] i. e. exhibited in articles. So in the *Spaniſh Tragedy:*

"To end thoſe things *articulated* here." STEEVENS.

4 *To face the garment of rebellion*
With ſome fine colour,] This is an alluſion to our ancient fantaſtic habits, which were uſually *faced* or turned up with a colour different from that of which they were made. So, in the old *Interlude of Nature*, bl. l. no date:

"His hoſen ſhall be freſhly garded
"Wyth *colours* two or thre. STEEVENS.

5 —*poor* diſcontents,] Poor *diſcontents* are *poor diſcontented people*, as we now ſay—*malecontents*. So in Marſton's *Malecontent*, 1604:

"What, play I well the free-breath'd *diſcontent?*" MALONE.

6 —ſtarving *for a time*—] i. e. impatiently expecting a time, &c. So, in the *Comedy of Errors:*

"And now again clean *ſtarved* for a look." MALONE.

7 —*ſet off his head,*—] i. e. taken from his account. MUSGRAVE.

8 *More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,*] The ſame kind of gingle is in Sydney's *Aſtrophel and Stella:*

"——young-wiſe, wiſe-valiant." STEEVENS.

More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may ſpeak it to my ſhame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And ſo, I hear, he doth account me too:
Yet this before my father's majeſty,—
I am content, that he ſhall take the odds
Of his great name and eſtimation;
And will, to ſave the blood on either ſide,
Try fortune with him in a ſingle fight.

K. Hen. And, prince of Wales, ſo dare we venture thee,
Albeit, conſiderations infinite
Do make againſt it:—No, good Worceſter, no,
We love our people well; even thoſe we love,
That are miſ-led upon your couſin's part:
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his:
So tell your couſin, and bring me word
What he will do:—But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they ſhall do their office. So, be gone;
We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair, take it adviſedly.

[*Exeunt* WORCESTER, *and* VERNON.

P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life:
The Douglas and the Hotſpur both together
Are confident againſt the world in arms.

K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;
For, on their anſwer, will we ſet on them:
And God befriend us, as our cauſe is juſt!

[*Exeunt* King, BLUNT, *and Prince* John.

Fal. Hal, if thou ſee me down in the battle, and beſtride me[9], ſo; 'tis a point of friendſhip.

[9] —*and beſtride me,*] In the battle of Agincourt, Henry, when king, did this act of friendſhip for his brother the duke of Glouceſter. STEEVENS.

So again, in *the Comedy of Errors*:

"When I *beſtrid thee in the wars*, and took
"Deep ſcars, to ſave thy life." MALONE.

P. Hen. Nothing but a Coloſſus can do thee that friendſhip. Say thy prayers, and farewel.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. Hen. Why, thou oweſt God a death. [*Exit.*

Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be ſo forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour ſet to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no ſkill in ſurgery then? No. What is honour? A word. What is in that word, honour? What is that honour? Air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that died o' Wedneſday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it inſenſible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not ſuffer it:—therefore I'll none of it: Honour is a mere ſcutcheon [1], and ſo ends my catechiſm. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Rebel Camp.

Enter WORCESTER, *and* VERNON.

Wor. O, no, my nephew muſt not know, ſir Richard,
The liberal kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'Twere beſt, he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone.
It is not poſſible, it cannot be,
The king ſhould keep his word in loving us;
He will ſuſpect us ſtill, and find a time
To puniſh this offence in other faults:
Suſpicion, all our lives, ſhall be ſtuck full of eyes [2]:

[1] —*honour is a* mere ſcutcheon,] A *ſcutcheon*, is the painted heraldry borne in funeral proceſſions: and by *mere ſcutcheon* is inſinuated, that whether alive or dead, honour is but a name. WARBURTON.

[2] *Suſpicion, all our lives, ſhall be ſtuck full of eyes:*] The ſame image of *ſuſpicion* is exhibited in a Latin tragedy, called *Roxana*, written about the ſame time by Dr. William Alabaſter. JOHNSON.

All the old copies read—*ſuppoſition*. STEEVENS.

The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

For

For treaſon is but truſted like the fox;
Who, ne'er ſo tame, ſo cheriſh'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his anceſtors.
Look how we can, or ſad, or merrily,
Interpretation will miſquote our looks;
And we ſhall feed like oxen at a ſtall,
The better cheriſh'd, ſtill the nearer death.
My nephew's treſpaſs may be well forgot,
It hath the excuſe of youth, and heat of blood;
And an adopted name of privilege,—
A hare-brain'd Hotſpur[3], govern'd by a ſpleen:
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his father's;—we did train him on;
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the ſpring of all, ſhall pay for all.
Therefore, good couſin, let not Harry know,
In any caſe, the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll ſay, 'tis ſo.
Here comes your couſin.

Enter HOTSPUR, *and* DOUGLAS; *and Officers and Soldiers, behind.*

Hot. My uncle is return'd;—Deliver up
My lord of Weſtmoreland[4].—Uncle, what news?

Wor. The king will bid you battle preſently.

Doug. Defy him by the lord of Weſtmoreland[5].

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you[6] and tell him ſo.

Doug. Marry, and ſhall, and very willingly. [*Exit.*

Wor. There is no ſeeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

[3] — *an adopted name of privilege,*
A hare-brain'd Hotſpur,] The name of Hotſpur will privilege him from cenſure. JOHNSON.

[4] — *Deliver up*
My lord of Weſtmoreland.] He was "impawned as a ſurety for the ſafe return" of Worceſter. See Act IV. ſc. laſt. MALONE.

[5] Doug. *Defy him by the lord of Weſtmoreland.*] This line, as well as the next, (as has been obſerved by one of the modern editors,) probably belongs to Hotſpur, whoſe impatience would ſcarcely ſuffer any one to anticipate him on ſuch an occaſion. MALONE.

[6] *Lord* Douglas, *go you &c.*] *Douglas* is here uſed as a triſyllable. MALONE.

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,—
By now forſwearing that he is forſworn.
He calls us, rebels, traitors; and will ſcourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in king Henry's teeth,
And Weſtmoreland, that was engag'd[7], did bear it;
Which cannot chooſe but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The prince of Wales ſtept forth before the king,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to ſingle fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads;
And that no man might draw ſhort breath to-day,
But I, and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How ſhew'd his taſking[8]? ſeem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my ſoul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modeſtly,
Unleſs a brother ſhould a brother dare
To gentle exerciſe and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man;
Trimm'd up your praiſes with a princely tongue;
Spoke your deſervings like a chronicle;
Making you ever better than his praiſe,
By ſtill diſpraiſing praiſe, valued with you[9]:

And,

[7] *And Weſtmoreland, that was* engag'd,] *Engag'd* is delivered as an hoſtage. A few lines before, upon the return of Worceſter, he orders Weſtmoreland to be diſmiſſed. JOHNSON.

[8] *How ſhew'd his* taſking?] Thus the quarto, 1598. The others, with the folio read—*talking*. STEEVENS.

I know not whether *taſking* is not here uſed for *taxing*; i. e. his ſatirical repreſentation. So, in *As you like it*:

"—my *taxing*, like a wild gooſe, flies."

See p. 239, n. 5. *Taſking*, however, is ſufficiently intelligible in its more uſual acceptation. We yet ſay, "he took him to *taſk*." MALONE.

[9] *By ſtill diſpraiſing praiſe, valued with you.*] Why this line ſhould be cenſured by Dr. Warburton as nonſenſe, I know not. To vilify praiſe, compared or *valued* with merit ſuperior to praiſe, is no harſh expreſſion. There is another objection to be made. Prince Henry, in his challenge of Percy, had indeed commended him, but with no ſuch hyperboles as might repreſent him above praiſe; and there ſeems to be

no

And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a bluſhing cital[1] of himſelf;
And chid his truant youth with ſuch a grace,
As if he maſter'd there[2] a double ſpirit,
Of teaching, and of learning, inſtantly.
There did he pauſe: But let me tell the world,—
If he out-live the envy of this day,
England did never owe ſo ſweet a hope,
So much miſconſtrued in his wantonneſs.

Hot. Couſin, I think, thou art enamoured
On his follies; never did I hear *
Of any prince, ſo wild, at liberty[3]:—
But, be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a ſoldier's arm,
That he ſhall ſhrink under my courteſy.—
Arm, arm, with ſpeed:—And, fellows, ſoldiers, friends,

no reaſon why Vernon ſhould magnify the prince's candour beyond the truth. Did then Shakſpeare forget the foregoing ſcene? or are ſome lines loſt from the prince's ſpeech? JOHNSON.

I do not ſuſpect any omiſſion. Our author in repeating letters and ſpeeches of former ſcenes in his plays, ſeldom attends minutely to what he had written. I believe, in theſe caſes he always truſted to memory. See Vol. IV. p. 35, n. 6. MALONE.

[1] *He made a bluſhing* cital—] *Cital* for taxation. POPE.

Mr. Pope obſerves that by *cital* is meant *taxation*; but I rather think it means *recital*. The verb is uſed in that ſenſe in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act IV. ſc. i:

" ——— for we *cite* our faults,
" That they may hold excus'd our lawleſs lives."

Again, in *K. Henry V.* Act V. ſc. ii:

" Whoſe want gives growth to the imperfections
" Which you have *cited*," &c. COLLINS.

[2] — *he* maſter'd—] i. e. was maſter of. STEEVENS.

* — *did I* hear] The latter word is uſed as a diſſyllable. Mr. Pope, not perceiving this, reads—*Upon* his follies, &c. which was unneceſſarily adopted by the ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

[3] *Of any prince, ſo wild, at liberty:*] Of any prince that played ſuch pranks, and was not confined as a madman. JOHNSON.

The quartos 1598, 1599, and 1608, read—*ſo wild* a libertie. Perhaps the author wrote—*ſo wild* a libertine. Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" *Tye up* the *libertine* in the field of feaſts." STEEVENS.

Our author uſes the expreſſion in the text again, in *K. Richard III*:

" My hair doth ſtand on end to hear her curſes.
" And ſo doth mine. I muſe, why ſhe's *at liberty*." MALONE.

Better

Better conſider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with perſuaſion.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.—
O gentlemen, the time of life is ſhort;
To ſpend that ſhortneſs baſely, were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now for our conſcience,—the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is juſt.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profeſs not talking; Only this—
Let each man do his beſt: and here draw I
A ſword, whoſe temper I intend to ſtain
With the beſt blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now,—*Eſperance*[4]*!*—Percy!—and ſet on.—
Sound all the lofty inſtruments of war,
And by that muſick let us all embrace:
For, heaven to earth[5], ſome of us never ſhall
A ſecond time do ſuch a courteſy.

[*The trumpets ſound. They embrace, and exeunt.*

4 *Now—Eſperance!—*] This was the word of battle on Percy's ſide. See Hall's *Chronicle*, folio 22. Pope.

Eſperance, or *Eſperanza*, has always been the motto of the Percy family. *Eſperance en Dieu* is the preſent motto of the duke of Northumberland, and has been long uſed by his predeceſſors. Sometimes it was expreſſed *Eſperance ma Comforte*, which is ſtill legible at Alnwick caſtle over the great gate. Percy.

Our author found this word of battle in Holinſhed. He ſeems to have uſed *Eſperance* as a word of four ſyllables. So, in *the Merry Wives of Windſor*:

"And *Honi ſoit qui mal y penſé*, write." Malone.

5 *For, heaven to earth,*] i. e. One might wager heaven to earth. Warburton.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Plain near Shrewſbury.

Excurſions, and Parties fighting. Alarum to the battle. Then enter DOUGLAS *and* BLUNT, *meeting.*

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle * thus
Thou croſſeſt me? what honour doſt thou ſeek
Upon my head?

Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Becauſe ſome tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeneſs; for, inſtead of thee, king Harry,
This ſword hath ended him: ſo ſhall it thee,
Unleſs thou yield thee as my priſoner.

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;
And thou ſhalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death. [*They fight, and* BLUNT *is ſlain.*

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. O Douglas, hadſt thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathleſs lies the king.

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas? no, I know, this face full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Semblably [6] furniſh'd like the king himſelf.

Doug. A fool go with thy ſoul, whither it goes [7]!
A borrow'd

* —*in the battle*—] *The*, which is not in the old copies, was added, for the ſake of the meaſure, by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

6 Semblably—] i. e. in reſemblance, alike. STEEVENS.

7 A *fool go with thy ſoul, whither it goes!*] The old copies read: Ah, *fool, go with thy ſoul*, &c. but this appears to be nonſenſe. I have ventured to omit a ſingle letter, as well as to change the punctuation, on the authority of the following paſſage in the *Merchant of Venice*:

"With

A borrow'd title haſt thou bought too dear.
Why didſt thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats.

Doug. Now by my ſword, I will kill all his coats;
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up, and away;
Our ſoldiers ſtand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*

Other Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Though I could 'ſcape ſhot-free at London[8], I fear the ſhot here; here's no ſcoring, but upon the pate.—Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt;—there's honour for you: Here's no vanity[9]!—I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my raggamuffins where they are pepper'd: there's but three of my hundred and fifty[1] left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

" With one fool's head I came to woo,
" But I go away with two."

Again, more appoſitely in *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578:

" Go, and a knave with thee."

See a note on *Timon*, Act V. ſc. ii. STEEVENS.

[8] *—ſhot-free at London,*] A play upon *ſhot*, as it means the part of a reckoning, and a miſſive weapon diſcharged from artillery. JOHNSON.

[9] *Here's no vanity!*] In our author's time the negative, in common ſpeech, was uſed to deſign, ironically, the exceſs of a thing. Thus Ben Jonſon, in *Every Man in his Humour*, ſays:

" O here's *no foppery!*
" 'Death, I can endure the ſtocks better."

Meaning, as the paſſage ſhews, that the *foppery* was exceſſive. And ſo in many other places. WARBURTON.

Again, in our author's *Taming of the Shrew*: " Here's *no* knavery!" STEEVENS.

See alſo Vol. III. p. 38, n. 9. MALONE.

[1] *There's* but *three of my hundred and fifty*—] All the old copies have—There's *not* three, &c. They are evidently erroneous. The ſame miſtake has already happened in this play, where it has been rightly corrected. See p. 234, n. 5. So again, in *Coriolanus*, 1623:

" *Cor.* Ay, *but* mine own deſire.
" 1 *Cit.* How, *not* your own deſire?" MALONE.

Enter

Enter Prince HENRY.

P. Hen. What ſtand'ſt thou idle here? lend me thy ſword:
Many a nobleman lies ſtark and ſtiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whoſe deaths are unreveng'd: pr'ythee, lend me thy ſword.

Fal. O Hal, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a while.—Turk Gregory never did ſuch deeds in arms[2], as I have done this day. I have paid Percy[3], I have made him ſure[4].

P. Hen. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. I pr'ythee, lend me thy ſword.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'ſt not my ſword; but take my piſtol, if thou wilt.

P. Hen. Give it me: What, is it in the caſe?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will ſack a city[5]. [*The* Prince *draws out a bottle of ſack*[6].

P. Hen.

2 *Turk Gregory never did ſuch deeds in arms,*] Meaning Gregory the Seventh, called Hildebrand. This furious frier ſurmounted almoſt invincible obſtacles to deprive the emperor of his right of inveſtiture of biſhops, which his predeceſſors had long attempted in vain. Fox, in his hiſtory, hath made this Gregory ſo odious, that I don't doubt but the good Proteſtants of that time were well pleaſed to hear him thus characterized, as uniting the attributes of their two great enemies, the Turk and Pope, in one. WARBURTON.

3 *I have* paid *Percy,*] See p. 173, n. 4. MALONE.

4 *I have made him* ſure.] *Sure* has two ſignifications; *certainly diſpoſed of*, and *ſafe*. Falſtaff uſes it in the *former* ſenſe, the Prince replies to it in the *latter*. STEEVENS.

5 —*ſack a city.*] A quibble on the word *ſack*. JOHNSON.

The ſame quibble may be found in *Ariſtippus*, or the *Jovial Philoſopher*, 1630: "—it may juſtly ſeem to have taken the name of *ſack* from the *ſacking* of cities." STEEVENS.

6 —*a bottle of ſack.*] The ſame comic circumſtance occurs in the ancient *Interlude of Nature*, (written long before the time of Shakſpeare) bl. l. no date:

"*Glotony.* We ſhall have a warfare it ys told me.
"*Man.* Ye; where is thy harnes?
"*Glotony.* Mary, here may ye ſe,
"Here ys harnes inow.
"*Wrath.* Why haſt thou none other harnes but thys?
"*Glotony.* What the devyll harnes ſhould I mys,

"Without

P. Hen. What, is it a time to jeſt and dally now?
[*throws it at him, and exit.*

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him [7]. If he do come in my way, ſo: if he do not,—if I come in his, willingly, let him make a carbonado [8] of me. I like not ſuch grinning honour as ſir Walter hath: Give me life: which if I can ſave, ſo; if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the field.

Alarums. Excurſions. Enter the King, *Prince* HENRY, *Prince* JOHN, *and* WESTMORELAND.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee, Harry, withdraw thyſelf; thou bleed'ſt too much [9]:—
Lord John of Lancaſter, go you with him.

P. John. Not I, my lord, unleſs I did bleed too.

P. Hen. I beſeech your majeſty, make up,
Leſt your retirement do amaze your friends.

" Without it be a *bottell?*
" Another *botell* I wyll go purvey,
" Leſt that drynk be ſcarce in the way,
" Or happely none to ſell." STEEVENS.

7 *If Percy be alive, I'll pierce him.*] I take the conceit to be this. To *pierce* a veſſel is to *tap* it. Falſtaff takes up his bottle which the prince had toſſed at his head, and being about to animate himſelf with a draught, cries, *if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him,* and ſo draws the cork. I do not propoſe this with much confidence. JOHNSON.

Ben Jonſon has the ſame quibble in his *New Inn,* Act III:

" Sir *Pierce* anon will *pierce* us a new hogſhead."

I believe Falſtaff makes this boaſt that the Prince may hear it; and continues the reſt of the ſpeech in a lower accent, or when he is out of hearing. Shakſpeare has the ſame play on words in *Love's Labour's Loſt,* Act IV. ſc. ii. Vol. II. p. 370, n. *. STEEVENS.

8 —*a carbonado*—] A *carbonado* is a piece of meat cut croſs-wiſe for the gridiron. JOHNSON.

9 —*thou bleed'ſt too much:*] Hiſtory ſays, the Prince was wounded in the eye by an arrow. STEEVENS.

All the Chronicles that I have ſeen, only ſay, that the prince was wounded in the *face.* It is not indeed very eaſy to conceive how he could continue fighting after being wounded in the eye. MALONE.

K. Hen.

K. Hen. I will do ſo:—
My lord of Weſtmoreland, lead him to his tent.
Weſt. Come, my lord, I will lead you to your tent.
P. Hen. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:
And heaven forbid, a ſhallow ſcratch ſhould drive
The prince of Wales from ſuch a field as this;
Where ſtain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in maſſacres!
P. John. We breathe too long:—Come, couſin Weſtmoreland,
Our duty this way lies; for God's ſake, come.
[*Exeunt P.* John, *and* WEST.
P. Hen. By heaven, thou haſt deceiv'd me, Lancaſter,
I did not think thee lord of ſuch a ſpirit:
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;
But now, I do reſpect thee as my ſoul.
K. Hen. I ſaw him hold lord Percy at the point,
With luſtier maintenance than I did look for[1]
Of ſuch an ungrown warrior.
P. Hen. O, this boy
Lends mettle to us all! [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads:
I am the Douglas, fatal to all thoſe
That wear thoſe colours on them.—What art thou,
That counterfeit'ſt the perſon of a king?
K. Hen. The king himſelf; who, Douglas, grieves at heart,
So many of his ſhadows thou haſt met,
And not the very king. I have two boys,
Seek Percy, and thyſelf, about the field:
But, ſeeing thou fall'ſt on me ſo luckily,
I will aſſay thee; ſo defend thyſelf.
Doug. I fear, thou art another counterfeit;

[1] *I ſaw him hold lord Percy at the point,*
With luſtier maintenance than I did look for, &c.] So in Holinſhed, p. 759:—"the earle of Richmond withſtood his violence, and *kept him at the ſword's point* without advantage, *longer than his companions either thought or judged.*" STEEVENS.

And

And yet, in faith, thou bear'ſt thee like a king:
But mine, I am ſure, thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

They fight; the King being in danger, enter Prince HENRY.

P. Hen. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again! the ſpirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:
It is the prince of Wales, that threatens thee;
Who never promiſeth, but he means to pay.—
[*They fight*; DOUGLAS *flies.*
Cheerly, my lord; How fares your grace?—
Sir Nicholas Gawſey hath for ſuccour ſent,
And ſo hath Clifton; I'll to Clifton ſtraight.

K. Hen. Stay, and breathe awhile:—
Thou haſt redeem'd thy loſt opinion[2]:
And ſhew'd, thou mak'ſt ſome tender of my life,
In this fair reſcue thou haſt brought to me.

P. Hen. O heaven! they did me too much injury,
That ever ſaid, I hearken'd for your death.
If it were ſo, I might have let alone
The inſulting hand of Douglas over you;
Which would have been as ſpeedy in your end,
As all the poiſonous potions in the world,
And ſav'd the treacherous labour of your ſon.

K. Hen. Make up to Clifton, I'll to ſir Nicholas Gawſey. [*Exit* K. HENRY.

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I miſtake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Hen. Thou ſpeak'ſt as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Hen. Why, then I ſee
A very valiant rebel of the name.
I am the prince of Wales: and think not, Percy,

2 — *thy loſt* opinion:] i. e. thy loſt character. Mr. Reed, I find, has given the ſame interpretation, and ſupports it by the following paſſage from Shirley's *Gameſter*, 1633; "I mean, you have the *opinion* of a valiant gentleman; one that dares fight and maintain your honour againſt odds." MALONE.

To

To ſhare with me in glory any more:
Two ſtars keep not their motion in one ſphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy, and the prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor ſhall it, Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us; And would to God
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. Hen. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy creſt
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [*They fight.*

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well ſaid, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you ſhall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Enter DOUGLAS; *he fights with* FALSTAFF, *who falls down as if he were dead, and exit* DOUGLAS. HOTSPUR *is wounded, and falls.*

Hot. O, Harry, thou haſt robb'd me of my youth [3]:
I better brook the loſs of brittle life,
Than thoſe proud titles thou haſt won of me;
They wound my thoughts, worſe than thy ſword my flesh:—
But thought's the ſlave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes ſurvey of all the world,
Muſt have a ſtop [4]. O, I could propheſy,

But

[3] *O, Harry, thou haſt robb'd me of my youth:*] Shakſpeare has choſen to make Hotſpur fall by the hand of the Prince of Wales; but there is, I believe, no authority for the fact. Holinſhed ſays, "The king ſlew that day with his own hand ſix and thirty perſons of his enemies. The other [i. e. troops] of his party, encouraged by his doings, fought valiantly, and ſlew the Lord Percy, called Henry Hotſpur." Speed ſays, Percy was killed by an unknown hand. MALONE.

[4] —— *thoſe proud titles thou haſt won of me;*
They wound my thoughts,—
But thought's the ſlave of life, and life time's fool;
And time—muſt have a ſtop.—] Hotſpur in his laſt moments endeavours to conſole himſelf. The glory of the prince *wounds his thoughts*; but *thought*, being dependent on *life*, muſt ceaſe with it,

But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue:—No, Percy, thou art duſt,
And food for — [*dies.*

P. Hen. For worms, brave Percy: Fare thee well, great heart!—
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou ſhrunk[5]!
When that this body did contain a ſpirit,
A kingdom for it was too ſmall a bound[6];
But now, two paces of the vileſt earth
Is room enough:—This earth, that bears thee dead[7],
Bears not alive ſo ſtout a gentleman.
If thou wert ſenſible of courteſy,
I ſhould not make ſo dear a ſhow[8] of zeal:—
But let my favours hide thy mangled face[9];
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myſelf
For doing theſe fair rites of tenderneſs.
Adieu, and take thy praiſe with thee to heaven!
Thy ignomy[1] ſleep with thee in the grave,

But

and will ſoon be at an end. *Life*, on which *thought* depends, is itſelf of no great value, being the *fool* and ſport of *time*; of *time*, which, with all its dominion over ſublunary things, *muſt* itſelf at laſt *be ſtopped*. JOHNSON.

Hotſpur alludes to the *Fool* in our ancient Moralities. The ſame alluſion occurs in *Meaſure for Meaſure* and *Love's Labour's Loſt*. STEEVENS.

The ſame expreſſion is found in our author's 106th Sonnet:

"Love's not *Time's fool*." MALONE.

5 *Ill-weav'd ambition*, &c.] A metaphor taken from cloth, which ſhrinks when it is ill-weav'd, when its texture is looſe. JOHNSON.

6 *A kingdom for it was too ſmall a bound*;]

"*Carminibus confide bonis—jacet ecce Tibullus*;
"*Vix manet e toto parva quod urna capit.*" Ovid. JOHNSON.

7 —*that bears* thee *dead*,] The moſt authentick copy, the quarto of 1598, and the folio, have—*the* dead. The true reading is found in a quarto of no authority or value, 1639; but it is here clearly right. MALONE.

8 —*ſo* dear *a ſhow*—] Thus the firſt and beſt quarto. All the ſubſequent copies have—ſo *great*, &c. MALONE.

9 *But let my favours hide thy mangled face*;] He covers his face with a ſcarf, to hide the ghaſtlineſs of death. JOHNSON.

See p. 211, n. 3. MALONE.

1 *Thy* ignomy—] i. e. *ignominy*. So, in *Lord Cromwell*, 1602:

"With

But not remember'd in thy epitaph!—
[*he ſees* Falſtaff *on the ground.*
What! old acquaintance! could not all this fleſh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewel!
I could have better ſpar'd a better man.
O, I ſhould have a heavy miſs of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.
Death hath not ſtruck ſo fat a deer[2] to-day,
Though many dearer[3], in this bloody fray:—
Imbowell'd will I ſee thee by and by;
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.*

Fal. [*riſing ſlowly.*] Imbowell'd! if thou imbowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me[4], and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me ſcot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: To die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is—diſcretion; in the which better part, I have ſaved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of

"With ſcandalous *ignomy* and ſlanderous ſpeeches."
See Vol. II. p. 55. n. 3. MALONE.

2 —*ſo* fat *a deer*—] There is in theſe lines a very natural mixture of the ſerious and ludicrous, produced by the view of Percy and Falſtaff. I wiſh all play on words had been forborn. JOHNSON.

I find the ſame quibble in the *Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

"Life is as *dear* in *dear*, as 'tis in men."

Again, in *A Maidenhead well Loſt*, 1632, a com. by Heywood:

"There's no *deer* ſo *dear* to him, but he will kill it." STEEV.

Fat is the reading of the firſt quarto 1598, the moſt authentick impreſſion of this play, and of the folio. The other quartos have—*fair*. MALONE.

So *fat* a deer, ſeems to be the better reading, for Turbervile, in the *Terms of the Ages of all Beaſts of Venerie and Chaſe*, obſerves, "—You ſhall ſay by any deare, a great deare, and not a *fayre* deare, unleſs it be a rowe, which in the fifth year is called a *fayre* rowe-bucke." TOLLET.

3 —*many dearer*,] Many of greater value. JOHNSON.

4 —*to powder me*,] To *powder* is to ſalt. JOHNSON.

this gun-powder Percy, though he be dead: How if he ſhould counterfeit too, and riſe? I am afraid, he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him ſure: yea, and I'll ſwear I kill'd him. Why may not he riſe, as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body ſees me.—Therefore, ſirrah, [*ſtabbing him.*] with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

[*takes* Hotſpur *on his back.*

Re-enter Prince Henry, *and Prince* John.

P. Hen. Come, brother John, full bravely haſt thou fleſh'd
Thy maiden ſword.

P. John. But, ſoft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead?

P. Hen. I did; I ſaw him dead, breathleſs and bleeding
On the ground.—
Art thou alive? or is it fantaſy
That plays upon our eye-ſight? I pr'ythee, ſpeak;
We will not truſt our eyes, without our ears:—
Thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man[5]: but if I be not Jack Falſtaff, then am I a Jack*. There is Percy: [*throwing the body down.*] if your father will do me any honour, ſo; if not, let him kill the next Percy himſelf. I look to be either earl or duke, I can aſſure you.

P. Hen. Why, Percy I kill'd myſelf, and ſaw thee dead.

Fal. Didſt thou?—Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying!—I grant you, I was down, and out of breath; and ſo was he: but we roſe both at an inſtant, and fought a long hour by Shrewſbury clock. If I may be believ'd, ſo; if not, let them, that ſhould reward valour, bear the ſin upon their own heads. I'll take it

5 —*a double man:*] That is, I am not Falſtaff and Percy together, though having Percy on my back, I ſeem double. JOHNSON.

* —*a* Jack,] See p. 217, n. 1. MALONE.

upon

upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh[6]: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my ſword.

P. John. This is the ſtrangeſt tale that e'er I heard.

P. Hen. This is the ſtrangeſt fellow, brother John.—
Come bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happieſt terms I have.

[*A retreat is ſounded.*

The trumpet ſounds retreat, the day is ours.
Come, brother, let's to the higheſt of the field,
To ſee what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt P.* Henry *and P.* John.

Fal. I'll follow, as they ſay, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow leſs; for I'll purge, and leave ſack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman ſhould do.

[*Exit, bearing off the body.*

SCENE V.

Another Part of the field.

The trumpets ſound. Enter King HENRY, *Prince* HENRY, *Prince* John, WESTMORELAND, *and Others, with* WORCESTER, *and* VERNON, *priſoners.*

K. Hen. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—
Ill-ſpirited Worceſter! did we not ſend grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And would'ſt thou turn our offers contrary?
Miſuſe the tenor of thy kinſman's truſt?
Three knights upon our party ſlain to-day,

[6] *I gave him this wound in the thigh:*] The very learned lord Lyttleton obſerves, that Shakſpeare has applied an action to Falſtaff, which William of Malmſbury, tells us was really done by one of the conqueror's knights to the body of king Harold. I do not however believe that lord Lyttleton ſuppoſed Shakſpeare to have read this old Monk. The ſtory is told likewiſe by Matthew Paris and Matthew of Weſtminſter; and by many of the Engliſh Chroniclers, Stowe, Speed, &c. &c. FARMER.

A noble earl, and many a creature elſe,
Had been alive this hour,
If, like a chriſtian, thou hadſt truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my ſafety urg'd me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Hen. Bear Worceſter to the death, and Vernon too;
Other offenders we will pauſe upon.—
[*Exeunt* WORCESTER, *and* VERNON, *guarded*.
How goes the field?

P. Hen. The noble Scot, lord Douglas, when he ſaw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy ſlain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear,—fled with the reſt;
And, falling from a hill, he was ſo bruis'd,
That the purſuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is; and I beſeech your grace,
I may diſpoſe of him.

K. Hen. With all my heart.

P. Hen. Then, brother John of Lancaſter, to you
This honourable bounty ſhall belong:
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleaſure, ranſomleſs, and free:
His valour, ſhewn upon our creſts to-day,
Hath ſhewn us * how to cheriſh ſuch high deeds,
Even in the boſom of our adverſaries[7],

K. Hen. Then this remains,—that we divide our power.—
You, ſon John, and my couſin Weſtmoreland,
Towards York ſhall bend you, with your deareſt ſpeed,
To meet Northumberland, and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are buſily in arms:
Myſelf,—and you, ſon Harry,—will towards Wales,

* *Hath* ſhewn *us*—] Thus the quarto, 1598. In that of 1599, *ſhewn* war arbitrarily changed to *taught*, which conſequently is the reading of the folio. The repetion is much in our author's manner. MALONE.

7 Here Mr. Pope inſerts the following ſpeech from the quartos:

" *Lan.* I thank your grace for this high courteſy,
" Which I ſhall give away immediately."

But Dr. Johnſon judiciouſly ſuppoſes it to have been rejected by Shakſpeare himſelf. STEEVENS.

To fight with Glendower, and the earl of March.
Rebellion in this land ſhall loſe his ſway,
Meeting the check of ſuch another day:
And ſince this buſineſs ſo fair is done [8],
Let us not leave till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*

[8] *And ſince this* buſineſs *ſo fair is done,*] *Fair* for *fairly*. Either that word is here uſed as a diſſyllable, or *buſineſs* as a triſyllable. MALONE.

Mr. TOLLET'S *Opinion concerning the* MORRIS DANCERS *upon his Window.*

THE celebration of May-day, which is repreſented upon my window of painted glaſs, is a very ancient cuſtom, that has been obſerved by noble and royal perſonages, as well as by the vulgar. It is mentioned in Chaucer's *Court of Love*, that early on May-day "furth goth al the court both moſt and leſt, to fetche the flouris freſh, and braunch, and blome." Hiſtorians record, that in the beginning of his reign, Henry the Eighth with his courtiers "roſe on May-day very early to fetch May or green boughs; and they went with their bows and arrows ſhooting to the wood." Stowe's *Survey of London* informs us, that "every pariſh there, or two or three pariſhes joining together, had their Mayings; and did fetch in May-poles, with diverſe warlike ſhews, with good archers, Morrice Dancers, and other devices for paſtime all the day long." * Shakſpeare ſays it was "impoſſible to make the people ſleep on May-morning; and that they roſe early to obſerve the rite of May." The court of king James the Firſt, and the populace, long preſerved the obſervance of the day, as Spelman's *Gloſſary* remarks under the word, Maiuma.

Better judges may decide, that the inſtitution of this feſtivity originated from the Roman Floralia, or from the Celtic la Beltine, while I conceive it derived to us from our Gothic anceſtors. *Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus*, lib. xv. c. 8. ſays "that after their long winter from the beginning of October to the end of April, the northern nations have a cuſtom to welcome the returning ſplendor of the ſun with dancing, and mutually to feaſt each other, rejoicing that a better ſeaſon for fiſhing and hunting was approached." In honour of May-day the Goths and ſouthern Swedes had a mock battle between ſummer and winter, which ceremony is retained in the Iſle of Man, where the Danes and Norwegians had been for a long time maſters. It appears from Holinſhed's *Chronicle*, vol. III. p. 314, or in the year 1306, that, before that time, in country towns the young folks choſe a ſummer king and queen for ſport to dance about May-poles. There can be no doubt but their majeſties had proper attendants, or ſuch as would beſt divert the ſpectators; and we may

* *Henry* VIII. Act V. ſc. iii. and *Midſummer Night's Dream*, Act IV. ſc. i.

preſume, that ſome of the characters varied, as faſhions and cuſtoms altered. About half a century afterwards, a great addition ſeems to have been made to the diverſion by the introduction of the Morris or Mooriſh dance into it, which, as Mr. Peck in his *Memoirs of Milton* with great probability conjectures, was firſt brought into England in the time of Edward III. when John of Gaunt returned from Spain, where he had been to aſſiſt Peter king of Caſtile, againſt Henry the Baſtard. "This dance," ſays Mr. Peck, "was uſually performed abroad by an equal number of young men, who danced in their ſhirts with ribbands and little bells about their legs. But here in England they have always an odd perſon beſides, being a * boy dreſſed in a girl's habit, whom they call Maid Marian, an old favourite character in the ſport." "Thus," as he obſerves in the words of † Shakſpeare, "they made more matter for a May-morning: having, as a pancake for Shrove-tueſday, a Morris for May-day."

We are authorized by the poets, Ben Jonſon and Drayton, to call ſome of the repreſentations on my window Morris Dancers, though I am uncertain whether it exhibits one Mooriſh perſonage; as none of them have black or tawny faces, nor do they brandiſh ‡ ſwords or ſtaves in their hands, nor are they in their ſhirts adorned with ribbons. We find in *Olaus Magnus*, that the northern nations danced with braſs bells about their knees, and ſuch we have upon ſeveral of theſe figures, who may perhaps be the original Engliſh performers in a May-game before the introduction of the real Morris-dance. However this may be, the window exhibits a favourite diverſion of our anceſtors in all its principal parts. I ſhall endeavour to explain ſome of the characters, and in compliment to the lady I will begin the deſcription with the front rank, in which ſhe is ſtationed. I am fortunate enough to have Mr. Steevens think with me, that figure 1 may be deſigned for the Bavian fool, or the fool with the ſlabbering bib, as Bavon in Cotgrave's *French Dictionary* means a bib for a ſlabbering child; and this figure has ſuch a bib, and the childiſh ſimplicity in his countenance. Mr. Steevens refers to a paſſage in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, by which it appears that the Bavian in the Morris dance was a tumbler, and mimicked the barking of a dog. I apprehend that ſeveral of the Morris dancers on my window tumbled occaſionally, and exerted the chief feat of their activity, when they were aſide the May-pole; and I apprehend that jigs, horn-pipes, and the hay, were their chief dances.

* It is evident from ſeveral authors, that Maid Marian's part was frequently performed by a young woman, and often by one, as I think, of unſullied reputation. Our Marian's deportment is decent and graceful.

† *Twelfth Night*, Act. III. ſc. iv. *All's Well that ends Well*, Act. II. ſc. ii.

‡ In the Moriſco the dancers held ſwords in their hands with the points upward, ſays Dr. Johnſon's note in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act. III. ſc. ix. The Goths did the ſame in their military dance, ſays *Olaus Magnus*, lib. xv. c. 23. Haydocke's tranſlation of *Lomazzo on Painting*, 1598, book ii. p. 54, ſays: "There are other actions of dancing uſed, as of thoſe who are repreſented with weapons in their hands going round in a ring, capering skilfully, *ſhaking their weapons*, after the manner of the Morris with diverſ actions of meeting, &c." "Others hanging Morris bells upon their ankles."

It

It will certainly be tedious to deſcribe the colours of the dreſſes, but the taſk is attempted upon an intimation, that it might not be altogether unacceptable. The Bavian's cap is red, faced with yellow, his bib yellow, his doublet blue, his hoſe red, and his ſhoes black.

Figure 2 is the celebrated Maid Marian, who, as queen of May, has a golden crown on her head, and in her left hand a flower, as the emblem of ſummer. The flower ſeems deſigned for a red pink, but the pointals are omitted by the engraver, who copied from a drawing with the like miſtake. *Olaus Magnus* mentions the artificial raiſing of flowers for the celebration of May-day; and the ſuppoſition of the like practice * here will account for the queen of May having in her hand any particular flower before the ſeaſon of its natural production in this climate. Her veſture was once faſhionable in the higheſt degree. It was anciently the cuſtom for maiden ladies to wear their hair † diſhevelled at their corronations, their nuptials, and perhaps on all ſplendid ſolemnities. Margaret, the eldeſt daughter of Henry VII. was married to James, king of Scotland, with the crown upon her head; her hair hanging down. Betwixt the crown and the hair was a very rich coif hanging down behind the whole length of the body.—This ſingle example ſufficiently explains the dreſs of Marian's head. Her coif is purple, her ſurcoat blue, her cuffs white, the ſkirts of her robe yellow, the ſleeves of a carnation colour, and her ſtomacher red with a yellow lace in croſs bars. In Shakſpeare's play of *Henry VIII.* Anne Bullen at her coronation is *in her hair*, or as Holinſhed ſays, "her hair hanged down," but on her head ſhe had a coif with a circle about it full of rich ſtones.

Figure 3 is a friar in the full clerical tonſure, with the chaplet of white and red beads in his right hand; and, expreſſive of his profeſſed humility, his eyes are caſt upon the ground. His corded girdle and his ruſſet habit denote him to be of the Franciſcan order, or one of the grey friars, as they were commonly called from the colour of their apparel, which was a ruſſet or a brown ruſſet, as Holinſhed, 1586, Vol. III. p. 789, obſerves. The mixture of colours in his habit may be reſembled to a grey cloud, faintly tinged with red by the beams of the riſing ſun, and ſtreaked with black; and ſuch perhaps was Shakſpeare's Aurora, or "the morn in ruſſet mantle clad." *Hamlet*, Act I. ſc. i. The friar's ſtockings are red, his red girdle is ornamented with a golden twiſt, and with a golden taſſel. At his girdle hangs a wallet for the reception of proviſion, the only revenue of the mendicant orders of religious, who were named Walleteers or budget-bearers. It was cuſtomary ‡ in former times for the prieſt and people in proceſſion to go to ſome adjoining wood on May-day morning, and return in a

* Markham's tranſlation of Heresbatch's Husbandry, 1631, obſerves, "that gilliflowers, ſet in pots, and carried into vaults or cellars, have flowered all the winter long, through the warmneſs of the place.

† Leland's *Collectanea*, 1770, Vol. IV. p. 219, 293, Vol. V. p. 332, and Holinſhed, vol. III. p. 801, 931; and ſee Capuli in Spelman's *Gloſſary*.

‡ See Mail inductio in Cowel's *Law Dictionary*. When the pariſh prieſts were inhibited by the dioceſan to aſſiſt in the May games, the Franciſcans might give attendance, as being exempted from epiſcopal juriſdiction.

ſort

ſort of triumph with a May-pole, boughs, flowers, garlands, and ſuch like tokens of the ſpring; and as the grey friars were held in very great eſteem, perhaps on this occaſion their attendance was frequently requeſted. Moſt of Shakſpeare's friars, are Franciſcans. Mr. Steevens ingeniouſly ſuggeſts, that as Marian was the name of Robin Hood's beloved miſtreſs, and as ſhe was the queen of May, the Morris friar was deſigned for friar Tuck, chaplain to Robin Huid, king of May, as Robin Hood is ſtyled in ſir David Dalrymple's extracts from the book of the *Univerſal Kirk* in the year 1576.

Figure 4 has been taken to be Marian's gentleman-uſher. Mr. Steevens conſiders him as Marian's paramour, who in delicacy appears uncovered before her; and it was a cuſtom for betrothed perſons to wear ſome mark for a token of their mutual engagement, he thinks that the croſs-ſhaped flower on the head of this figure, and the flower in Marian's hand, denote their eſpouſals or contract. Spenſer's *Shepherd's Calendar*, April, ſpecifies the flowers worn of paramours to be the pink, the purple columbine, gilliflowers, carnations, and ſops in wine. I ſuppoſe the flower in Marian's hand to be a pink, and this to be a ſtock-gilliflower, or the Heſperis, dame's violet or queen's gilliflower; but perhaps it may be deſigned for an ornamental ribbon. An eminent botaniſt apprehends the flower upon the man's head to be an Epimedium. Many particulars of this figure reſemble Abſolon, the pariſh clerk in Chaucer's *Miller's Tale*, ſuch as his curled and golden hair, his kirtle of watchet, his red hoſe, and Paul's windows corvin on his ſhoes, that is, his ſhoes pinked and cut into holes like the windows of St. Paul's ancient church. My window plainly exhibits upon his right thigh a yellow ſcrip or pouch, in which he might as treaſurer to the company put the collected pence, which he might receive, though the cordelier muſt by the rules of his order carry no money about him. If this figure ſhould not be allowed to be a pariſh clerk, I incline to call him Hocus Pocus, or ſome juggler attendant upon the maſter of the hobby-horſe, as "faire de tours de (jouer de la) gibeciere," in Boyer's French Dictionary, ſignifies to play tricks by virtue of Hocus Pocus. His red ſtomacher has a yellow lace, and his ſhoes are yellow. Ben Jonſon mentions "Hokos Pokos in a juggler's jerkin," which Skinner derives from kirtlekin; that is, a ſhort kirtle, and ſuch ſeems to be the coat of this figure.

Figure 5 is the famous hobby-horſe, who was often forgotten or diſuſed in the Morris dance, even after Maid Marian, the friar, and the fool, were continued in it, as is intimated in Ben Johnſon's *

* Vol. VI. p. 93. of Whalley's edition, 1756:
"*Clo.* They ſhould be Morris dancers by their gingle, but they have no napkins.
"*Coc.* No, nor a hobby-horſe.
"*Clo.* Oh, he's *often* forgotten, that's no rule; but there is no Maid Marian nor friar amongſt them, which is the ſurer mark."
Vol. V. p. 211:
"But ſee, the hobby-horſe is forgot.
"Fool. it muſt be your lot,
"To ſupply his want with faces,
"And ſome other buffoon graces."

maſque

maſque of the *Metamorphoſed Gipſies*, and in his *Entertainment of the Queen and Prince at Althorpe*. Our hobby is a ſpiritted horſe of paſte-board in which the maſter dances *, and diſplays tricks of legerdemain, ſuch as the threading of the needle, the mimicking of the whigh-hie, and the daggers in the noſe, &c. as Ben Jonſon, edit. 1756, vol. I. p. 171, acquaints us, and thereby explains the ſwords in the man's cheeks. What is ſtuck in the horſe's mouth I apprehend to be a ladle ornamented with a ribbon. Its uſe was to receive the ſpectators' pecuniary donations. The crimſon foot cloth, fretted with gold, the golden bit, the purple bridle with a golden taſſel, and ſtudded with gold; the man's purple mantle with a golden border, which is latticed with purple, his golden crown, purple cap with a red feather, and with a golden knop, induce me to think him to be the king of May; though he now appears as a juggler and a buffoon. We are to recollect the ſimplicity of ancient times, which knew not polite literature, and delighted in jeſters, tumblers, jugglers, and pantomimes. The emperor Lewis the Debonair not only ſent for ſuch actors upon great feſtivals, but out of complaiſance to the people was obliged to aſſiſt at their plays, though he was averſe to publick ſhews. Queen Elizabeth was entertained at Kenelworth with Italian tumblers, Morris dancers, &c. The colour of the hobby-horſe is a reddiſh white, like the beautiful bloſſom of a peach-tree. The man's coat or doublet is the only one upon the window that has buttons upon it, and the right ſide of it is yellow, and the left red. Such a particoloured jacket †, and hoſe in the like manner, were occaſionally faſhionable from Chaucer's days to Ben Jonſon's, who in Epigram 73, ſpeaks of a "partie-per-pale picture, one half drawn in ſolemn Cyprus, the other cobweb lawn."

Figure 6 ſeems to be a clown, peaſant, or yeoman ‡, by his brown viſage, notted hair, and robuſt limbs. In Beaumont's and Fletcher's play of *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, a clown is placed next to the Bavian fool in the Morris dance; and this figure is next to him in the file or in the downward line. His bonnet is red, faced with yellow, his jacket red, his ſleeves yellow, ſtriped acroſs or rayed with red, the upper part of his hoſe is like the ſleeves, and the lower part is a coarſe deep purple, his ſhoes red.

Figure 7, by the ſuperior neatneſs of his dreſs may be a franklin or a gentleman of fortune. His hair is curled, his bonnet purple, his doublet red with gathered ſleeves, and his yellow ſtomacher is laced with red. His hoſe red, ſtriped acroſs or rayed with a whitiſh brown, and ſpotted brown. His codpiece is yellow, and ſo are his ſhoes.

Figure 8, the May-pole is painted yellow and black in ſpiral lines.

* Dr. Plot's *Hiſtory of Staffordſhire*, p. 434 mentions a dance by a hobby-horſe and ſix others.

† Holinſhed, 1586, Vol. III. p. 326, 805, 812, 844, 963. Whalley's edition of Ben Jonſon, Vol. VI. p. 248. Stowe's *Survey of London*, 1720, book v. p. 164, 166. Urry's *Chaucer*, p. 198.

‡ So, in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, the yeoman is thus deſcribed:

"A nott hede had he, with a brown viſage."

Again, in the *Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1612: your hot-headed country gentleman."

Spelman's

Spelman's *Gloſſary* mentions the cuſtom of erecting a tall May-pole painted with various colours. Shakſpeare, in the play of *A Midſummer Night's Dream*, Act III. ſc. ii. ſpeaks of a painted May-pole. Upon our pole are diſplayed St. George's red croſs or the banner of England, and a white pennon or ſtreamer emblazoned with a red-croſs terminating like the blade of a ſword, but the delineation thereof is much faded. It is plain however from an inſpection of the window, that the upright line of the croſs, which is diſunited in the engraving, ſhould be continuous *. Keyſler, in p. 78 of his *Northern and Celtic Antiquities*, gives us perhaps the original of May-poles; and that the French uſed to erect them appears alſo from Mezeray's *Hiſtory of their King Henry IV.* and from a paſſage in Stowe's *Chronicle* in the year 1560. Mr. Theobald and Dr. Warburton acquaint us that the May-games, and particularly ſome of the characters in them became exceptionable to the puritanical humour of former times. By an ordinance of the Rump Parliament in April 1644, all May-poles were taken down and removed by the conſtables and church-wardens, &c. After the Reſtoration they were permitted to be erected again. I apprehend they are now generally unregarded and unfrequented, but we ſtill on May-day adorn our doors in the country with flowers and the boughs of birch, which tree was eſpecially honoured on the ſame feſtival by our Gothick anceſtors.

To prove figure 9 to be Tom the piper, Mr. Steeven's has very happily quoted theſe lines from Drayton's third Eclogue:

"Myſelf above Tom Piper to advance,
"Who ſo beſtirs him in the Morris dance
"For penny wage."

His tabour, tabour-ſtick, and pipe, atteſt his profeſſion; the feather in his cap, his ſword, and ſilver-tinctured ſhield, may denote him to be a ſquire minſtrel, or a minſtrel of the ſuperior order. Chaucer, 1721, p. 181, ſays: "Minſtrels uſed a red hat." Tom Piper's bonnet is red, faced or turned up with yellow, his doublet blue, the ſleeves blue, turned up with yellow, ſomething like red muffetees at his wriſts, over his doublet is a red garment like a ſhort cloak with arm holes, and with a yellow cape, his hoſe red, and garniſhed acroſs and perpendicularly on the thighs with a narrow yellow lace. This ornamental trimming ſeems to be called gimp-thigh'd in Grey's edition of *Butler's Hudibras*; and ſomething almoſt ſimilar occurs in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act IV. ſc. ii. where the poet mentions, "Rhimes are guards on wanton Cupid's hoſe." His ſhoes are brown.

Figures 10 and 11 have been thought to be Flemings or Spaniards, and

* St. James was the apoſtle and patron of Spain, and the knights of his order were the moſt honourable there; and the enſign that they wore was white, charged with a red croſs in the form of a ſword. The pennon or ſtreamer upon the May pole ſeems to contain ſuch a croſs. If this conjecture be admitted, we have the banner of England and the enſign of Spain upon the May-pole; and perhaps from this circumſtance we may infer that the glaſs was painted during the marriage of king Henry VIII. and Katharine of Spain. For an account of the enſign of the knights of St. James, ſee Aſhmole's *Hiſt. of the Order of the Garter*, and Mariana's *Hiſt. of Spain*.

the

the latter a Moriſco. The bonnet of figure 10 is red, turned up with blue, his jacket red with red ſleeves down the arms, his ſtomacher white with a red lace, his hoſe yellow, ſtriped acroſs or rayed with blue, and ſpotted blue, the under part of his hoſe blue, his ſhoes are pinked, and they are of a light colour. I am at a loſs to name the pennant-like ſlips waving from his ſhoulders, but I will venture to call them ſide-ſleeves or long ſleeves, ſlit into two or three parts. The poet Hocclive or Occleve, about the reign of Richard the Second, or of Henry the Fourth, mentions ſide-ſleeves of pennyleſs grooms, which ſwept the ground; and do not the two following quotations infer the uſe or faſhion of two pair of ſleeves upon one gown or doublet? It is aſked in the appendix to Bulwer's *Artificial Changeling*: "What uſe is there of any other than arming ſleeves, which anſwer the proportion of the arm?" In *Much ado about Nothing*, Act III. ſc. iv. a lady's gown is deſcribed with down-ſleeves, and ſide-ſleeves, that is, as I conceive it, with ſleeves down the arms, and with another pair of ſleeves, ſlit open before from the ſhoulder to the bottom or almoſt to the bottom, and by this means unſuſtained by the arms and hanging down by her ſides to the ground as low as her gown. If ſuch ſleeves were ſlit downwards into four parts, they would be quartered; and Holinſhed ſays, "that at a royal mummery, Henry VIII. and fifteen others appeared in Almain jackets, with long quartered ſleeves," and I conſider the bipartite or tripartite ſleeves of figures 10 and 11 as only a ſmall variation of that faſhion. Mr. Steevens thinks the winged ſleeves of figures 10 and 11 are alluded to in Beaumont and Fletcher in the *Pilgrim*:

"——That fairy rogue that haunted me
"He has ſleeves like dragon's wings."

And he thinks that from theſe perhaps the fluttering ſtreamers of the preſent Morris dancers in Suſſex may be derived. Markham's *Art of Angling*, 1635, orders the angler's apparel to be without hanging ſleeves waving looſe, like ſails."

Figure 11 has upon his head a ſilver coronet, a purple cap with a red feather, and with a golden knop. In my opinion he perſonates a nobleman, for I incline to think that various ranks of life were meant to be repreſented upon my window. He has a poſt of honour, or, "a ſtation in the valued file *," which here ſeems to be the middle row, and which according to my conjecture comprehends the queen, the king, the May-pole, and the nobleman. The golden crown upon the head of the maſter of the hobby-horſe denotes preeminence of rank over figure 11, not only by the greater value of the metal †, but by the ſuperior number of points raiſed upon it. The ſhoes are blackiſh, the hoſe red, ſtriped acroſs or rayed with brown or with a darker red, his codpiece yellow, his doublet yellow, with yellow ſide-ſleeves, and red arming ſleeves, or down ſleeves. The form of his doublet is remarkable

* The right hand file is the firſt in dignity and account, or in degree of value, according to count Mansfield's *Directions of War*, 1624.

† The ancient kings of France wore gilded helmets, the dukes and counts wore ſilvered ones. See Selden's *Titles of Honour for the raiſed points of Coronets.*

There

There is great variety in the dreſſes and attitudes of the Morris dancers on the window, but an occular obſervation will give a more accurate idea of this and of other particulars than a verbal deſcription.

Figure 12 is the counterfeit fool, that was kept in the royal palace, and in all great houſes, to make ſport for the family. He appears with all the badges of his office; the bauble in his hand, and a coxcomb hood with aſſes ears on his head. The top of the hood riſes into the form of a cock's neck and head, with a bell at the latter; and Minſhew's *Dictionary*, 1627, under the word *cock's-comb*, obſerves, that "natural idgots and fools have [accuſtomed] and ſtill do accuſtome themſelves to weare in their cappes cocke's feathers or a hat with a neck and head of a cocke on the top, and a bell thereon, &c." His hood is blue, guarded or edged with yellow at its ſcallopped bottom, his doublet is red, ſtriped acroſs or rayed with a deeper red, and edged with yellow, his girdle yellow, his left ſide hoſe yellow with a red ſhoe, and his right ſide hoſe blue, ſoled with red leather. Stowe's *Chronicle*, 1614, p. 899, mentions a pair of cloth ſtockings ſoled with white leather called "caſhambles," that is, "Chauſſes ſemelles de cuir," as Mr. Anſtis, on the knighthood of the Bath obſerves. The fool's bauble and the carved head with aſſes ears upon it are all yellow. There is in *Olaus Magnus*, 1555, p. 245, a delineation of a fool, or jeſter, with ſeveral bells upon his habit, with a bauble in his hand, and he has on his head a hood of aſſes ears, a feather, and the reſemblance of the comb of a cock. Such jeſters ſeem to have been formerly much careſſed by the northern nations, eſpecially the court of Denmark; and perhaps our ancient *joculator regis* might mean ſuch a perſon.

A gentleman of the higheſt claſs in hiſtorical literature apprehends that the repreſentation upon my window is that of a Morris-dance proceſſion about a May-pole; and he inclines to think, yet with many doubts of its propriety in a modern painting, that the perſonages in it rank in the bonſtrophedon form. By this arrangement, ſays he, the piece ſeems to form a regular whole, and the train is begun and ended by a fool in the following manner: figure 12 is the well known fool; figure 11 is a Moriſco, and figure 10 a Spaniard, perſons peculiarly pertinent to the Morris-dance; and he remarks that the Spaniard obviouſly forms a ſort of middle term betwixt the Mooriſh and the Engliſh characters, having the great fantaſtical ſleeve of the one, and the laced ſtomacher of the other. Figure 9 is Tom the piper. Figure 8 the May-pole. Then follow the Engliſh characters, repreſenting, as he apprehends, the five great ranks of civil life; figure 7 is the franklin or private gentleman. Figure 6 is a plain churl or villaine. He takes figure 5, the man with the hobby-horſe, to be perhaps a Mooriſh king, and from many circumſtances of ſuperior grandeur plainly pointed out as the greateſt perſonage of the piece, the Monarch of the May, and the intended conſort of our Engliſh Maid Marian. Figure 4 is a nobleman. Figure 3 the friar, repreſentative of all the clergy. Figure 2 is Maid Marian, queen of May. Figure 1, the leſſer fool, cloſes the rear.

My

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

A MERRY MAY

10

11

12



J. Keyse Sherwin sculpsit.

MORRIS DANCERS.

From an Ancient Window in the House of GEORGE TOLLET *Esq.r at* BETLEY *in* STAFFORDSHIRE.

My deſcription commences where this concludes, or I have reverſed this gentleman's arrangement, by which in either way the train begins and ends with a fool; but I will not aſſert that ſuch a diſpoſition was deſignedly obſerved by the painter.

With regard to the antiquity of the painted glaſs there is no memorial or traditional account tranſmitted to us; nor is there any date in the room but this, 1621, which is over a door, and which indicates in my opinion the year of building the houſe. The book of *Sports or lawful Recreations upon Sunday after Evening-prayers, and upon Holy-days*, publiſhed by king James in 1618, allowed May-games, Morris dances, and the ſetting up of May-poles; and as Ben Jonſon's Maſque of the *Metamorphoſed Gipſies* intimates, that Maid Marian, and the frier, together with the often forgotten hobby-horſe, were ſometimes continued in the Morris dance as late as the year 1621, I once thought that the glaſs might be ſtained about that time; but my preſent objections to this are the following ones. It ſeems from the prologue to the play of *Henry* VIII. that Shakſpeare's fools ſhould be dreſſed "in a long motley coat, guarded with yellow;" but the fool upon my window is not ſo habited; and he has upon his head a hood, which I apprehend might be the coverture of the fool's head before the days of Shakſpeare, when it was a cap with a comb like a cock's, as both Dr. Warburton and Dr. Johnſon aſſert, and they ſeem juſtified in doing ſo from king Lear's fool giving Kent his cap, and calling it his coxcombe. I am uncertain whether any judgment can be formed from the manner of ſpelling the inſcrolled inſcription upon the May-pole, upon which is diſplayed the old banner of England, and not the union flag of Great Britain, or St. George's red croſs and St. Andrew's white croſs joined together, which was ordered by king James in 1606, as Stowe's *Chronicle* certifies. Only one of the doublets has buttons, which I conceive were common in Queen Elizabeth's reign; nor have any of the figures ruffs, which faſhion commenced in the latter days of Henry VIII. and from their want of beards alſo I am inclined to ſuppoſe they were delineated before the year 1535, when king Henry VIII. "commanded all about his court to poll their heads, and cauſed his own to be polled, and his beard to be notted, and no more ſhaven." Probably the glaſs was painted in his youthful days, when he delighted in May games, unleſs it may be judged to be of much higher antiquity by almoſt two centuries.

Such are my conjectures upon a ſubject of much obſcurity; but it is high time to reſign it to one more converſant with the hiſtory of our ancient dreſſes. TOLLET.

KING HENRY IV.

PART II.

Perſons Repreſented.

King Henry *the Fourth:*
Henry, *Prince of* Wales, *afterwards* K. Henry V.
Thomas, *Duke of* Clarence.
Prince John *of* Lancaſter *, *afterwards* (2 Henry V.) *Duke* of Bedford.
Prince Humphrey *of* Gloſter, *afterwards* (2 Henry V.) *Duke of* Gloſter.
} *his ſons.*

Earl of Warwick. Earl of Weſtmoreland.
Gower. Harcourt.
} *of the king's party.*

Lord Chief Juſtice of the King's Bench.
A Gentleman attending on the Chief Juſtice.

Earl of Northumberland;
Scroop, *Archbiſhop of* York;
Lord Mowbray; Lord Haſtings;
Lord Bardolph; Sir John Colevile;
} *enemies to the king.*

Travers *and* Morton; *domeſticks of* Northumberland.
Falſtaff, Bardolph, Piſtol, *and* Page.
Poins *and* Peto; *attendants on Prince* Henry.
Shallow *and* Silence, *country juſtices.*
Davy, *ſervant to* Shallow.
Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, *and* Bullcalf; *recruits.*
Phang *and* Snare; *ſheriff's officers.*
Rumour. A Porter.
A Dancer, ſpeaker of the Epilogue.

Lady Northumberland.
Lady Percy.
Hoſteſs Quickly.
Doll Tear-ſheet.

Lords and other Attendants; Officers, Soldiers, Meſſenger, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

SCENE, England.

* Our author has in one place improperly called this prince, *Duke* of Lancaſter; but in general, throughout the play, he is rightly entitled *Prince* John, or *Lord* John, of Lancaſter. MALONE.

INDUCTION.

Warkworth. *Before* Northumberland's *Caſtle.*

Enter Rumour[1], *painted full of tongues*[2].

Rum. Open your ears; For which of you will ſtop
The vent of hearing when loud Rumour ſpeaks?

[1] *Enter Rumour.*—] This ſpeech of Rumour is not inelegant or unpoetical, but it is wholly uſeleſs, ſince we are told nothing which the firſt ſcene does not clearly and naturally diſcover. The only end of ſuch prologues is to inform the audience of ſome facts previous to the action, of which they can have no knowledge from the perſons of the drama. JOHNSON.

Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues.] This the author probably drew from Holinſhed's *Deſcription of a Pageant*, exhibited in the court of Henry VIII. with uncommon coſt and magnificence: "Then entered a perſon called *Report*, apparelled in crimſon ſattin, *full of toongs*, or chronicles." Vol. III. p. 805. This however might be the common way of repreſenting this perſonage in maſques, which were frequent in his own times. T. WARTON.

Stephen Hawes, in his *Paſtime of Pleaſure*, had long ago exhibited her [*Rumour*] in the ſame manner:

"A goodly lady, envyroned about
"With *tongues* of fire."—

And ſo had ſir Thomas Moore, in one of his Pageants:

"*Fame* I am called, mervayle you nothing
"Thoughe with *tonges* I am compaſſed all rounde."

Not to mention her elaborate portrait by Chaucer, in *The Booke of Fame*: and by John Higgins, one of the aſſiſtants in *The Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, in his *Legend of King Albanacte*. FARMER.

In a maſque preſented on St. Stephen's night, 1614, by Thomas Campion, *Rumour* comes on in a ſkin-coat *full of* winged *tongues*.

Rumour is likewiſe a character in *Sir Clyomon, Knight of the Golden Shield*, &c. 1599.

So alſo in the whole magnificent entertainment given to king James, the queen his wife, &c. &c. 15th March, 1603, by Thomas Decker, 4to. 1604: "Directly under her in a cart by herſelf, *Fame* ſtood upright: a woman in a watchet roabe, thickly ſet with *open eyes* and *tongues*, a payre of large golden winges at her backe, a trumpet in her hand, a mantle of ſundry cullours traverſing her body: all theſe enſignes diſplaying but the propertie of her ſwiftneſſe, and aptneſs to diſperſe *Rumoure*." STEEVENS.

I, from the orient to the drooping weſt [3],
Making the wind my poſt-horſe, ſtill unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual ſlanders ride;
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with falſe reports.
I ſpeak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the ſmile of ſafety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful muſters, and prepar'd defence;
Whilſt the big year, ſwoll'n with ſome other griefs,
Is thought with child by the ſtern tyrant war,
And no ſuch matter? Rumour is a pipe [4]
Blown by ſurmiſes, jealouſies, conjectures;
And of ſo eaſy and ſo plain a ſtop,
That the blunt monſter with uncounted heads,
The ſtill-diſcordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my houſhold? Why is Rumour here?
I run before king Harry's victory;
Who, in a bloody field by Shrewſbury,
Hath beaten down young Hotſpur, and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To ſpeak ſo true at firſt? my office is
To noiſe abroad,—that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotſpur's ſword;
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peaſant towns
Between that royal field of Shrewſbury

[2] — *painted full of tongues.*] This direction, which is only to be found in the firſt edition in quarto of 1600, explains a paſſage in what follows, otherwiſe obſcure. POPE.

[3] — *to the* drooping *weſt,*] A paſſage in *Macbeth* will beſt ſhew the force of this epithet:

"Good things of day begin to *droop* and drowſe,
"And night's black agents to their preys do rouſe." MALONE.

[4] *Rumour is a pipe*] Here the poet imagines himſelf deſcribing *Rumour*, and forgets that *Rumour* is the ſpeaker. JOHNSON.

And

And this worm-eaten hold of ragged ſtone [5],
Where Hotſpur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-ſick: the poſts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me; From Rumour's tongues
They bring ſmooth comforts falſe, worſe than true wrongs.
[*Exit.*

5 *And this worm-eaten* hold *of ragged ſtone,*] The old copies read—worm-eaten *hole.* MALONE.

Northumberland had retired and fortified himſelf in his caſtle, a place of ſtrength in thoſe times, though the building might be impaired by its antiquity; and, therefore, I believe our poet wrote:

And this worm-eaten hold *of ragged ſtone.* THEOBALD.

Theobald is certainly right. So, in *K. Henry* VI. P. III:

"She is hard by with twenty thouſand men,
"And therefore fortify your *hold,* my lord." STEEVENS.

SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY IV[1].

ACT I. SCENE I.

The ſame.

The Porter before the gate; Enter lord BARDOLPH.

Bard. Who keeps the gate here, ho?—Where is the earl?

Port. What ſhall I ſay you are?

Bard. Tell thou the earl,
That the lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Port. His lordſhip is walk'd forth into the orchard;
Pleaſe it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himſelf will anſwer.

[1] The tranſactions comprized in this hiſtory take up about nine years. The action commences with the account of Hotſpur's being defeated and killed [1603]; and cloſes with the death of king Henry IV. and the coronation of king Henry V. [1412-13.] THEOBALD.

This play was enter'd at Stationers' Hall, Auguſt 23, 1600. STEEVENS.

The Second Part of King Henry IV. I ſuppoſe to have been written in 1598. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's Plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

Mr. Upton thinks theſe two plays improperly called *The Firſt* and *Second Parts of Henry the Fourth*. The firſt play ends, he ſays, with the peaceful ſettlement of Henry in the kingdom by the defeat of the rebels. This is hardly true; for the rebels are not yet finally ſuppreſſed. The ſecond, he tells us, ſhews Henry the Fifth in the various lights of a good-natured rake, till, on his father's death, he aſſumes a more manly character. This is true; but this repreſentation gives us no idea of a dramatick action. Theſe two plays will appear to every reader, who ſhall peruſe them without ambition of critical diſcoveries, to be ſo connected, that the ſecond is merely a ſequel to the firſt; to be two only becauſe they are too long to be one. JOHNSON.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Bard. Here comes the earl.

North. What news, lord Bardolph? every minute now
Should be the father of ſome ſtratagem:
The times are wild; contention, like a horſe
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke looſe,
And bears down all before him.

Bard. Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewſbury.

North. Good, an heaven will!

Bard. As good as heart can wiſh:—
The king is almoſt wounded to the death;
And, in the fortune of my lord your ſon,
Prince Harry ſlain outright; and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas: young prince John,
And Weſtmoreland, and Stafford, fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk ſir John,
Is priſoner to your ſon: O, ſuch a day,
So fought, ſo follow'd, and ſo fairly won,
Came not, till now, to dignify the times,
Since Cæſar's fortunes!

North. How is this deriv'd?
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewſbury?

Bard. I ſpake with one, my lord, that came from thence;
A gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me theſe news for true.

North. Here comes my ſervant Travers, whom I ſent
On Tueſday laſt to liſten after news.

Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way;
And he is furniſh'd with no certainties,
More than he haply may retail from me.

Enter TRAVERS.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you?

Tra. My lord, ſir John Umfrevile turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,

Out-

Out-rode me. After him, came, ſpurring hard,
A gentleman almoſt forſpent with ſpeed[2],
That ſtopp'd by me to breathe his bloody'd horſe:
He aſk'd the way to Cheſter; and of him
I did demand, what news from Shrewſbury.
He told me, that rebellion had bad luck,
And that young Harry Percy's ſpur was cold:
With that, he gave his able horſe the head,
And, bending forward, ſtruck his armed heels
Againſt the panting ſides of his poor jade[3]
Up to the rowel-head[4]; and, ſtarting ſo,
He ſeem'd in running to devour the way[5],
Staying no longer queſtion.

North. Ha!—Again.
Said he, young Harry Percy's ſpur was cold?
Of Hotſpur, coldſpur[6]? that rebellion
Had met ill luck?

Bard.

2 —forſpent *with ſpeed,*] To *forſpend* is to waſte, to exhauſt. So, in ſir A. Gorge's tranſlation of *Lucan*, b. vii:

" ——— crabbed fires *forſpent* with age." STEEVENS.

3 —*poor jade*] *Poor jade* is uſed not in contempt, but in compaſſion. *Poor jade* means the horſe wearied with his journey.

Jade, however, ſeems anciently to have ſignify'd what we now call a *hackney*; a beaſt employed in drudgery, oppoſed to a horſe kept for ſhow, or to be rid by its maſter. So, in a comedy called *A Knack to know a Knave*, 1594: " Beſides, I'll give you the keeping of a dozen *jades*, and now and then meat for you and your *horſe*." This is ſaid by a *farmer* to a *courtier*. STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare, however, (as Mr. Steevens has obſerved) certainly does not uſe the word as a term of contempt; for King Richard the Second gives this appellation to his favourite horſe Roan Barbary, on which Henry the Fourth rode at his coronation:

" That *jade* hath eat bread from my royal hand." MALONE.

4 —*rowel-head*;] I think that I have obſerved in old prints the *rowel* of thoſe times to have been only a ſingle ſpike. JOHNSON.

5 *He ſeem'd in running to devour the way,*] So, in *The Book of Job*, chap. xxxix: " He *ſwalloweth* the ground in fierceneſs and rage. STEEVENS.

So, in one of the Roman poets (I forget which):

" — curſu conſumere campum." BLACKSTONE.

The line quoted by Sir William Blackſtone is in NEMESIAN:

" — latumque *fuga* conſumere campum." MALONE.

6 *Of* Hotſpur, *coldſpur?*] *Hotſpur* ſeems to have been a very common

Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what;—
If my young lord your ſon have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a ſilken point[7]
I'll give my barony: never talk of it.

North. Why ſhould the gentleman, that rode by Travers,
Give then ſuch inſtances of loſs?

Bard. Who, he?
He was ſome hilding[8] fellow, that had ſtol'n
The horſe he rode on; and, upon my life,
Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

Enter MORTON.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf[9],
Foretells the nature of a tragick volume:
So looks the ſtrond, whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witneſs'd uſurpation.—
Say, Morton, did'ſt thou come from Shrewſbury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewſbury, my noble lord;
Where hateful death put on his ugliеſt maſk,
To fright our party.

North. How doth my ſon, and brother?
Thou trembleſt; and the whiteneſs in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even ſuch a man, ſo faint, ſo ſpiritleſs,
So dull, ſo dead in look, ſo woe-begone[1],
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,

mon term for a man of vehemence and precipitation. Stanyhurſt, who tranſlated four books of *Virgil*, in 1584, renders the following line,

Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile.

"To couch not mounting of mayſter vanquiſher *boatſpur*."

STEEVENS.

7 —*ſilken point*] A *point* is a ſtring tagged, or lace. JOHNSON.

8 —*ſome* hilding—] For *bilderling*, i. e. baſe, degenerate. POPE. *Hilderling*, degener, vox adhuc agro Devon. familiaris. *Spelman.* REED.

9 —*like to a title-leaf*,] It may not be amiſs to obſerve, that in the time of our poet, the title-page to an elegy as well as every intermediate leaf, was totally black. I have ſeveral in my poſſeſſion, written by Chapman the tranſlator of *Homer*, and ornamented in this manner. STEEVENS.

1 —*ſo* woe-begone,] *far gone in woe.* WARBURTON.

And

And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd:
But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'ſt it.
This thou would'ſt ſay,—Your ſon did thus, and thus;
Your brother, thus; ſo fought the noble Douglas;
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:
But in the end, to ſtop mine ear indeed,
Thou haſt a ſigh to blow away this praiſe,
Ending with—brother, ſon, and all are dead.

Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet:
But, for my lord your ſon,—

North. Why, he is dead.
See, what a ready tongue ſuſpicion hath!
He, that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath, by inſtinct, knowledge from others' eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet ſpeak, Morton;
Tell thou thy earl, his divination lies;
And I will take it as a ſweet diſgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me ſuch wrong.

Mor. You are too great to be by me gainſaid:
Your ſpirit [2] is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, ſay not [3] that Percy's dead.
I ſee

[2] *Your ſpirit*] The impreſſion upon your mind, by which you conceive the death of your ſon. JOHNSON.

[3] *Yet, for all this, ſay not* &c.] The contradiction in the firſt part of this ſpeech might be imputed to the diſtraction of Northumberland's mind; but the calmneſs of the reflection, contained in the laſt lines, ſeems not much to countenance ſuch a ſuppoſition. I will venture to diſtribute this paſſage in a manner which will, I hope, ſeem more commodious; but do not wiſh the reader to forget, that the moſt commodious is not always the true reading:

Bard. *Yet, for all this, ſay not that Percy's dead.*
North. *I ſee a ſtrange confeſſion in thine eye;*
Thou ſhak'ſt thy head, and hold'ſt it fear, or ſin,
To ſpeak a truth. If he be ſlain, ſay ſo:
The tongue offends not, that reports his death;
And he doth ſin, that doth belie the dead,
Not he that ſaith the dead is not alive.
Mor. *Yet the firſt bringer of unwelcome news*
Hath but a loſing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a ſullen bell, &c.

Here is a natural interpoſition of Bardolph at the beginning, who is

I ſee a ſtrange confeſſion in thine eye:
Thou ſhak'ſt thy head; and hold'ſt it fear, or ſin[4],
To ſpeak a truth. If he be ſlain, ſay ſo[5]:
The tongue offends not, that reports his death:
And he doth ſin, that doth belie the dead;
Not he, which ſays the dead is not alive.
Yet the firſt bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a loſing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a ſullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend[6].

Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your ſon is dead.

Mor. I am ſorry, I ſhould force you to believe
That, which I would to heaven I had not ſeen:
But theſe mine eyes ſaw him in bloody ſtate,
Rend'ring faint quittance[7], wearied and out-breath'd,
To Harry Monmouth; whoſe ſwift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more ſprung up.
In few, his death, (whoſe ſpirit lent a fire
Even to the dulleſt peaſant in his camp,)
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the beſt temper'd courage in his troops:

is not pleaſed to hear his news confuted, and a proper preparation of Morton for the tale which he is unwilling to tell. JOHNSON.

4 —*hold'ſt it* fear, *or ſin,*] *Fear* for danger. WARBURTON.

5 *If he be ſlain, ſay ſo:*] The words *ſay ſo* are in the firſt folio, but not in the quarto: they are neceſſary to the verſe, but the ſenſe proceeds as well without them. JOHNSON.

6 *Sounds ever after as a* ſullen *bell,*
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.] So, in our author's 71ſt *Sonnet:*

" ——you ſhall hear the ſurly *ſullen* bell
" Give warning to the world that *I am fled.*"

This ſignificant epithet has been adopted by Milton:

" I hear the far-off curfew ſound,
" Over ſome wide water'd ſhore
" Swinging ſlow with *ſullen* roar."

Departing, I believe, is here uſed for *departed.* MALONE.

7 —*faint* quittance,] *Quittance* is return. By *faint quittance* is meant a *faint return of blows.* So, in another play:

" We ſhall forget the office of our hand
" Sooner than *quittance* of deſert and merit." STEEVENS.

For from his metal was his party ſteel'd;
Which once in him abated [8], all the reſt
Turn'd on themſelves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing that's heavy in itſelf,
Upon enforcement, flies with greateſt ſpeed;
So did our men, heavy in Hotſpur's loſs,
Lend to this weight ſuch lightneſs with their fear,
That arrows fled not ſwifter toward their aim,
Than did our ſoldiers, aiming at their ſafety,
Fly from the field: Then was that noble Worceſter
Too ſoon ta'en priſoner: and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whoſe well-labouring ſword
Had three times ſlain the appearance of the king,
'Gan vail his ſtomach [9], and did grace the ſhame
Of thoſe that turn'd their backs; and, in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The ſum of all
Is,—that the king hath won; and hath ſent out
A ſpeedy power, to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaſter,
And Weſtmoreland: this is the news at full.

North. For this I ſhall have time enough to mourn.
In poiſon there is phyſick; and theſe news,
Having been well, that would have made me ſick [1],
Being ſick, have in ſome meaſure made me well:
And as the wretch, whoſe fever-weaken'd joints,
Like ſtrengthleſs hinges, buckle [2] under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; even ſo my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,

[8] *Which once in him* abated,] *Abated* means *reduced to a lower temper*, or, as the workmen call it, *let down*. JOHNSON.

[9] *'Gan* vail *his ſtomach,*] Began to fall his courage, to let his ſpirits ſink under his fortune. JOHNSON.

From *avaller*, Fr. to caſt down, or to let fall down. See Vol. III. p. 6, n. 7. MALONE.

Thus, to *vail the bonnet* is to pull it off. To *vail* a ſtaff is to let it fall in token of reſpect. STEEVENS.

[1] *Having been well, that would have made me ſick,*] i. e. that would, had I been well, have made me ſick. MALONE.

[2] —*buckle*—] Bend; yield to preſſure. JOHNSON.

Are

Are thrice themſelves[3]: hence therefore, thou nice crutch;
A ſcaly gauntlet now, with joints of ſteel,
Muſt glove this hand: and hence, thou ſickly quoif;
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which princes, fleſh'd with conqueſt, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron; And approach
The ragged'ſt hour[4] that time and ſpight dare bring,
To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland!
Let heaven kiſs earth! Now let not nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd! let order die!
And let this world no longer be a ſtage,

[3] ——— ——— *even ſo my limbs,*
Weaken'd with grief, *being now enrag'd with grief,*
Are thrice themſelves:] As Northumberland is here comparing himſelf to a perſon, who, though his joints are weakened by a *bodily* diſorder, derives ſtrength from the *diſtemper of the mind*, I formerly propoſed to read—"Weakened with *age*," or, "Weakened with *pain*."

When a word is repeated, without propriety, in the ſame or two ſucceeding lines, there is great reaſon to ſuſpect ſome corruption. Thus, in this ſcene, in the firſt folio, we have "*able* heels," inſtead of "*armed* heels," in conſequence of the word *able* having occurred in the preceding line. So, in *Hamlet:* "Thy *news* ſhall be the *news*," &c. inſtead of —"Thy news ſhall be the *fruit*."—Again, in *Macbeth*, inſtead of "Whom we, to gain our *place*, &c." we find

"Whom we, to gain our *peace*, have ſent to *peace*."

In this conjecture I had once ſome confidence; but it is much diminiſhed by the ſubſequent note, and by my having lately obſerved, that Shakſpeare elſewhere uſes *grief* for *bodily pain*. Falſtaff, in *K. Henry* IV. P. I. p. 246, ſpeaks of "the *grief* of a wound." MALONE.

Grief in ancient language ſignifies, *bodily pain*, as well as *ſorrow*. So in a *Treatiſe of ſundrie Diſeaſes*, &c. by T. T. 1591: —"he being at that time griped ſore, and having *grief* in his lower bellie." *Dolor ventris* is, by our old writers, frequently tranſlated "*grief* of the gutts." I perceive no need of alteration. STEEVENS.

[4] *The* ragged'ſt *hour*—] Mr. Theobald and the ſubſequent editors read—The *rugged'ſt*. But change is unneceſſary, the expreſſion in the text being uſed more than once by our author. In *As you like it* Amiens ſays, his voice is *ragged*; and *rag* is employed as a term of reproach in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, and in *Timon of Athens*. See alſo the Epiſtle prefixed to Spenſer's *Shepherd's Calender*, 1579:—"as thinking them fitteſt for the ruſtical rudeneſs of ſhepheards, either for that their rough ſound would make his rimes more *ragged*, and ruſtical," &c. The modern editors of Spenſer might here ſubſtitute the word *rugged* with juſt as much propriety as it has been ſubſtituted in the preſent paſſage, or in that in *As you like it*. See Vol. III. p. 154, n. 1. MALONE.

To

To feed contention in a lingering act;
But let one ſpirit of the firſt-born Cain
Reign in all boſoms, that, each heart being ſet
On bloody courſes, the rude ſcene may end,
And darkneſs be the burier of the dead [5]!

Tra. This ſtrained paſſion doth you wrong, my lord [6].

Bard. Sweet earl, divorce not wiſdom from your honour.

Mor. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
To ſtormy paſſion, muſt perforce decay.
You caſt the event of war [7], my noble lord,
And ſumm'd the account of chance, before you ſaid,—
Let us make head. It was your preſurmiſe,
That, in the dole of blows [8] your ſon might drop:
You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,
More likely to fall in, than to get o'er [9]:

5 *And darkneſs be the burier of the dead!*] The concluſion of this noble ſpeech is extremely ſtriking. There is no need to ſuppoſe it exactly philoſophical; *darkneſs*, in poetry, may be abſence of eyes, as well as privation of light. Yet we may remark, that by an ancient opinion it has been held, that if the human race, for whom the world was made, were extirpated, the whole ſyſtem of ſublunary nature would ceaſe. JOHNSON.

6 *This ſtrained paſſion*—] This line in the quarto, where alone it is found, is given to Umfreville, who, as Mr. Steevens has obſerved, is ſpoken of in this very ſcene as abſent. It was on this ground probably rejected by the player-editors. It is now, on the ſuggeſtion of Mr. Steevens, attributed to Travers, who is preſent, and yet (as that gentleman has remarked) "is made to ſay nothing on this intereſting occaſion." MALONE.

7 *You caſt the event of war*, &c.] This and the following thirteen lines firſt appeared in the folio, 1623. MALONE.

8 — *in the* dole *of blows* —] The *dole* of blows is the *diſtribution* of blows. *Dole* originally ſignified the portion of alms (conſiſting either of meat or money) that was given away at the door of a nobleman. STEEVENS.

See p. 156, n. 6. MALONE.

9 *You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,*
More likely to fall in, than to get o'er:] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.
"As full of peril and adventurous ſpirit,
"As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud,
"On the unſteadfaſt footing of a ſpear." MALONE.

You

You were advis'd [1], his fleſh was capable
Of wounds, and ſcars; and that his forward ſpirit
Would lift him where moſt trade of danger rang'd;
Yet did you ſay,—Go forth; and none of this,
Though ſtrongly apprehended, could reſtrain
The ſtiff-borne action: What hath then befallen,
Or what hath this bold enterprize brought forth,
More than that being which was like to be?

Bard. We all, that are engaged to this loſs,
Knew that we ventur'd on ſuch dangerous ſeas,
That, if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one:
Aud yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd
Chok'd the reſpect of likely peril fear'd;
And, ſince we are o'er-ſet, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth; body, and goods.

Mor. 'Tis more than time: And, my moſt noble lord
I hear for certain, and do ſpeak the truth,—
The gentle archbiſhop of York is up [2],
With well-appointed powers; he is a man,
Who with a double ſurety binds his followers.
My lord your ſon had only but the corps,
But ſhadows, and the ſhews of men, to fight:
For that ſame word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their ſouls;
And they did fight with queaſineſs, conſtrain'd,
As men drink potions; that their weapons only
Seem'd on our ſide, but, for their ſpirits and ſouls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fiſh are in a pond: But now the biſhop
Turns inſurrection to religion:
Suppos'd ſincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's follow'd both with body and with mind;

[1] *You were* advis'd,] i. e. you *knew*. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Vol. I. p. 137:

"How ſhall I dote on her with more *advice*.—" MALONE.

[2] *The gentle* &c.] This and the following twenty lines are not found in the quarto, 1600, either from ſome inadvertence of the tranſcriber or compoſitor, or from the printer not having been able to procure a perfect copy. They firſt appeared in the folio, 1623; but it is manifeſt that they were written at the ſame time with the reſt of the play, Northumberland's anſwer referring to them. MALONE.

And

And doth enlarge his riſing with the blood
Of fair king Richard, ſcrap'd from Pomfret ſtones:
Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his cauſe;
Tells them, he doth beſtride a bleeding land[3],
Gaſping for life under great Bolingbroke;
And more, and leſs[4], do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before; but, to ſpeak truth,
This preſent grief had wip'd it from my mind.
Go in with me; and counſel every man
The apteſt way for ſafety, and revenge:
Get poſts, and letters, and make friends with ſpeed;
Never ſo few, and never yet more need. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

London. *A Street.*

Enter Sir John FALSTAFF, *with his Page bearing his ſword and buckler.*

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what ſays the doctor to my water[5]?

Page.

3 *Tells them, he doth beſtride a bleeding land,*] That is, ſtands over his country to defend her as ſhe lies bleeding on the ground. So Falſtaff before ſays to the prince, *If thou ſee me down, Hal, and beſtride me, ſo; it is an office of friendſhip.* JOHNSON.

4 —*more, and leſs,*] *More* and *leſs* means *greater and leſs.* STEEVENS.

5 —*what ſays the doctor to my water?*] The method of inveſtigating diſeaſes by the inſpection of urine only, was once ſo much the faſhion, that Linacre, the founder of the College of Phyſicians, formed a ſtatute to reſtrain apothecaries from carrying the *water* of their patients to a doctor, and afterwards giving medicines in conſequence of the opinions they received concerning it. This ſtatute was, ſoon after, followed by another, which forbade the doctors themſelves to pronounce on any diſorder from ſuch an uncertain diagnoſtic.

John Day, the author of a comedy called *Law Tricks, or Who would have thought it?* 1608, deſcribes an apothecary thus: "— his houſe is ſet round with patients twice or thrice a day, and becauſe they'll be ſure not to want drink, every one brings *his own water* in an urinal with him."

It will ſcarce be believed hereafter, that in the years 1775 and 1776, a German, who had been a ſervant in a publick riding-ſchool,

Page. He ſaid, ſir, the water itſelf was a good healthy water: but, for the party that owed it, he might have more diſeaſes than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all ſorts take a pride to gird at me [6]: The brain of this fooliſh-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myſelf, but the cauſe that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a ſow, that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my ſervice for any other reaſon than to ſet me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whoreſon mandrake [7], thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never mann'd with an agate [8] till now: but I will ſet you neither in gold nor ſilver, but in vile apparel, and ſend you back again to your maſter, for a jewel; the juvenal [9], the prince your maſter, whoſe chin is not yet fledg'd. I will ſooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he ſhall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not ſtick to ſay, his face is a face-royal: God may finiſh it when he will, it is not a hair amiſs yet; he

(from which he was diſcharged for inſufficiency,) revived this exploded practice of *water-caſting*. After he had amply encreaſed the bills of mortality, and been publicly hung up to the ridicule of thoſe who had too much ſenſe to conſult him, as a monument of the folly of his patients, he retired with a princely fortune, and perhaps is now indulging a hearty laugh at the expence of Engliſh credulity. STEEVENS.

[6] —*to* gird *at me:*] i. e. to gibe. STEEVENS.

[7] —*mandrake,*] *Mandrake* is a root ſuppoſed to have the ſhape of a man; it is now counterfeited with the root of briony. JOHNSON.

[8] *I was never mann'd with an agate,*] That is, I never before had an agate for my *man*. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton thinks our author meant to allude "to the little figures cut in *agates*, and other hard ſtones, for ſeals: and therefore he ſays, *I will ſet you neither in gold nor ſilver.*" But I believe an *agate* is uſed merely to expreſs any thing remarkably *little*, without any alluſion to the figure cut upon it. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Vol. II. p. 249:

"If *low*, an *agate* very vilely cut." MALONE.

[9] —*the juvenal,*] This term, which has already occurred in *The Midſummer Night's Dream*, and *Love's Labour's Loſt*, is uſed in many places by Chaucer, and always ſignifies a young man. STEEVENS.

may

may keep it ſtill as a face-royal[1], for a barber ſhall never earn ſixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever ſince his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almoſt out of mine, I can aſſure him.—What ſaid maſter Dumbleton[2] about the ſattin for my ſhort cloak, and ſlops?

Page. He ſaid, ſir, you ſhould procure him better aſſurance than Bardolph: he would not take his bond and yours; he liked not the ſecurity.

Fal. Let him be damn'd like the glutton! may his tongue be hotter[3]!—A whoreſon Achitophel! a raſcally yea-forſooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand[4], and then ſtand upon ſecurity!—The whoreſon ſmoothpates do now wear nothing but high ſhoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honeſt taking up[5], then they muſt ſtand upon—ſecurity.

[1] —*he may keep it ſtill* as *a face-royal,*] That is, a face exempt from the touch of vulgar hands. So a *ſtag-royal* is not to be hunted, a *mine-royal* is not to be dug. JOHNSON.

Old Copies—*at* a face-royal. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

Perhaps this quibbling alluſion is to the Engliſh *real, rial,* or *royal.* The poet ſeems to mean that a barber can no more earn ſix-pence by his *face-royal,* than by the face ſtamped on the coin called a *royal*; the one requiring as little ſhaving as the other. STEEVENS.

[2] —*Dumbleton*—] The folio has *Dombledon*; the quarto, *Dommelton.* I have lately obſerved that *Dumbleton* is the name of a town in Glouceſterſhire. The reading of the folio is therefore probably the true one. STEEVENS.

The reading of the quarto (the original copy) appears to be only a miſpelling of *Dumbleton.* MALONE.

[3] *Let him be damn'd like the glutton! let his tongue be hotter!*] An alluſion to the fate of the rich man, who had fared ſumptuouſly every day, when he requeſted a drop of water to cool his tongue, being tormented with the flames. HENLEY.

[4] —*to bear in hand,*] is, to keep in expectation. JOHNSON. So, in Macbeth:

"—How you were *borne in hand,* how croſt." STEEVENS.

[5] —*if a man is* thorough *with them in honeſt taking up,*] That is, *if a man by taking up goods* is in their debt. To be *thorough* ſeems to be the ſame with the preſent phraſe,—to be *in with* a tradeſman. JOHNSON.

So, in *Northward Hoe,* by Decker and Webſter, 1607: "They will *take up,* I warrant you, where they may be truſted." STEEVENS.

I had as lief they would put ratſbane in my mouth, as offer to ſtop it with ſecurity. I look'd he ſhould have ſent me two and twenty yards of ſattin, as I am a true knight, and he ſends me ſecurity. Well, he may ſleep in ſecurity; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightneſs of his wife ſhines through it: and yet cannot he ſee, though he have his own lantern to light him [6].— Where's Bardolph?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worſhip a horſe.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's [7], and he'll buy me a horſe in Smithfield: an I could get me but a wife in the ſtews, I were mann'd, horſed, and wived.

Enter

[6] — *the lightneſs of his wife ſhines through it: and yet cannot he ſee, though he have his own lantern to light him.*] This joke ſeems evidently to have been taken from that of Plautus: "*Quò ambulas tu, qui Vulcanum in cornu concluſum geris?*" Amph. Act I. Scene I. and much improved. We need not doubt that a joke was here intended by Plautus; for the proverbial term of *horns* for *cuckoldom*, is very ancient, as appears by Artemidorus, who ſays: Προειπεῖν αὐτῷ ὅτι ἡ γυνή σου πορνεύσει, καὶ τὸ λεγόμενον, κέρατα αὐτῷ ποιήσει, ἢ οὕτως ἀπέβη. Ὀνειροκ. lib. ii. cap. 12. And he copied from thoſe before him. WARBURTON.

[7] *I bought him in Paul's,*] At that time the reſort of idle people, cheats, and knights of the poſt. WARBURTON.

So, in *Fearful and Lamentable Effects of Two dangerous Comets*, &c. no date; by Naſhe, in ridicule of Gabriel Harvey: "*Paule's* church is in wonderful perill thys yeare without the help of our conſcionable brethren, for that day it hath not eyther broker, *maiſterleſs ſerving-man*, or pennileſſe companion, in the middle of it, the uſurers of London have ſworne to beſtow a newe ſteeple upon it."

In an old *Collection of Proverbs*, I find the following: "Who goes to Weſtminſter for a wife, to *St. Paul's for a man*, and to Smithfield for a horſe, may meet with a whore, a knave, and a jade."

In a pamphlet by Dr. Lodge, called *Wit's Miſerie, and the World's Madneſſe*, 1596, the devil is deſcribed thus:

"In *Powls* hee walketh like a gallant courtier, where if he meet ſome rich chuffes worth the gulling, at every word he ſpeaketh, he makes a mouſe an elephant, and telleth them of wonders, done in Spaine by his anceſtors, &c. &c."

I ſhould not have troubled the reader with this quotation, but that it in ſome meaſure familiarizes the character of Piſtol, which (from other paſſages in the ſame pamphlet) appears to have been no uncommon one in the time of Shakſpeare. Dr. Lodge concludes his deſcription

Enter the Lord Chief Juſtice [8], *and an* Attendant.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for ſtriking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait cloſe, I will not ſee him.

Ch. Juſt. What's he that goes there?

Atten. Falſtaff, an't pleaſe your lordſhip.

Ch. Juſt. He that was in queſtion for the robbery?

Atten. He, my lord: but he hath ſince done good ſervice at Shrewſbury: and, as I hear, is now going with ſome charge to the lord John of Lancaſter.

Ch. Juſt. What, to York? Call him back again.

Atten. Sir John Falſtaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deaf.

Page. You muſt ſpeak louder, my maſter is deaf.

Ch. Juſt. I am ſure, he is, to the hearing of any thing good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow; I muſt ſpeak with him.

Atten. Sir John,—

Fal. What! a young knave, and beg! Is there not wars? is there not employment? Doth not the king lack ſubjects? do not the rebels need ſoldiers? Though it be a ſhame to be on any ſide but one, it is worſe ſhame to beg than to be on the worſt ſide, were it worſe than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

tion thus: "His courage is boaſting, his learning ignorance, his ability weakneſs, and his end beggary."—I learn from a paſſage in Greene's *Diſputation between a He Coneycatcher and a She Coneycatcher*, 1592, that *St. Paul's* was a privileged place, ſo that no debtor could be arreſted within its precincts. STEEVENS.

"It was the faſhion of thoſe times" [the times of K. James I.] ſays Oſborne, in his MEMOIRS of that monarch, "and did ſo continue till theſe, [the interregnum,] for the principal gentry, lords, courtiers, and men of all profeſſions, not merely mechanicks, to meet in St. Paul's church by eleven, and walk in the middle iſle till twelve, and after dinner from three to ſix; during which time ſome diſcourſed of buſineſs, others of news. Now, in regard of the univerſal commerce there happened little that did not firſt or laſt arrive here." MALONE.

[8] —*Chief Juſtice,*] This judge was ſir William Gaſcoigne, Chief Juſtice of the King's Bench. He died December 17, 1413, and was buried in Harwood church in Yorkſhire. His effigy, in judicial robes, is on his monument. STEEVENS.

His portrait, copied from the monument, may be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. 51, p. 516. MALONE.

Atten. You miſtake me, ſir.

Fal. Why, ſir, did I ſay you were an honeſt man? ſetting my knighthood and my ſoldierſhip aſide, I had lied in my throat if I had ſaid ſo.

Atten. I pray you, ſir, then ſet your knighthood and your ſoldierſhip aſide; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you ſay I am any other than an honeſt man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me ſo! I lay aſide that which grows to me! If thou get'ſt any leave of me, hang me; if thou takeſt leave, thou wert better be hang'd: You hunt-counter[9], hence! avaunt!

Atten. Sir, my lord would ſpeak with you.

Ch. Juſt. Sir John Falſtaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord!—God give your lordſhip good time of day. I am glad to ſee your lordſhip abroad: I heard ſay, your lordſhip was ſick: I hope, your lordſhip goes abroad by advice. Your lordſhip, though not clean paſt your youth, hath yet ſome ſmack of age in you, ſome reliſh of the ſaltneſs of time; and I moſt humbly beſeech your lordſhip, to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Juſt. Sir John, I ſent for you before your expedition to Shrewſbury.

Fal. An't pleaſe your lordſhip, I hear, his majeſty is return'd with ſome diſcomfort from Wales.

Ch. Juſt. I talk not of his majeſty:—You would not come when I ſent for you.

9 —*bunt-counter,*] That is, blunderer. He does not, I think, allude to any relation between the judge's ſervant and the counter-priſon. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon's explanation may be ſupported by the following paſſage in B. Jonſon's *Tale of the Tub:*

" ——Do you mean to make a hare
" Of me, *to bunt counter* thus, and make theſe doubles,
" And you mean no ſuch thing as you ſend about?"

Again, in *Hamlet:*

" O, this is *counter*, you falſe Daniſh dogs." STEEVENS.

I think it much more probable that Falſtaff means to allude to the *counter*-priſon. Sir T. Overbury in his character of *A Serjeant's yeoman*, 1616, (in modern language, a *bailiff's follower*,) calls him " a *Counter*-rat. MALONE.

Fal.

Fal. And I hear moreover, his highneſs is fallen into this ſame whoreſon apoplexy.

Ch. Juſt. Well, heaven mend him! I pray, let me ſpeak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't pleaſe your lordſhip; a kind of ſleeping in the blood, a whoreſon tingling.

Ch. Juſt. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from ſtudy, and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cauſe of his effects in Galen; it is a kind of deafneſs.

Ch. Juſt. I think, you are fallen into the diſeaſe; for you hear not what I ſay to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well[1]: rather, an't

[1] Fal. *Very well, my lord, very well:*] In the quarto edition, printed in 1600, this ſpeech ſtands thus:

Old. *Very well, my lord, very well:*—

I had not obſerved this, when I wrote my note to *The Firſt Part of Henry IV.* concerning the tradition of Falſtaff's character having been firſt called Oldcaſtle. This almoſt amounts to a ſelf-evident proof of the thing being ſo: and that the play being printed from the ſtage manuſcript, Oldcaſtle had been all along altered into Falſtaff, except in this ſingle place by an overſight; of which the printers not being aware, continued theſe initial traces of the original name. THEOBALD.

I am unconvinced by Mr. Theobald's remark. *Old.* might have been the beginning of ſome actor's name. Thus we have *Kempe* and *Cowley* inſtead of *Dogberry* and *Verges* in the 4to edit. of *Much Ado*, &c. 1600. Names utterly unconnected with the perſonæ dramatis of Shakſpeare, are ſometimes introduced as entering on the ſtage. Thus, in *The Second Part of K. Henry IV.* edit. 1600: "Enter the Archbiſhop, Thomas Mowbray (Earle Marſhall) the Lord Haſtings, *Fauconbridge*, and Bardolfe." Sig. B 4.—Again: "Enter the Prince, Poynes, *Sir John Ruſſel*, with others." Sig. C 3.—Again, in *K. Henry V.* 1600: "Enter Burbon, Conſtable, Orleance, *Gebon*." Sig. D 2.

Old might have been inſerted by a miſtake of the ſame kind; or indeed through the lazineſs of compoſitors, who occaſionally permit the letters that form ſuch names as frequently occur, to remain together, when the reſt of the page is diſtributed. Thus it ſometimes will happen that one name is ſubſtituted for another. This obſervation will be well underſtood by thoſe who have been engaged in long attendance on a printing-houſe; and thoſe to whom my remark appears obſcure, need not to lament their ignorance, as this kind of knowledge is uſually

pleaſe you, it is the diſeaſe of not liſtening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Juſt. To puniſh you by the heels, would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not, if I do become your phyſician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord; but not ſo patient: your lordſhip may miniſter the potion of impriſonment to me, in reſpect of poverty; but how I ſhould be your patient to follow your preſcriptions, the wiſe may make ſome dram of a ſcruple, or, indeed, a ſcruple itſelf.

Ch. Juſt. I ſent for you, when there were matters againſt you for your life, to come ſpeak with me.

Fal. As I was then adviſed by my learned counſel in the laws of this land-ſervice, I did not come.

Ch. Juſt. Well, the truth is, ſir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in leſs.

Ch. Juſt. Your means are very ſlender, and your waſte is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwiſe; I would my means were greater, and my waiſt ſlenderer.

Ch. Juſt. You have miſ-led the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath miſ-led me: I am the

ally purchaſed at the expence of much time, patience, and diſappointment. STEEVENS.

I entirely agree with Mr. Steevens in thinking that Mr. Theobald's remark is of no weight. Having already diſcuſſed the ſubject very fully, it is here only neceſſary to refer the reader to p. 119, n. 1, in which I think I have ſhewn that there is no proof whatſoever that Falſtaff ever was called Oldcaſtle in theſe plays. The letters prefixed to this ſpeech crept into the firſt quarto copy, I have no doubt, merely from *Oldcaſtle* being, behind the ſcenes, the familiar theatrical appellation of Falſtaff, who was his ſtage-ſucceſſor. All the actors, copyiſts, &c. were undoubtedly well acquainted with the former character, and probably uſed the two names indiſcriminately.—Mr. Steevens's ſuggeſtion that *Old.* might have been the beginning of ſome actor's name, does not appear to me probable; becauſe in the liſt of "the names of the *principal* actors in all theſe plays" prefixed to the firſt folio, there is no actor whoſe name begins with this ſyllable; and we may be ſure that the part of Falſtaff was performed by a *principal* actor. MALONE.

fellow

fellow with the great belly, and he my dog [2].

Ch. Juſt. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound; your day's ſervice at Shrewſbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gads-hill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-poſting that action.

Fal. My lord?

Ch. Juſt. But ſince all is well, keep it ſo: wake not a ſleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf, is as bad as to ſmell a fox.

Ch. Juſt. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A waſſel candle, my lord; all tallow: if I did ſay of wax, my growth would approve the truth [3].

Ch. Juſt. There is not a white hair on your face, but ſhould have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Ch. Juſt. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not ſo, my lord; your ill angel is light [4]; but, I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing: and yet, in ſome reſpects, I grant, I cannot go [5], I cannot tell [6]: Virtue is of ſo little regard in theſe

2 — *he my dog.*] I do not underſtand this joke. Dogs lead the blind, but why does a dog lead the fat? JOHNSON.

If the *fellow's great belly* prevented him from *ſeeing* his way, he would want a *dog*, as well as a *blind* man. FARMER.

And though he had no abſolute occaſion for him, Shakſpeare would ſtill have ſupplied him with one. He ſeems to have been very little ſolicitous that his compariſons ſhould anſwer completely on both ſides. It was enough for him that *men* were ſometimes led by dogs. MALONE.

3 *A waſſel candle*, &c.] A *waſſel candle* is a large candle lighted up at a feaſt. There is a poor quibble upon the word *wax*, which ſignifies increaſe as well as the matter of the honey-comb. JOHNSON.

See Vol. II. p. 411, n. 9. MALONE.

4 — *your ill* angel *is light*;] Meaning the coin called an *angel*. THEOBALD.

"As *light* as a clipt angel," is a compariſon frequently uſed in the old comedies. STEEVENS.

5 *I cannot* go,] Here is another equivoque. To *go*, ſignifies ſimply to move; and alſo, to paſs current as coin. MALONE.

6 *I cannot* tell:] I cannot be taken in a reckoning; I cannot paſs current. JOHNSON.

coſter-

coſter-monger times[7], that true valour is turn'd bear-herd: Pregnancy[8] is made a tapſter, and hath his quick wit waſted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age ſhapes them, are not worth a gooſeberry. You, that are old, conſider not the capacities of us that are young; you meaſure the heat of our livers with the bitterneſs of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I muſt confeſs, are wags too.

Ch. Juſt. Do you ſet down your name in the ſcroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moiſt eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreaſing leg? an increaſing belly? Is not your voice broken? your wind ſhort? your chin double? your wit ſingle[9]? and every part about you blaſted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourſelf young? Fie, fie, fie, ſir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock

[7] — *in theſe coſter-monger times,*] In theſe times when the prevalence of trade has produced that meanneſs that rates the merit of every thing by money. JOHNSON.

A *coſter-monger* is a *coſtard*-monger, a dealer in apples called by that name, becauſe they are ſhaped like a *coſtard*, i. e. a man's head. STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 350, n. 4. MALONE.

[8] *Pregnancy*—] *Pregnancy* is readineſs. So, in *Hamlet*, "How *pregnant* his replies are?" STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 5, n. 6; and Vol. IV. p. 31, n. 4. MALONE.

[9] — *your wit ſingle?*] We call a man ſingle-witted, who attains but one ſpecies of knowledge. This ſenſe I know not how to apply to Falſtaff; and rather think that the Chief Juſtice hints at a calamity always incident to a grey-hair'd wit, whoſe misfortune is, that his merriment is unfaſhionable. His alluſions are to forgotten facts; his illuſtrations are drawn from notions obſcured by time; his *wit* is therefore *ſingle*, ſuch as none has any part in but himſelf. JOHNSON.

I believe all that Shakſpeare meant was, that he had more *fat* than *wit*; that though his body was bloated by intemperance to twice its original ſize, yet his wit was not increaſed in proportion to it. STEEV.

I think Mr. Steevens's interpretation is the true one. Mr. Maſon alſo concurs with him, and obſerves that "though Falſtaff had ſuch a fund of wit and humour, it was not unnatural that a grave judge, whoſe thoughts were conſtantly employed about the buſineſs of life, ſhould conſider ſuch an improvident diſſipated old man as *ſingle-witted*, or half-*witted*, as we ſhould now term it." MALONE.

in

in the afternoon, with a white head, and ſomething a round belly. For my voice,—I have loſt it with hollaing, and ſinging of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and underſtanding; and he that will caper with me for a thouſand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o'the ear that the prince gave you,—he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a ſenſible lord. I have check'd him for it; and the young lion repents: marry, not in aſhes, and ſackcloth; but in new ſilk, and old ſack [1].

Ch. Juſt. Well, heaven ſend the prince a better companion!

Fal. Heaven ſend the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Juſt. Well, the king hath ſever'd you and prince Harry: I hear, you are going with lord John of Lancaſter, againſt the archbiſhop, and the earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty ſweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiſs my lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the lord, I take but two ſhirts out with me, and I mean not to ſweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, an I brandiſh any thing but my bottle, I would I might never ſpit white again [2]. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thruſt upon it: Well, I cannot laſt ever: But it was always [3] yet the trick of our Engliſh nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too com-

[1] — *marry, not in aſhes, and ſack-cloth, but in new ſilk, and old ſack.*] So Sir John Harrington, of a reformed brother. *Epigrams.* L. 3. 17:

"Sackcloth and cinders they adviſe to uſe;
"Sack, cloves and ſugar thou would'ſt have to chuſe." Bowle.

[2] — *would I might never* ſpit white *again.*] i. e. may I never have my ſtomach inflamed again with liquor; for, to *ſpit white* is the conſequence of inward heat. So in *Mother Bombie*, a comedy, 1594: "They have ſod their livers in ſack theſe forty years, that makes them *ſpit white broth* as they do." Steevens.

[3] *But it was always*, &c.] This ſpeech in the folio concludes at *I cannot laſt ever.* All the reſt is reſtored from the quarto. A clear proof of the ſuperior value of thoſe editions, when compared with the publication of the players. Steevens.

mon. If you will needs ſay, I am an old man, you ſhould give me reſt. I would to God, my name were not ſo terrible to the enemy as it is. I were better to be eaten to death with ruſt, than to be ſcour'd to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Juſt. Well, be honeſt, be honeſt; And God bleſs your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordſhip lend me a thouſand pound, to furniſh me forth?

Ch. Juſt. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear croſſes[4]. Fare you well: Commend me to my couſin Weſtmoreland. [*Exeunt* Ch. Juſt. *and* Atten.

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle[5].—A man

4 — *you are too impatient to bear* croſſes.] I believe a quibble was here intended. Falſtaff has juſt aſked his lordſhip to lend him *a thouſand pound*, and he tells him in return, that he is not to be entruſted with money. A *croſs* is a coin ſo called, becauſe ſtamped with a croſs. So, in *As you like it*:

"If I ſhould bear you, I ſhould bear no *croſs*." STEEVENS.

See Vol. III. p. 150, n. 8. MALONE.

5 — fillip *me with a three-man beetle.*] A beetle wielded by three men. POPE.

A diverſion is common with boys in Warwickſhire and the adjoining counties, on finding a toad, to lay a board about two or three feet long, at right angles, over a ſtick about two or three inches diameter, as per ſketch. Then, placing the toad at A, the other end is ſtruck by a bat or large ſtick, which throws the creature forty or fifty feet perpendicular from the earth, and its return in general kills it. This is called *Filliping the Toad*.—A *three-man beetle* is an implement uſed for driving piles; it is made of a log of wood about eighteen or twenty inches diameter, and fourteen or fifteen inches thick, with one ſhort, and two long handles, as per ſketch. A man to each of the long handles manages the fall of the beetle, and a third man by the ſhort handle aſſiſts in raiſing it, to ſtrike the blow. Such an implement was, without doubt, very ſuitable for *filliping* ſo corpulent a being as Falſtaff. J. JOHNSON.





can

can no more ſeparate age and covetouſneſs, than he can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and ſo both the degrees prevent my curſes[6].—Boy!

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purſe?

Page. Seven groats and two-pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy againſt this conſumption of the purſe: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the diſeaſe is incurable.—Go bear this letter to my lord of Lancaſter; this to the prince; this to the earl of Weſtmoreland; and this to old miſtreſs Urſula, whom I have weekly ſworn to marry ſince I perceived the firſt white hair on my chin: About it; you know where to find me. [*Exit* Page.] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one, or the other, plays the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter, if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my penſion ſhall ſeem the more reaſonable: A good wit will make uſe of any thing; I will turn diſeaſes to commodity[7].

SCENE III.

York. *A Room in the Archbiſhop's Palace.*

Enter the Archbiſhop of York, *the Lords* HASTINGS, MOWBRAY, and BARDOLPH.

Arch. Thus have you heard our cauſe, and known our means;
And, my moſt noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:—
And firſt, lord marſhal, what ſay you to it?

Mowb. I well allow the occaſion of our arms;
But gladly would be better ſatisfied,

6 —*prevent* my curſes.] To *prevent*, means in this place to *anticipate*. So, in the *Pſalms*: "Mine eyes *prevent* the night watches." STEEVENS.

7 — *to* commodity.] i. e. Profit, ſelf-intereſt. So, in *K. John*: "*Commodity*, the bias of the world." STEEVENS.

How,

How, in our means, we ſhould advance ourſelves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puiſſance of the king.

Haſt. Our preſent muſters grow upon the file
To five and twenty thouſand men of choice;
And our ſupplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whoſe boſom burns
With an incenſed fire of injuries.

Bard. The queſtion then, lord Haſtings, ſtandeth thus;
Whether our preſent five and twenty thouſand
May hold up head without Northumberland.

Haſt. With him, we may.

Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point;
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we ſhould not ſtep too far
Till we had his aſſiſtance by the hand:
For, in a theme ſo bloody-fac'd as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and ſurmiſe
Of aids uncertain, ſhould not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true, lord Bardolph; for, indeed,
It was young Hotſpur's caſe at Shrewſbury.

Bard. It was, my lord; who lin'd himſelf with hope,
Eating the air on promiſe of ſupply,
Flattering himſelf with project of a power
Much ſmaller [8] than the ſmalleſt of his thoughts:
And ſo, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
And, winking, leap'd into deſtruction.

Haſt. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt,
To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.

Bard. Yes, in this preſent quality of war [9];—
Indeed the inſtant action, (a cauſe on foot)

Lives

[8] *Much ſmaller*—] i. e. which turned out to be much ſmaller. MUSGRAVE.

[9] — in *this preſent quality of war*;—] This and the following nineteen lines appeared firſt in the folio. That copy reads—Yes, *if* this preſent &c. The emendation was made by Dr. Johnſon. I believe the old reading is the true one, and that a line is loſt; but have adopted

Lives ſo in hope, as in an early ſpring
We ſee the appearing buds; which, to prove fruit,
Hope gives not ſo much warrant, as deſpair,
That froſts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We firſt ſurvey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we ſee the figure of the houſe,
Then muſt we rate the coſt of the erection:
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then, but draw anew the model
In fewer offices; or, at leaſt [1], deſiſt
To build at all? Much more, in this great work,
(Which is, almoſt, to pluck a kingdom down,
And ſet another up,) ſhould we ſurvey
The plot of ſituation, and the model;
Conſent upon a ſure foundation;
Queſtion ſurveyors; know our own eſtate,
How able ſuch a work to undergo,
To weigh againſt his oppoſite; or elſe,
We fortify in paper, and in figures,
Uſing the names of men inſtead of men:
Like one, that draws the model of a houſe
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created coſt
A naked ſubject to the weeping clouds,
And waſte for churliſh winter's tyranny.

Haſt. Grant, that our hopes (yet likely of fair birth)
Should be ſtill-born, and that we now poſſeſs'd
The utmoſt man of expectation;
I think, we are a body ſtrong enough,

adopted Dr. Johnſon's emendation, becauſe it makes ſenſe. The punctuation now introduced appears to me preferable to that of the old edition, in which there is a colon after the word *action*. Bardolph, I think, means to ſay, "Indeed the *preſent* action, (our cauſe being now on foot, war being actually levied,) lives," &c. otherwiſe the ſpeaker is made to ſay, in general, that *all* cauſes once on foot afford no hopes that may ſecurely be relied on; which is certainly not true. Mr. Steevens thinks, the old reading—Yes, *if* this &c. might be retained, were we to read *impel* inſtead of *indeed*, in the following line: Mr. Henley and Mr. Maſon, inſtead of the latter word, would read *induced*.

MALONE.

[1] —*at leaſt*,] Perhaps we ſhould read—*at laſt*. STEEVENS.

Even

Even as we are, to equal with the king.

Bard. What! is the king but five and twenty thousand?

Haſt. To us, no more; nay, not ſo much, lord Bardolph.
For his diviſions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads: one power againſt the French[2],
And one againſt Glendower; perforce, a third
Muſt take up us: So is the unfirm king
In three divided; and his coffers ſound
With hollow poverty and emptineſs.

Arch. That he ſhould draw his ſeveral ſtrengths together,
And come againſt us in full puiſſance,
Need not be dreaded.

Haſt. If he ſhould do ſo[3],
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welſh
Baying him at the heels: never fear that.

Bard. Who, is it like, ſhould lead his forces hither?

Haſt. The duke of Lancaſter, and Weſtmoreland:
Againſt the Welſh, himſelf, and Harry Monmouth:
But who is ſubſtituted 'gainſt the French,
I have no certain notice.

Arch. Let us on[4];
And publiſh the occaſion of our arms.
The commonwealth is ſick of their own choice,
Their over-greedy love hath ſurfeited:—

2 — *one power againſt the French,*] During this rebellion of Northumberland and the Archbiſhop, a French army of twelve thouſand men landed at Milford Haven in Wales, for the aid of Owen Glendower. See Holinſhed, p. 531. STEEVENS.

3 *If he ſhould do ſo,*] This paſſage is read in the firſt edition thus: *If he ſhould do ſo, French and Welſh he leaves his back unarm'd, they baying him at the heels, never fear that.* Theſe lines, which were evidently printed from an interlined copy not underſtood, are properly regulated in the next edition, and are here only mentioned to ſhew what errors may be ſuſpected to remain. JOHNSON.

I believe the editor of the folio did not correct the quarto rightly; in which the only error probably was the omiſſion of the word *to*:

To French and Welſh he leaves his back unarm'dd
They baying him at the heels: never fear that. MALONE.

4 *Let us on,* &c.] This ſpeech firſt appeared in the folio. MALONE.

An

An habitation giddy and unſure
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many! with what loud applauſe
Didſt thou beat heaven with bleſſing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou would'ſt have him be?
And being now trimm'd in thine own deſires [5],
Thou, beaſtly feeder, art ſo full of him,
That thou provok'ſt thyſelf to caſt him up.
So, ſo, thou common dog, didſt thou diſgorge
Thy glutton boſom of the royal Richard;
And now thou would'ſt eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'ſt to find it. What truſt is in theſe times?
They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his grave:
Thou, that threw'ſt duſt upon his goodly head,
When through proud London he came ſighing on
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Cry'ſt now, *O earth, yield us that king again,*
And take thou this! O thoughts of men accurſt!
Paſt, and to come, ſeem beſt; things preſent, worſt.

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and ſet on?

Haſt. We are time's ſubjects, and time bids be gone.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

London. *A Street.*

Enter Hoſteſs; PHANG, *and his boy, with her*; *and* SNARE *following.*

Hoſt. Maſter Phang, have you enter'd the action?

Phang. It is enter'd.

Hoſt. Where is your yeoman *? Is it a luſty yeoman? will a' ſtand to't?

Phang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

5 —*in thine own* deſires,] The latter word is employed here as a triſyllable. MALONE.

* *Where is your* yeoman?] A bailiff's follower was in our author's time called a ſerjeant's *yeoman*. See p. 294, n. 9. MALONE.

Hoſt. O lord, ay; good maſter Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Phang. Snare, we muſt arreſt Sir John Falſtaff.

Hoſt. Yea, good maſter Snare; I have enter'd him and all.

Snare. It may chance coſt ſome of us our lives, for he will ſtab.

Hoſt. Alas the day! take heed of him; he ſtabb'd me in mine own houſe, and that moſt beaſtly in good faith: a' cares not what miſchief he doth, if his weapon be out: he will foin like any devil; he will ſpare neither man, woman, nor child.

Phang. If I can cloſe with him, I care not for his thruſt.

Hoſt. No, nor I neither; I'll be at your elbow.

Phang. An I but fiſt him once; an a' come but within my vice [6];—

Hoſt. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my ſcore:—Good maſter Phang, hold him ſure;—good maſter Snare, let him not ſcape. He comes continuantly to Pye-corner, (ſaving your manhoods,) to buy a ſaddle; and he's indited to dinner to the lubbar's head [7] in Lumbert-ſtreet, to maſter Smooth's the ſilkman: I pray ye, ſince my exion is enter'd, and my caſe ſo openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his anſwer. A hundred mark is a long loan [8] for a poor lone woman [9] to bear: and I have borne, and borne,

[6] —*an a' come but within my* vice;] Vice or graſp; a metaphor taken from a ſmith's vice: there is another reading in the old edition, *view*, which I think not ſo good. POPE.

Vice is the reading of the folio; *view* of the quarto. MALONE.

The *fiſt* is vulgarly called the *vice* in the weſt of England. HENLEY.

[7] —*lubbar's-head*—] This is, I ſuppoſe, a colloquial corruption of the Libbard's-head. JOHNSON.

See Vol. II. p. 422. n. 5. MALONE.

[8] —*a long* loan—] Old Copy—long *one*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[9] —*a poor lone woman*—] A *lone woman* is a deſolate, unfriended woman. So in Maurice Kyffin's Tranſlation of Terence's *Andria*, 1588: "Moreover this Glycerie is a *lone woman*;"—"tum hæc *ſola* mulier." In the firſt part of *K. Henry* IV. Mrs. Quickly had a huſband alive. She is now a widow. STEEVENS.

and

and borne; and have been fub'd off, and fub'd off, and fub'd off, this day to that day, that it is a ſhame to be thought on. There is no honeſty in ſuch dealing; unleſs a woman ſhould be made an aſs, and a beaſt, to bear every knave's wrong.—

Enter Sir John FALSTAFF, Page, *and* BARDOLPH.

Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmſey-noſe [1] knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices, maſter Phang, and maſter Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now? whoſe mare's dead? what's the matter?

Phang. Sir John, I arreſt you at the ſuit of miſtreſs Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph; cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the channel.

Hoſt. Throw me in the channel? I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou baſtardly rogue! —Murder, murder! O thou honey-ſuckle villain [2]! wilt thou kill God's officers, and the king's? O thou honey-ſeed rogue! thou art a honey-ſeed; a man-queller [3], and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Phang. A reſcue! a reſcue!

Hoſt. Good people, bring a reſcue or two.—Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't thou? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-ſeed!

[1] —*malmſey-noſe*—] That is, red noſe, from the effect of malmſey wine. JOHNSON.

In the old ſong of *Sir Simon the King* the burthen of each ſtanza is this:

"Says old Sir Simon the king,
"Says old Sir Simon the king,
"With his ale-dropt hoſe,
"And his *malmſey-noſe*,
"Sing hey ding, ding a ding." PERCY.

[2] —honey-ſuckle *villain!*—honey-ſeed *rogue!*] The landlady's corruption of homicidal and homicide. THEOBALD.

[3] —*a man-queller*,] Wicliff, in his *Tranſlation of the New Teſtament*, uſes this word for *carnifex*; Mark, vi. 27: "Herod ſent a *man-queller*, and commanded his head to be brought." STEEVENS.

Page. Away, you ſcullion! you rampallian! you fuſtilarian [4]! I'll tickle your cataſtrophe [5].

Enter the Lord Chief Juſtice, *attended.*

Ch. Juſt. What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Hoſt. Good my lord, be good to me! I beſeech you, ſtand to me!

Ch. Juſt. How now, ſir John? what, are you brawling here?
Doth this become your place, your time, and buſineſs?
You ſhould have been well on your way to York.—
Sta d from him, fellow; Wherefore hang'ſt thou on him?

Hoſt. O my moſt worſhipful lord, an't pleaſe your grace, I am a poor widow of Eaſt-cheap, and he is arreſted at my ſuit.

Ch. Juſt. For what ſum?

Hoſt. It is more than for ſome, my lord; it is for all, all I have: he hath eaten me out of houſe and home; he hath put all my ſubſtance into that fat belly of his:—but I will have ſome of it out again, or I'll ride thee o'nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think, I am as like to ride the mare [6], if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch.

[4] — *rampallian!—fuſtilarian!*] The firſt of theſe terms of abuſe may be derived from *ramper*, Fr. *to be low in the world.* The other from *fuſtis*, a club; i. e. a perſon whoſe weapon of defence is a cudgel, not being entitled to wear a ſword.

The following paſſage, however, in *A new Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1639, ſeems to point out another derivation of *Rampallian*:

"And bold *Rampallian*-like, ſwear and drink drunk."

It may therefore mean a *rampant* riotous ſtrumpet. Thus in *Greene's Ghoſt haunting Coneycatchers*:—"Here was *Wilee Beguily* rightly acted, and an aged *rampalion* put beſide her ſchoole-tricks." STEEVENS.

Fuſtilarian is, I believe, a made word, from *fuſty*. Mr. Steevens's laſt explanation of *rampalian* appears to me the true one. MALONE.

[5] — *I'll tickle your cataſtrophe.*] This expreſſion occurs ſeveral times in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1626. STEEVENS.

[6] — *to ride the* mare,] The Hoſteſs had threatened to ride Falſtaff like the *Incubus* or *Night-mare*; but his alluſion, (if it be not a wanton one) is to the *Gallows*, which was ludicrouſly called the *Timber*, or *two-legg'd*

Ch. Juſt. How comes this, ſir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempeſt of exclamation? Are you not aſhamed, to enforce a poor widow to ſo rough a courſe to come by her own?

Fal. What is the groſs ſum that I owe thee?

Hoſt. Marry, if thou wert an honeſt man, thyſelf, and the money too. Thou didſt ſwear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet[7], ſitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a ſea-coal fire, upon wedneſday in Whitſun-week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a ſinging-man[8] of Windſor; thou didſt ſwear to me then, as I was waſhing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canſt thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife[9], come in then, and call me goſſip Quickly? coming in to borrow a meſs of vinegar[1]; telling us, ſhe had a good diſh of prawns; whereby

legg'd Mare. So, in *Like will to like, quoth the Devil to the Collier*, 1587. The *Vice* is talking of *Tyburn*:

" This piece of land whereto you inheritors are,
" Is called the land of the *two-legged Mare*,
" In this piece of ground there is a *Mare* indeed,
" Which is the quickeſt *Mare* in England for ſpeed."

Again:

" I will help to bridle the *two-legged Mare*
" And both you for to *ride* need not to ſpare." STEEVENS.

I think the alluſion is only a wanton one. MALONE.

7 —*a parcel-gilt goblet,*] *Parcel-gilt* meant what is now called by artiſts *party-gilt*; that is, where part of the work is gilt, and part left plain or ungilded. MALONE.

Holinſhed, deſcribing the arrangement of Wolſey's plate, ſays—" and in the council-chamber was all white, and *parcel-gilt* plate." STEEVENS.

8 —*for liking* his father *to a ſinging-man*—] Such is the reading of the firſt edition; all the reſt have *for likening* him *to a ſinging-man*. The original edition is right; the prince might allow familiarities with himſelf, and yet very properly break the knight's head when he ridiculed his father. JOHNSON.

Liking is the reading of the quarto, 1600, and is better ſuited to dame Quickly than *likening*, the word ſubſtituted inſtead of it, in the folio. MALONE.

9 —*goodwife* Keech, *the butcher's wife,*] A *keech* is the fat of an ox rolled up by the butcher into a round lump. STEEVENS.

1 —*a meſs of vinegar*;] So, in *Mucedorus*; " I tell you all the

whereby thou didſt deſire to eat ſome; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound? And didſt thou not, when ſhe was gone down ſtairs, deſire me to be no more ſo familiarity with ſuch poor people; ſaying, that ere long they ſhould call me madam? And didſt thou not kiſs me, and bid me fetch thee thirty ſhillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it, if thou canſt.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad ſoul; and ſhe ſays, up and down the town, that her eldeſt ſon is like you: ſhe hath been in good caſe, and, the truth is, poverty hath diſtracted her. But for theſe fooliſh officers, I beſeech you, I may have redreſs againſt them.

Ch. Juſt. Sir John, ſir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cauſe the falſe way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with ſuch more than impudent ſawcineſs from you, can thruſt me from a level conſideration; you have,[2] as it appears to me, practiſed upon the eaſy-yielding ſpirit of this woman, and made her ſerve your uſes both in purſe and perſon.

Hoſt, Yea, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Juſt, Pr'ythee, peace:—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done with her; the one you may do with ſterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this ſneap[3] without reply. You call honourable boldneſs, impudent ſawcineſs: if a man will make court'ſy, and ſay nothing, he

meſſes are on the table already; There wants not ſo much as a *meſs of muſtard.*" A *meſs* ſeems to have been the common term for a ſmall proportion of any thing belonging to the kitchen. STEEVENS.

So the ſcriptural term:—"a *meſs* of pottage." MALONE.

[2] —*you have,* &c.] In the firſt quarto it is read thus:—*You have,* as it appears to me, *practiſed upon the eaſy yielding ſpirit of this woman,* and made her ſerve your uſes both in purſe and perſon.—Without this, the following exhortation of the chief juſtice is leſs proper. JOHNSON.

I have followed the quarto. In the folio the words—"and made her ſerve," &c. were omitted. And in the ſubſequent ſpeech "the villainy you have done *with* her," is improperly changed to "the villainy you have done her." MALONE.

[3] —*this ſneap*—] A Yorkſhire word for *rebuke.* POPE.

Sneap ſignifies to *check*; as, children eaſily *ſneaped*; herbs and fruits *ſneaped* with cold weather. See *Ray's Collection.* STEEVENS.

is

is virtuous: No, my lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will not be your ſuitor; I ſay to you, I do deſire deliverance from theſe officers, being upon haſty employment in the king's affairs.

Ch. Juſt. You ſpeak as having power to do wrong: but anſwer in the effect of your reputation [4], and ſatisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hoſteſs. [*taking her aſide.*

Enter GOWER.

Ch. Juſt. Now, maſter Gower; What news?

Gow. The king, my lord, and Harry prince of Wales
Are near at hand: the reſt the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;—

Hoſt. Nay, you ſaid ſo before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;—Come, no more words of it.

Hoſt. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I muſt be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapeſtry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glaſſes, glaſſes, is the only drinking: and for thy walls,—a pretty ſlight drollery, or the ſtory of the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work [5], is worth a thouſand of theſe bed-hangings [6], and theſe fly-bitten tapeſtries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canſt. Come,

4 —*anſwer in the effect of your reputation,*] That is, anſwer in a manner ſuitable to your character. JOHNSON.

5 —*German hunting in water-work,*] i. e. In water colours. WARBURTON.

So, in Holinſhed, p. 819: "The king for himſelf had a houſe of timber, &c. and for his other lodgings he had great and goodlie tents of blew *waterwork* garniſhed with yellow and white." It appears from the ſame Chronicle, p. 840, that theſe *painted cloths* were brought from Holland. The *German* hunting was therefore a ſubject very likely to be adopted by the artiſts of that country. STEEVENS.

The *German* hunting, is, I ſuppoſe, hunting the *wild boar*. Shakſpeare in another place ſpeaks of "a full-acorn'd boar, *a German* one." FARMER.

6 —*theſe bed-hangings,*] He recommends painted canvas inſtead of tapeſtry, which he calls *bed-hangings*, in contempt, as fitter to make curtains than to hang walls. JOHNSON.

an it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go, waſh thy face, and 'draw thy action [7]: Come, thou muſt not be in this humour with me; doſt not know me? Come, come, I know thou waſt ſet on to this.

Hoſt. Pray thee, ſir John, let it be but twenty nobles; i'faith I am loth to pawn my plate, in good earneſt, la.

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other ſhift: you'll be a fool ſtill.

Hoſt. Well, you ſhall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope, you'll come to ſupper: You'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live? — Go, with her, with her; [*to* Bard [8].] hook on, hook on.

Hoſt. Will you have Doll Tear-ſheet meet you at ſupper?

Fal. No more words; let's have her.

(*Exeunt* Hoſteſs, BARDOLPH, *Officers, and Boy.*

Ch. Juſt. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord?

Ch. Juſt. Where lay the king laſt night?

Gow. At Baſingſtoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well: What's the news, my lord?

Ch. Juſt. Come all his forces back?

Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horſe,
Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaſter,
Againſt Northumberland, and the archbiſhop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

Ch. Juſt. You ſhall have letters of me preſently:
Come, go along with me, good maſter Gower.

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Juſt. What's the matter?

[7] —'draw *thy action:*] i. e. *withdraw* thy action. MALONE.

[8] —*to Bard.*] In former editions the marginal direction is—*to the officers.* MALONE.

I rather ſuſpect that the words *hook on, hook on,* are addreſſed to Bardolph, and mean, go you with her, hang upon her, and keep her in the ſame humour. In this ſenſe the expreſſion is uſed in *The Guardian,* by Maſſinger: "*Hook on,* follow him, harpies." STEEVENS.

Fal.

Fal. Maſter Gower, ſhall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gow. I muſt wait upon my good lord here: I thank you, good ſir John.

Ch. Juſt. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take ſoldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you ſup with me, maſter Gower?

Ch. Juſt. What fooliſh maſter taught you theſe manners, ſir John?

Fal. Maſter Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.—This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and and ſo part fair.

Ch. Juſt. Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. Another ſtreet.

Enter Prince HENRY, *and* POINS.

P. Hen. Truſt me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought, wearineſs durſt not have attach'd one of ſo high blood.

P. Hen. 'Faith, it does me; though it diſcolours the complexion of my greatneſs to acknowledge it. Doth it not ſhew vilely in me, to deſire ſmall beer?

Poins. Why, a prince ſhould not be ſo looſely ſtudied, as to remember ſo weak a compoſition.

P. Hen. Belike then, my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, ſmall beer. But, indeed, theſe humble conſiderations make me out of love with my greatneſs. What a diſgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take note how many pair of ſilk ſtockings thou haſt; *viz.* theſe, and thoſe that were the peach-colour'd ones? or to bear the inventory of thy ſhirts; as, one for ſuperfluity, and one other for uſe?—but that, the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keepeſt not racket there; as thou haſt not done a great while, becauſe the reſt of thy low-countries have made a ſhift to eat up thy holland:

holland: and God knows, whether thoſe that bawl out the ruins of thy linen [9], ſhall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives ſay, the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increaſes, and kindreds are mightily ſtrengthen'd.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have labour'd ſo hard, you ſhould talk ſo idly? Tell me, how many good young princes would do ſo, their fathers being ſo ſick as yours at this time is?

P. Hen. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes; and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Hen. It ſhall ſerve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I ſtand the puſh of your one thing that you will tell.

P. Hen. Why, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I ſhould be ſad, now my father is ſick: albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleaſes me, for fault of a better, to call my friend,) I could be ſad, and ſad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly, upon ſuch a ſubject.

P. Hen. By this hand, thou think'ſt me as far in the devil's book, as thou, and Falſtaff, for obduracy and perſiſtency: Let the end try the man. But I tell thee,—my heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is ſo ſick; and keeping ſuch vile company as thou art, hath in reaſon taken from me all oſtentation of ſorrow [1].

Poins. The reaſon?

P. Hen. What would'ſt thou think of me, if I ſhould weep?

Poins. I would think thee a moſt princely hypocrite.

P. Hen. It would be every man's thought: and thou art a bleſſed fellow, to think as every man thinks; never

9 —*that bawl out the ruins of thy linen,*] I ſuſpect we ſhould read—that bawl out *of* the ruins of thy linen; i. e. his baſtard children, wrapt up in his old ſhirts. The ſubſequent words confirm this emendation. The latter part of this ſpeech, "and God knows," &c. is omitted in the folio. MALONE.

1 —*all* oſtentation *of ſorrow.*] Oſtentation is here not boaſtful ſhew, but ſimply ſhew. *Merchant of Venice:*

"—— one well ſtudied in a ſad *oſtent,*
"To pleaſe his grandame." JOHNSON.

a man's

a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your moſt worſhipful thought, to think ſo?

Poins. Why, becauſe you have been ſo lewd, and ſo much engraffed to Falſtaff.

P. Hen. And to thee.

Poins. By this light, I am well ſpoken of, I can hear it with my own ears: the worſt that they can ſay of me is, that I am a ſecond brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands[2]; and thoſe two things, I confeſs, I cannot help. By the maſs, here comes Bardolph.

P. Hen. And the boy that I gave Falſtaff: he had him from me chriſtian; and look, if the fat villain have not transform'd him ape.

Enter BARDOLPH *and* Page.

Bard. 'Save your grace!

P. Hen. And yours, moſt noble Bardolph!

Bard. Come, you virtuous aſs[3], [*to the Page.*] you baſhful fool, muſt you be bluſhing? wherefore bluſh you now? What a maidenly man at arms are you become? Is it ſuch a matter, to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?

Page. He call'd me even now, my lord, through a red lattice[4], and I could diſcern no part of his face from the window: at laſt, I ſpy'd his eyes; and, methought, he made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat[5], and peep'd through.

P. Hen.

2 —*a* proper *fellow of my hands*;] *Proper*, it has been already obſerved, in our author's time ſignified *handſome*. See Vol. II. p. 244, n. *, and Vol. III. p. 14, n. 7. "As tall a man of his hands" has occurred in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*. See Vol. I. p. 214, n. 4. MALONE.

A tall or proper fellow of his hands was a ſtout fighting man. JOHNSON.

3 *Come, you virtuous aſs*, &c.] Though all editions give this ſpeech to Poins, it ſeems evident, by the page's immediate reply, that it muſt be placed to Bardolph: for Bardolph had called to the boy from an ale-houſe, and, 'tis likely, made him half-drunk; and, the boy being aſhamed of it, it is natural for Bardolph, a bold unbred fellow, to banter him on his aukward baſhfulneſs. THEOBALD.

4 —*through a* red lattice,] i. e. from an ale-houſe window. See Vol. I. p. 232, n. 2. MALONE.

5 —*methought, he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat*,] Peradventure

P. Hen. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreſon upright rabbet, away!

Page. Away, you raſcally Althea's dream, away!

P. Hen. Inſtruct us, boy: What dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althea dream'd ſhe was deliver'd of a firebrand [6]; and therefore I call him her dream.

P. Hen. A crown's-worth of good interpretation [7].—There it is, boy. [*gives him money.*

Poins. O, that this good bloſſom could be kept from cankers!—Well, there is ſix-pence to preſerve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallows ſhall have wrong.

P. Hen. And how doth thy maſter, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town; there's a letter for you.

Poins. Deliver'd with good reſpect.—And how doth the martlemas, your maſter [8]?

Bard. In bodily health, ſir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a phyſician: but that moves not him; though that be ſick, it dies not.

P. Hen. I do allow this wen [9] to be as familiar with

Peradventure the ale-wife's petticoat was *red*, a favourite colour of the lower females, and therefore no unapt repreſentation of this varlet's face. AMNER.

[6] —*Althea dream'd* &c.] Shakſpeare is here miſtaken in his mythology, and has confounded Althea's firebrand with Hecuba's. The firebrand of Althea was real: but Hecuba, when ſhe was big with Paris, dreamed that ſhe was delivered of a firebrand that conſumed the kingdom. JOHNSON.

[7] *A crown's-worth of good interpretation.*] "A pennyworth of good interpretation," is, if I remember right, the title of ſome old tract. MALONE.

[8] —*the martlemas, your maſter?*] That is, the autumn, or rather the latter ſpring. The old fellow with juvenile paſſions. JOHNSON.

In the firſt part of *K. Henry IV.* the prince calls Falſtaff "the latter ſpring,—all-hallown ſummer. MALONE.

Martlemas is corrupted from *Martinmas*, the feaſt of St. *Martin*, the eleventh of November. The corruption is general in all the old plays. STEEVENS.

[9] —*this wen*—] The ſwoln excreſcence of a man. JOHNSON.

me

me as my dog: and he holds his place; for look you, how he writes.

Poins. [*reads.*] John Falſtaff, *knight*, — Every man muſt know that, as oft as he hath occaſion to name himſelf. Even like thoſe that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger, but they ſay, *There is ſome of the king's blood ſpilt: How comes that?* ſays he, that takes upon him not to conceive: the anſwer is as ready as a borrowed cap [1]; *I am the king's poor couſin, ſir.*

P. Hen. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But the letter:—

Poins. *Sir* John Falſtaff, *knight, to the ſon of the king, neareſt his father, Harry prince of Wales, greeting.*— Why, this is a certificate.

P. Hen. [2] Peace!

Poins. *I will imitate the honourable Roman in brevity* [3]: —he ſure means brevity in breath; ſhort-winded.—*I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with* Poins; *for he miſuſes thy favours ſo much, that he ſwears, thou art to marry his ſiſter* Nell. *Repent at idle times as thou may'ſt; and ſo farewel.*

Thine, by yea and no, (*which is as much as to ſay, as thou uſeſt him,*) Jack Falſtaff, *with my familiars*; John, *with my brothers and ſiſters*; *and ſir* John, *with all Europe.*

1 —*the anſwer is as ready as a* borrowed *cap*;] Falſtaff's followers, when they ſtole any thing called it *a purchaſe*. A *borrowed* cap in the ſame dialect might be a *ſtolen* one; which is ſufficiently ready, being, as Falſtaff ſays, "to be found on every hedge." MALONE.

Read *a borrower's cap*, and then there is ſome humour in it: for a man that goes to borrow money, is of all others the moſt complaiſant; his cap is always at hand. WARBURTON.

2 *P. Hen.*] All the editors, except Sir Thomas Hanmer, have left this letter in confuſion, making the prince read part, and Poins part. I have followed his correction. JOHNSON.

3 *I will imitate the honourable* Roman *in brevity:*] The old copy reads *Romans*, which Dr. Warburton very properly corrected, though he is wrong when he appropriates the character to M. Brutus, who affected great brevity of ſtyle. I ſuppoſe by the *honourable Roman* is intended Julius Cæſar, whoſe *veni, vidi, vici*, ſeems to be alluded to in the beginning of the letter. *I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee.* The words of Cæſar are afterwards quoted by Falſtaff. HEATH.

My lord, I will ſteep this letter in ſack, and make him eat it.

P. Hen. That's to make him eat twenty of his words[4]. But do you uſe me thus, Ned? muſt I marry your ſiſter?

Poins. May the wench have no worſe fortune! but I never ſaid ſo.

P. Hen. Well, thus we play the fools with the time; and the ſpirits of the wiſe ſit in the clouds, and mock us.—Is your maſter here in London?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. Hen. Where ſups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank[5]?

Bard. At the old place, my lord; in Eaſt-cheap.

P. Hen. What company?

Page. Epheſians[6], my lord; of the old church.

P. Hen. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old miſtreſs Quickly, and miſtreſs Doll Tear-ſheet[7].

P. Hen.

4 *That's to make him eat* twenty *of his words.*] Why juſt twenty, when the letter contained above eight times twenty? We ſhould read *plenty*? and in this word the joke, as ſlender as it is, conſiſts. WARB.

It is not ſurely uncommon to put a certain number for an uncertain one. Thus in the *Tempeſt*, *Miranda* talks of playing "for a *ſcore* of kingdoms." *Buſhy*, in *K. Richard II.* obſerves that "each ſubſtance of a grief has *twenty* ſhadows." In *Julius Cæſar*, Cæſar ſays that the ſlave's hand "did burn like *twenty* torches." In *K. Lear* we meet with "*twenty* ſilly ducking obſervants," and "not a noſe among *twenty*."

Robert Green, the pamphleteer, indeed obliged an apparitor to eat his citation, wax and all. In the play of *Sir John Oldcaſtle* the Sumner is compelled to do the like; and ſays on the occaſion,—"I'll eat my *word*." Harpoole replies, "I meane you ſhall eat more than your own *word*, I'll make you eate all the *words* in the proceſſe." STEEV.

5 —*frank?*] Frank is ſty. POPE.

6 *Epheſians,*] Epheſian was a term in the cant of theſe times, of which I know not the preciſe notion: it was, perhaps, a toper. So the hoſt in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*: "It is thine hoſt, thine *Epheſian* calls." JOHNSON.

Perhaps Falſtaff's companions were called Epheſians with a quibbling alluſion to the verb to *pheeſe*. See Vol. III. p. 243. n. 2. Thus *Hungarian* (from *hunger*) was a cant term for a greedy half-ſtarved fellow. See Howell's *Engliſh Proverbs*, 1660. "He is hide-bound; he is an *Hungarian*." See Vol. I. p. 207, n. 2. MALONE.

7 —*Doll Tear-ſheet.*] Shakſpeare might have taken the hint for this name

P. Hen. What pagan may that be[8]?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, ſir, and a kinſwoman of my maſter's.

P. Hen. Even ſuch kin, as the pariſh heifers are to the town bull.—Shall we ſteal upon them, Ned, at ſupper?

Poins. I am your ſhadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

P. Hen. Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph;—no word to your maſter, that I am yet come to town: There's for your ſilence.

Bard. I have no tongue, ſir.

Page. And for mine, ſir,—I will govern it.

P. Hen. Fare ye well; go. [*Exeunt* Bard. *and* Page.] —This Doll Tear-ſheet ſhould be ſome road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between ſaint Alban's and London.

P. Hen. How might we ſee Falſtaff beſtow himſelf to-night in his true colours, and not ourſelves be ſeen?

Poins. Put on two leather jerkins[9], and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

P. Hen.

name from the following paſſage in the *Playe of Robyn Hoode, very proper to be played in Maye games*, bl. l. no date:

"She is a trul of truſt, to ſerve a frier at his luſt,
"A prycker, a prauncer, a *terer of ſheets*," &c. STEEVENS.

[8] *What* pagan *may that be?*] *Pagan* ſeems to have been a cant term, implying irregularity either in birth or manners. So, in *The Captain*, a comedy by B. and Fletcher:

"Three little children, one of them was mine;
"Upon my conſcience the other two were *pagans*."

In the *City Madam* of Maſſinger it is uſed (as here) for a proſtitute:

"——— in all theſe places
"I've had my ſeveral *pagans* billeted." STEEVENS.

[9] *Put on two leather jerkins,*] This was a plot very unlikely to ſucceed where the prince and the drawers were all known; but it produces merriment, which our author found more uſeful than probability. JOHNSON.

Mr. Maſon ſays, that "Dr. Johnſon forgot that all the family were in the ſecret except Falſtaff, and that the prince and Poins were diſguiſed."—But how does this circumſtance meet with Dr. Johnſon's objection? The improbability ariſes from Falſtaff's being perfectly well acquainted with all the waiters in the houſe; and however diſguiſed the Prince and Poins might be, or whatever aid they might derive from the landlord and his ſervants, they could not in fact paſs for the old attendants,

P. Hen. From a god to a bull? a heavy deſcenſion[1]! It was Jove's caſe. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that ſhall be mine: for, in every thing, the purpoſe muſt weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Warkworth. *Before the Caſtle.*

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, *lady* Northumberland, *and lady* Percy.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs:
Put not you on the viſage of the times,
And be, like them, to Percy troubleſome.

Lady N. I have given over, I will ſpeak no more:
Do what you will; your wiſdom be your guide.

North. Alas, ſweet wife, my honour is at pawn;
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady P. O, yet, for God's ſake go not to theſe wars!
The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look, to ſee his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain[2].
Who then perſuaded you to ſtay at home?
There were two honours loſt; yours, and your ſon's.
For yours,—may heavenly glory brighten it!

tendants, with whoſe perſon, voice, and manner, Falſtaff was well acquainted. Accordingly he diſcovers the prince as ſoon as ever he ſpeaks. However, Shakſpeare's chief object was to gain an opportunity for Falſtaff to abuſe the Prince and Poins, while they remain at the back part of the ſtage in their diſguiſes: a *jeu de theatre* which he practiſed in other plays, and which always gains applauſe. MALONE.

1 —*a heavy* deſcenſion!] *Deſcenſion* is the reading of the firſt edition. Mr. Upton propoſes that we ſhould read thus by tranſpoſition: *From a God to a bull, a low transformation!—from a prince to a prentice, a heavy declenſion!* This reading is elegant, and perhaps right. JOHNSON.

The folio reads—*declenſion*. MALONE.

2 —*but he did* long *in vain.*] Theobald very elegantly conjectures that the poet wrote—*but he did* look *in vain*. STEEVENS.

For

For his,—it ſtuck upon him, as the ſun
In the grey vault of heaven [3]: and, by his light,
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts; he, was indeed, the glaſs
Wherein the noble youth did dreſs themſelves.
He had no legs [4], that practis'd not his gait:
And ſpeaking thick, which nature made his blemiſh,
Became the accents of the valiant;
For thoſe that could ſpeak low, and tardily,
Would turn their own perfection to abuſe,
To ſeem like him: So that, in ſpeech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glaſs, copy and book [5],
That faſhion'd others. And him,—O wondrous him!
O miracle of men!—him did you leave,
(Second to none, unſeconded by you,)
To look upon the hideous god of war
In diſadvantage; to abide a field,
Where nothing but the ſound of Hotſpur's name
Did ſeem defenſible [6]:—ſo you left him:
Never, O never, do his ghoſt the wrong,
To hold your honour more preciſe and nice
With others, than with him; let them alone;
The marſhal, and the archbiſhop, are ſtrong:
Had my ſweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotſpur's neck,

3 ——— *as the* ſun
In the grey *vault of heaven:*] So, in one of our author's poems to his miſtreſs:
" And truly not the morning *ſun* of heaven
" Better becomes the *grey* cheeks of the eaſt, &c." STEEVENS.

4 *He had no legs*, &c.] The remainder of this ſpeech was firſt printed in the folio, 1623. MALONE.

5 *He was the mark and glaſs, copy and book*, &c.] So, in the *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:
" For princes are the *glaſs*, the ſchool, the *book*,
" Where ſubjects eyes do learn, do read, do look." MALONE.

6 *Did ſeem* defenſible:] *Defenſible* does not in this place mean *capable of defence*, but *bearing ſtrength, furniſhing the means of defence*;—the paſſive for the active participle. MALONE.

Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

North. Beſhrew your heart,
Fair daughter! you do draw my ſpirits from me,
With new lamenting ancient overſights.
But I muſt go, and meet with danger there;
Or it will ſeek me in another place,
And find me worſe provided.

Lady N. O, fly to Scotland,
Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,
Have of their puiſſance made a little taſte.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the king,
Then join you with them, like a rib of ſteel,
To make ſtrength ſtronger; but, for all our loves,
Firſt let them try themſelves: So did your ſon;
He was ſo ſuffer'd; ſo came I a widow;
And never ſhall have length of life enough,
To rain upon remembrance[7] with mine eyes,
That it may grow and ſprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble huſband.

North. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my mind,
As with the tide ſwell'd up unto its height,
That makes a ſtill-ſtand, running neither way.
Fain would I go to meet the archbiſhop,
But many thouſand reaſons hold me back;—
I will reſolve for Scotland; there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company. [*Exeunt.*

7 *To rain upon* remembrance—] Alluding to the plant, roſemary, ſo called, and uſed in funerals. Thus, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"For you there's *roſemary* and rue, theſe keep
"Seeming and ſavour all the winter long:
"*Grace* and *remembrance* be unto you both, *&c.*"

For as rue was called *herb of grace*, from its being uſed in exorciſms; ſo roſemary was called *remembrance*, from its being a cephalick.

WARBURTON.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

London. *A Room in the Boar's-head Tavern in* Eaſt-cheap.

Enter two Drawers.

1. *Draw.* What the devil haſt thou brought there? apple-Johns? thou know'ſt, ſir John cannot endure an apple-John [8].

2. *Draw.* Maſs, thou ſay'ſt true: The prince once ſet a diſh of apple-Johns before him, and told him, there were five more ſir Johns: and, putting off his hat, ſaid, *I will now take my leave of theſe ſix dry, round, old, wither'd knights.* It anger'd him to the heart; but he hath forgot that.

1. *Draw.* Why then, cover, and ſet them down: And ſee if thou canſt find out Sneak's noiſe [9]; miſtreſs Tear-ſheet would fain hear ſome muſick. Diſpatch [1]:—The room where they ſupp'd, is too hot; they'll come in ſtraight.

2. *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the prince, and maſter Poins anon: and they will put on two of our jerkins, and

[8] —*an* apple-John.] This apple will keep two years, but becomes very wrinkled and ſhrivelled. It is called by the French, —*Deux-ans.* STEEVENS.

9 —*Sneak's noiſe*;] Sneak was a ſtreet minſtrel, and therefore the drawer goes out to liſten if he can hear him in the neighbourhood. JOHNSON.

A *noiſe of muſicians* anciently ſignified a concert or company of them. In the old play of *Henry* V. (not that of Shakſpeare) there is this paſſage;—"there came the young prince, and two or three more of his "companions, and called for wine good ſtore, and then they ſent for a "*noyſe of muſitians*," &c.

Falſtaff addreſſes them as a company in another ſcene of this play.

So, again, in *Weſtward Hoe*, by Decker and Webſter, 1607:—"All "the *noiſe* that went with him, poor fellows, have had their fiddle-"caſes pull'd over their ears." Among Ben Jonſon's *Leges convivales* is—*Fidicen, niſi accerſitus, non venito.* STEEVENS.

1 —*Diſpatch, &c.*] Theſe words, which are not in the folio, are in the quarto given to the ſecond drawer. Mr. Pope rightly attributed them to the firſt. MALONE.

aprons; and ſir John muſt not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

1. *Draw.* By the maſs, here will be old utis [2]: It will be an excellent ſtratagem.

2. *Draw.* I'll ſee, if I can find out Sneak. [*Exit.*

Enter Hoſteſs *and* Doll Tearſheet.

Hoſt. I'faith, ſweet heart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulſidge beats [3] as extraordinarily as heart would deſire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any roſe: But, i'faith, you have drunk too much canaries; and that's a marvellous ſearching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can ſay,—What's this? How do you now?

Dol. Better than I was. Hem.

Hoſt. Why, that's well ſaid; A good heart's worth gold. Look, here come's ſir John.

Enter FALSTAFF, *ſinging.*

Fal. *When Arthur firſt in court* [4]—Empty the jordan.—

And

[2] —*here will be old utis:*] *Utis*, an old word yet in uſe in ſome counties ſignifying a merry feſtival, from the French *huit*, *octo*, ab A. S. Eahta, *Octavæ feſti alicujus.*—Skinner. POPE.

Old, in this place, does not mean ancient, but was formerly a common augmentative in colloquial language. *Old Utis* ſignifies feſtivity in a great degree. So again, in Decker's comedy, called, *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in it:* "We ſhall have *old* breaking of necks then." Again, in *Soliman and Perſeda*, 1599: "I ſhall have *old* laughing." STEEVENS.

See Vol. III. p. 299, n. 6. MALONE.

[3] —*your pulſidge beats* &c.] One would almoſt regard this ſpeech as a burleſque on the following paſſage in the interlude called the *Repentance of Mary Magdelene*, 1567. *Infidelity* ſays to *Mary:*

"Let me fele your poulſes, miſtreſſe Mary, be you ſicke?
"By my troth in as good tempre as any woman can be:
"Your vaines are as full of blood, luſty and quicke,
"In better taking truly I did you never ſee." STEEVENS.

[4] *When Arthur firſt in court*—] The entire ballad is publiſhed in the *firſt* volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient Engliſh Poetry.* STEEVENS.

The

And was a worthy king: [*Exit* Drawer.] How now, miſtreſs Doll?

Hoſt. Sick of a calm [5]: yea, good ſooth.

Fal. So is all her ſect [6]; an they be once in a calm, they are ſick.

Dol. You muddy raſcal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat raſcals [7], miſtreſs Doll.

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diſeaſes make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diſeaſes, Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Dol. Ay, marry; our chains, and our jewels.

The words in the ballad are

"*When Arthur firſt in court* began,
"*And was* approved *king*." MALONE.

[5] *Sick of a* calm:] I ſuppoſe ſhe means to ſay *of a qualm*. STEEVENS.

[6] *So is all her* ſect;] I know not why *ſect* is printed in all the copies: I believe *ſex* is meant. JOHNSON.

In Middleton's *Mad World my maſters*, 1608, (as Dr. Farmer has elſewhere obſerved,) a courtezan ſays, "it is the eaſieſt art and cunning "for our *ſect* to counterfeit ſick, that are always full of fits, when we "are well." I have therefore no doubt that *ſect* was licentiouſly uſed by our author, and his contemporaries, for *ſex*. MALONE.

I have found *ſect* ſo often printed for *ſex* in the old plays, that I ſuppoſe theſe words were anciently ſynonymous. Thus, in Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſs*, 1631:

"Deceives our *ſect* of fame and chaſtity."

Again, in Whetſtone's *Arbour of Vertue*, 1576:

"Who, for that theſe barons ſo wrought a ſlaunder to her *ſect*,
"Their fooliſh, raſh, and judgement falſe, ſhe ſharplie did detect." STEEVENS.

[7] *You make fat* raſcals,] Falſtaff alludes to a phraſe of the foreſt. *Lean* deer are called *raſcal* deer. He tells her ſhe calls him wrong; being *fat*, he cannot be a *raſcal*. JOHNSON.

So in Quarles's *Virgin Widow*, 1656: "—and have known a *raſcal* from a fat deer." STEEVENS.

To grow fat and bloated is one of the conſequences of the venereal diſeaſe; and to that Falſtaff probably alludes. There are alluſions in the following ſpeech to the ſame diſorder. MASON.

Fal. Your brooches, pearls, and owches[8]; —for to ſerve bravely, is to come halting off, you know: To come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to ſurgery bravely; to venture upon the charg'd chambers[9] bravely:

Dol. Hang yourſelf, you muddy conger, hang yourſelf!

Hoſt. By my troth, this is the old faſhion; you two never meet, but you fall to ſome diſcord: you are both, in good troth, as rheumatick[1] as two dry toaſts[2]; you

[8] *Your* brooches, *pearls, and* owches;—] *Broochcs* were chains of gold that women wore formerly about their necks. *Owches* were boſſes of gold ſet with diamonds. POPE.

I believe Falſtaff gives theſe ſplendid names, as we give that of *carbuncle*, to ſomething very different from gems and ornaments: but the paſſage deſerves not a laborious reſearch. JOHNSON.

Your broochcs, pearls, and owches, is a line in an old ſong, but I forget where I met with it. Dr. Johnſon may be ſupported in his conjecture by a paſſage in *The Widow's Tears*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1612: "—As many aches in his bones as there are *ouches* in his ſkin."

Mr. Pope has rightly interpreted *ouches* in their literal ſenſe. The makers of theſe ornaments were called *owchers*. STEEVENS.

It appears from Stubbes's *Anatomie of Abuſes*, 1595, that *owches* were worn by women in their hair, in Shakſpeare's time. Dr. Johnſon's conjecture, however, may be ſupported by the following paſſage in *Maroccus Extaticus*, 1595: "Let him paſs for a churle, and wear his miſtreſs's favours, viz. *rubies* and *precious ſtones*, on his noſe, &c; and this *et cetera* ſhall, if you will, be the perfecteſt p— that ever grew in Shoreditch or Southwarke." MALONE.

9 —*the charg'd* chambers—] To underſtand this quibble, it is neceſſary to ſay, that a *chamber* ſignifies not only an apartment, but a piece of ordnance. STEEVENS.

Chambers are very ſmall pieces of ordnance which are yet uſed in London, on what are called *rejoicing days*, and were ſometimes uſed in our author's theatre on particular occaſions. See *King Henry VIII.* Act I. ſc. iii. MALONE.

[1] —*as* rheumatick—] *Rheumatic*, in the cant language of the times, ſignified capricious, humourſome. In this ſenſe it appears to be uſed in many of the old plays. So, in *Every Man in his Humour:*

"*Cob.* Why, I have my *rewme*, and can be angry."

So, in our author's *K. Henry V.* "He did in ſome ſort handle women; but then he was *rheumatic*," &c. STEEVENS.

The word *ſcorbutico* (as an ingenious friend obſerves to me) is uſed in the ſame manner in Italian, to ſignify a peeviſh ill-tempered man. MALONE.

[2] —*as two dry toaſts*;] Which cannot meet but they grate one another. JOHNSON.

cannot

cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year! one muſt bear, and that muſt be you: [*to* Doll.] you are the weaker veſſel, as they ſay, the emptier veſſel.

Dol. Can a weak empty veſſel bear ſuch a huge full hogſhead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux ſtuff in him; you have not ſeen a hulk better ſtuff'd in the hold.—Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I ſhall ever ſee thee again, or no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, ancient Piſtol's[3] below, and would ſpeak with you.

Dol. Hang him, ſwaggering raſcal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouth'dſt rogue in England.

Hoſt. If he ſwagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I muſt live amongſt my neighbours; I'll no ſwaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very beſt:—Shut the door;—there comes no ſwaggerers here: I have not lived all this while, to have ſwaggering now:—ſhut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Doſt thou hear, hoſteſs?—

Hoſt. Pray you, pacify yourſelf, ſir John; there comes no ſwaggerers here.

Fal. Doſt thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Hoſt. Tilly-fally[4], ſir John, never tell me; your ancient ſwaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before maſter Tiſick, the deputy, the other day; and, as he ſaid to me,—it was no longer ago than Wedneſday laſt,—*Neighbour Quickly*, ſays he;—maſter Dumb, our miniſter, was by then;—*Neighbour Quickly*, ſays he, *receive thoſe that are civil*; *for*, ſaith he, *you are in an ill name*;—now he ſaid ſo, I can tell whereupon; *for*, ſays he, *you are an honeſt woman, and well thought on*; *therefore take heed what gueſts you receive: Receive*, ſays he, *no ſwaggering*

3 —*ancient Piſtol*—] is the ſame as *enſign Piſtol*. Falſtaff was captain, Peto lieutenant, and Piſtol enſign, or *ancient*. JOHNSON.

4 *Tillyfally*—] See Vol. IV. p. 38, n. 6. MALONE.

companions.—There comes none here;—you would bleſs you to hear what he ſaid:—no, I'll no ſwaggerers.

Fal. He's no ſwaggerer, hoſteſs; a tame cheater[5], he; you may ſtroak him as gently as a puppy-greyhound: he will not ſwagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any ſhew of reſiſtance.—Call him up, drawer.

Hoſt. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honeſt man my houſe, nor no cheater[6]: But I do not love ſwaggering; by my troth I am the worſe, when one ſays—ſwagger: feel, maſters, how I ſhake: look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hoſteſs.

Hoſt. Do I? yea in very truth, do I, an 'twere an aſpen leaf: I cannot abide ſwaggerers.

— *a tame cheater.*] Gameſter and cheater were, in Shakſpeare's age, ſynonymous terms. Ben Jonſon has an epigram on Captain Hazard the *cheater.*— A *tame cheater* however, as Mr. Whalley obſerves to me, appears to be a cant phraſe. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn:*

— "and will be drawn into the net,
"By this decoy duck, this *tame cheater.*"

Greene in his *Mihil Mumchance* has the following paſſage: "They call their art by a new-found name, as *cheating*, themſelves *cheators*, and the dice *cheters*, borrowing the term from among our lawyers, with whom all ſuch caſuals as fall to the lord at the holding of his leets, as waiſes, ſtraies, and ſuch like, be called *chetes*, and are accuſtomably ſaid to be *eſcheted* to the lord's uſe." So likewiſe in Lord Coke's charge at Norwich, 1607: "But if you will be content to let the *eſcheater* alone, and not look into his actions, he will be contented by deceiving you to change his name, taking unto him ſelfe the two laſt ſyllables only, with the *es* left out, and ſo turn *cheater.*" Hence perhaps the derivation of the verb—to *cheat*, which I do not recollect to have met with among our moſt ancient writers. This account of the word is likewiſe given in *A Manifeſt Detection of Dice-play*, printed by Vele, in the reign of *Henry VIII.* STEEVENS.

[6] *I will bar no honeſt man my houſe, nor no cheater:*] The humour of this conſiſts in the woman's miſtaking the title of *cheater*, (which our anceſtors gave to him whom we now, with better manners, call a *gameſter*) for that officer of the exchequer called an *eſcheator*, well known to the common people of that time; and named, either corruptly or ſatirically, a *cheater.* WARBURTON.

Enter

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and* Page.

Piſt. 'Save you, ſir John!

Fal. Welcome, ancient Piſtol. Here, Piſtol, I charge you with a cup of ſack: do you diſcharge upon mine hoſteſs.

Piſt. I will diſcharge upon her, ſir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is piſtol-proof, ſir; you ſhall hardly offend her.

Hoſt. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets: I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleaſure[7], I.

Piſt. Then to you, miſtreſs Dorothy; I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me? I ſcorn you, ſcurvy companion. What! you poor, baſe, raſcally, cheating, lack-linen mate! away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your maſter.

Piſt. I know you, miſtreſs Dorothy.

Dol. Away, you cut-purſe raſcal! you filthy bung[8], away! by this wine, I'll thruſt my knife in your mouldy

[7] — *I'll drink no more—for no man's pleaſure*, I.] This ſhould not be printed as a broken ſentence. The duplication of the pronoun was very common: in the *London Prodigal* we have, "I ſcorn ſervice, I." "I am an aſs, I," ſays the ſtage-keeper in the induction to *Bartholomew Fair*; and Kendal thus tranſlates a well-known epigram of Martial:

"I love thee not, *Sabidius*,
"I cannot tell thee why:
"I can ſaie naught but this alone,
"I do not love thee, I." FARMER.

So, in *K. Richard III.* Act. III. ſc. ii.

"I do not like theſe ſeveral councils, *I.*" STEEVENS.

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"I will not budge, for no man's pleaſure, *I.*"

Again, in *K. Edward II.* by Marlowe, 1598:

"I am none of theſe common peaſants, *I.*"

The French ſtill uſe this idiom:—Je ſuis Pariſien, *moi*. MALONE.

[8] —*filthy bung*,] In the cant of thievery, to *nip a bung* was to cut a purſe; and among an explanation of many of theſe terms in *Martin Mark-all's Apologie to the Bel-man of London*, 1610, it is ſaid that "*Bung* is now uſed for a *pocket*, heretofore for a *purſe*." STEEVENS.

chaps

chaps, an you play the ſaucy cuttle with me [9]. Away, you bottle-ale raſcal! you baſket-hilt ſtale jugler, you!—Since when, I pray you, ſir?—What, with two points [1] on your ſhoulder? much! [2]

Piſt. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Piſtol; I would not have you go off here: diſcharge yourſelf of our company, Piſtol.

Hoſt. No, good captain Piſtol; not here, ſweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater [3], art thou not aſhamed to be call'd—captain? If captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earn'd them. You a captain, you ſlave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-houſe?—He a captain! Hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy ſtew'd prunes, and

9 — *an you play the ſaucy* cuttle *with me.*] It appears from Green's *Art of Conney-catching*, that *cuttle* and *cuttle-boung* were the cant terms for the knife uſed by the ſharpers of that age to cut the bottoms of purſes, which were then worn hanging at the girdle. Or the alluſion may be to the foul language thrown out by Piſtol, which ſhe means to compare with ſuch filth as the *cuttle-fiſh* ejects. STEEVENS.

1 —*with two points*—] As a mark of his commiſſion. JOHNSON.

2 —much!] *Much* was a common expreſſion of diſdain at that time, of the ſame ſenſe with that more modern one, *Marry come up*. WARB.

Dr. Warburton is right. *Much!* is uſed thus in B. Jonſon's *Volpone*;

" —— But you ſhall eat it. *Much!*

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*:

" To charge me bring my grain unto the markets:

" Ay, *much!* when I have neither barn nor garner." STEEVENS.

See Vol. III. p. 208, n. 8. MALONE.

3 *Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater*, &c.] Piſtol's character ſeems to have been a common one on the ſtage in the time of Shakeſpeare. In a *Woman's a Weathercock* by N. Field, 1612, there is a perſonage of the ſame ſtamp, who is thus deſcribed:

" Thou unſpeakable raſcal, thou a ſoldier!
" That with thy ſlops and cat-a-mountain face,
" Thy blather chaps, and thy robuſtious words,
" Fright'ſt the poor whore, and terribly doſt exact
" A weekly ſubſidy, twelve pence a piece,
" Whereon thou liveſt; and on my conſcience,
" Thou ſnap'ſt beſides with cheats and cut-purſes." MALONE.

dry'd

dry'd cakes [4]. A captain! theſe villains will make the word captain as odious as the word occupy [5]; which was an excellent good word before it was ill ſorted: therefore captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, miſtreſs Doll.

Piſt. Not I: I tell thee what, corporal Bardolph;—I could tear her:—I'll be reveng'd on her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Piſt. I'll ſee her damn'd firſt;—to Pluto's damned lake, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tor-

[4] *He lives upon mouldy ſtew'd prunes, and dry'd cakes.*] That is, he lives on the refuſe proviſions of bawdy-houſes and paſtry-cooks' ſhops. *Stew'd prunes*, when mouldy, were perhaps formerly ſold at a cheap rate, as ſtale pyes and *cakes* are at preſent. The alluſion to *ſtew'd prunes*, and all that is neceſſary to be known on that ſubject, has been already explained in the firſt part of this hiſtorical play. STEEVENS.

[5] —*as odious as the word* occupy;] So, B. Jonſon in his *Diſcoveries*: "Many, out of their own obſcene apprehenſions, refuſe proper and fit words; as, *occupy*, nature," &c. STEEVENS.

Occupant ſeems to have been formerly a term for a woman of the town, as *occupier* was for a wencher. So, in Marſton's *Satires*, 1598:

"——— He with his *occupant*
"Are cling'd ſo cloſe, like dew worms in the morne,
"That he'll not ſtir."

Again, in a ſong by Sir T. Overbury, 1616:

"Here's water to quench maidens' fires,
"Here's ſpirits for old *occupiers*." MALONE.

[6] *I'll ſee her* damn'd *firſt*;—*to Pluto's* damned *lake, to the infernal deep, with* Erebus *and* tortures *vile alſo.*] Theſe words, I believe, were intended to allude to the following paſſage in an old play called the *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594, from which Piſtol afterwards quotes a line (ſee p. 335, n 5.):

"You daſtards of the night and *Erebus*,
"Fiends, fairies, hags, that fight in beds of ſteel,
"Range through this army with your iron whips;—
"Deſcend and take to thy *tormenting hell*
"The mangled body of that traitor king.—
"Then let the earth diſcover to his ghoſt
"Such *tortures* as uſurpers feel below.—
"*Damn'd* let him be, *damn'd* and condemn'd to bear
"All torments, *tortures*, pains and plagues of hell." MALONE.

tures

tures vile alſo[6]. Hold hook and line[7], ſay I. Down! down, dogs! down faitors[8]! Have we not Hiren here[9]?

Hoſt.

7 *Hold hook and line.*—] Theſe words are introduced in ridicule by B. Jonſon in *The Caſe is alter'd*, 1609. Of abſurd and fuſtian paſſages from many plays in which Shakſpeare had been a performer, I have always ſuppoſed no ſmall part of *Piſtol*'s character to be compoſed: and the pieces themſelves being now irretrievably loſt, the humour of his alluſions is not a little obſcured. STEEVENS.

In Truſſer's *Huſbandry*, 1580, it is ſaid,

"At noone, if it bloweth, at night, if it ſhine,
"Out trudgeth Hew Makeſhift, *with hook and with line.*"

HENDERSON.

8 *Down! down, dogs! down faitors!*] A burleſque on a play already quoted; *The Battle of Alcazar:*

"Ye proud malicious *dogs* of Italy,
"Strike on, ſtrike *down*, this body to the earth." MALONE.

Faitours, ſays Minſheu's Dictionary, is a corruption of the French word *faiſeurs*, i. e. *factores*, doers; and it is uſed in the ſtatute 7 *Rich. II.* c. 5, for evil doers, or rather for idle livers; from the French, *faitard*, which in Cotgrave's Dict. ſignifies ſlothful, idle, &c. TOLLET.

— down *faitors*, i. e. traitors, raſcals. So Spenſer:

"Into new woes, unweeting, was I caſt,
"By this falſe *faitour*."

The word often occurs in the *Cheſter Myſteries*. STEEVENS.

9 *Have we not* Hiren *here?*] From *The Merie conceited Jeſts of George Peele, Gentleman, ſometime Student in Oxford*, quarto, 1657, it appears, that *Peele* was the author of a play called *The Turkiſh Mahomet and* Hyren *the Fair Greek*, which is now loſt. One of theſe jeſts, or rather ſtories, is entitled, *How George read a* Play-book *to a Gentleman*. "There was a gentleman (ſays the tale) whom God had endued with good living, to maintain his ſmall wit,—one that took great delight to have the firſt hearing of any work that *George* had done, himſelf being a writer.—This ſelf-conceited brock had George invited to half a ſcore ſheets of paper; whoſe Chriſtianly pen had *writ Finis* to the famous play of *The Turkiſh Mahomet and* Hyren *the Fair Greek*; —in Italian called a curtezan; in Spaine, a margarite; in French, un curtain; in Engliſh, among the barbarous, a *whore*; among the gentles, their uſual aſſociates, a *punk*.—This fantaſtick, whoſe brain was made of nought but cork aud ſpunge, came to the cold lodging of Monſieur Peel.—George bids him welcome;—told him he would gladly have his opinion of *his book*.—He willingly condeſcended, and George begins to read, and between every *ſcene* he would make pauſes, and demand his opinion how he liked the carriage of it," &c.

Have we not Hiren here? was, without doubt, a quotation from this play of Peele's, and, from the explanation of the word *Hiren* above given, is put with peculiar propriety on the preſent occaſion into the mouth

Hoſt. Good captain Peeſel, be quiet; it is very late i'faith: I beſeek you now, aggravate your choler.

Piſt. Theſe be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-horſes,
And hollow-pamper'd jades of Aſia[9],
Which

mouth of Piſtol. In *Eaſtward Hoe*, a comedy, by Jonſon, Chapman, and Marſton, 1605, *Quickſilver* comes in drunk, and repeats this and many other verſes, from dramatick performances of that time:

" Holla, ye pamper'd jades of Aſia! [*Tamburlaine.*]

" Haſt thou not *Hiren* here?" [probably, *the Turkiſh Mahomet.*]

" Who cries out murther? lady, was it you? [*Spaniſh Tragedy.*]

All theſe lines are printed as quotations, in Italicks. In John Day's *Law Tricks*, quoted by Mr. Steevens in the following note, the prince Polymetes, when he ſays " Have we not *Hiren* here", alludes to a lady then preſent, whom he imagines to be a harlot. MALONE.

In an old comedy, 1608, called *Law Tricks, or, Who would have thought it?* the ſame quotation is likewiſe introduced, and on a ſimilar occaſion. The prince Polymetes ſays:

" What ominous news can Polymetes daunt?

" *Have we not Hiren here?*

Again, in Maſſinger's *Old Law:*

" *Clown.* No dancing for me, we have Siren here.

" *Cook.* Syren! 'twas *Hiren* the fair Greek, man."

Again, in *Decker's Satiromaſtix:* " —therefore whilſt *we have Hiren here*, ſpeak my little diſh-waſhers."

Mr. Tollet obſerves, that in Adams's *Spiritual Navigator, &c.* 1615, there is the following paſſage: " There be ſirens in the ſea of the world. Syrens? *Hirens*, as they are now called. What a number of theſe ſirens, *Hirens*, cockatrices, courteghians,—in plain Engliſh, harlots,—ſwimme amongſt us?" Piſtol may therefore mean, Have we not a *ſtrumpet* here? and why I am thus uſed by her? STEEVENS.

[9]— *hollow-pamper'd jades of Aſia*, &c.] Theſe lines are in part a quotation out of an old abſurd fuſtian play, entitled, *Tamburlaine's Conqueſts; or, The Scythian Shepherd*, 1590. [by C. Marlowe,] THEOBALD.

Theſe lines are addreſſed by Tamburlaine to the captive princes who draw his chariot:

" Holla, you pamper'd jades of Aſia,

" What! can you draw but twenty miles a day?"

The ſame paſſage is burleſqued by B. and Fletcher in *The Coxcomb.*

I was ſurprized to find a ſimile, much and juſtly celebrated by the admirers of *Spenſer's Fairy Queen*, inſerted almoſt word for word in the ſecond part of this tragedy. The earlieſt edition of thoſe books of *The Fairy Queen*, in one of which it is to be found, was publiſhed in 1590. and *Tamburlane* had been repreſented in or before the year 1588, as appears from the preface to *Perimedes the Blackſmith*, by Robert Greene.

The

Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,
Compare with Cæſars, and with Cannibals[1],
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with
King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar[2].
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Hoſt. By my troth, captain, theſe are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Piſt. Die men, like dogs[3]; give crowns like pins;

The firſt copy, however, that I have met with, is in 1590, and the next in 1593. In the year 1590 both parts of it were entered on the books of the Stationers' Company.

" Like to an almond-tree ymounted high
" On top of green Selinis, all alone,
" With bloſſoms brave bedecked daintily,
" Whoſe tender locks do tremble every one
" At every little breath that under heaven is blown." *Spenſer.*

" Like to an almond-tree ymounted high
" Upon the lofty and celeſtial mount
" Of ever-green Selinis, quaintly deck'd
" With bloom more bright than Erycina's brows;
" Whoſe tender bloſſoms tremble every one
" At every little breath from heaven is blown." *Tamburlaine.*

STEEVENS.

[1] —*Cannibals,*] *Cannibal* is uſed by a blunder for *Hannibal.* This was afterwards copied by Congreve's Bluff and Wittol. Bluff is a character apparently taken from this of ancient Piſtol. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the character of a bully on the Engliſh ſtage might have been originally taken from Piſtol; but Congreve ſeems to have copied his Nol Bluff more immediately from Jonſon's Captain Bobadil. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*nay rather damn them with King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.*] So in *Eaſtward Hoe,* 1605: " —turn ſwaggering gallant, and *let the welkin roar,* and Erebus alſo." MALONE.

—*let the welkin roar.*] Theſe are part of the words of an old ballad, entitled, " What the father gathereth with the rake, the ſon doth ſcatter with the forke":

" *Let the welkin roare,*
" I'll never give ore, &c."

Again, in another ancient ſong called " The Man in the Moon drinks claret:"

" Drink wine till *the welkin roares,*
" And cry out a p— of your ſcores." STEEVENS.

[3] *Die men like dogs;*—] This expreſſion I find in *Ram-alley,* 1611:

" Your lieutenant's an aſs.
" How an aſs? *Die men like dogs?* STEEVENS.

Have

Have we not Hiren here[4]?

Hoſt. O' my word, captain, there's none ſuch here. What the good-year! do you think, I would deny her? for God's ſake, be quiet.

Piſt. Then, feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis[5]:
Come, give's ſome ſack.
Si fortuna me tormenta, ſperato me contenta[6].—
Fear we broad-ſides? no, let the fiend give fire:
Give me ſome ſack;—and, ſweet-heart, lie thou there.
[*Laying down his ſword.*

[4] — *Have we not Hiren here?*] Mr. Theobald thought that *Hiren* was a name beſtowed by Piſtol on his ſword, in imitation of the heroes of romance: thus "king Arthur's ſwords were called *Caliburn* and *Ron*, Orlando's *Durindana*, Rinaldo's *Fuſberta*," &c. He adds, that "*be had been told* that Amadis de Gaul had a ſword of the name of *Hiren*." But I ſee no ground for ſuppoſing that the words bear a different meaning here from what they did in a former paſſage. He is ſtill, I think, merely quoting the ſame play that he had quoted before. MALONE.

[5] — *feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis:*] This is a burleſque on a line in an old play called *The Battle of Alcazar*, &c. printed in 1594, in which Muley Mahomet enters to his wife with lion's fleſh on his ſword:

"Feed then, and faint not, my faire Calypolis."

And again, in the ſame play:

"Hold thee, Calipolis; feed, and faint no more."

And again:

"*Feed and be fat*, that we may meet the foe
"With ſtrength and terrour, to revenge our wrong."

This line is quoted in ſeveral of the old plays; and Decker, in his *Satiromaſtix*, 1602, has introduced Shakſpeare's burleſque of it: "Feed and be fat, my fair *Calipolis:* ſtir not my beauteous wriggle-tails." STEEVENS.

It is likewiſe quoted by Marſton in his *What you will*, 1607, as it ſtands in Shakſpeare. MALONE.

[6] —*Si fortuna me tormenta, ſperato me contenta.*] Sir Tho. Hanmer reads: "Si fortuna me tormenta, il ſperare me contenta," which is undoubtedly the true reading; but perhaps it was intended that Piſtol ſhould corrupt it. JOHNSON.

Piſtol is only a copy of Hannibal Gonſaga, who vaunted on yielding himſelf a priſoner, as you may read in an old collection of tales, called *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*,

"Si fortuna me tormenta,
"Il ſperanza me contenta.

And ſir Richard Hawkins, in his *Voyage to the South Sea*, 1593, throws out the ſame gingling diſtich on the loſs of his pinnace. FARMER.

Come we to full points here; and are *et cetera's* nothing[7]?

Fal. Piſtol, I would be quiet.

Piſt. Sweet knight, I kiſs thy neif[8]: What! we have ſeen the ſeven ſtars.

Dol. Thruſt him down ſtairs; I cannot endure ſuch a fuſtian raſcal.

Piſt. Thruſt him down ſtairs! know we not Galloway nags[9]?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a ſhove-groat ſhilling[1]: nay, if he do nothing but ſpeak nothing, he ſhall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down ſtairs.

Piſt. What! ſhall we have inciſion? ſhall we imbrew?

[*ſnatching up his ſword.*

Then death rock me aſleep[2], abridge my doleful days!
Why then, let grievous, ghaſtly, gaping wounds
Untwine the ſiſters three! Come, Atropos *, I ſay!

Hoſt. Here's goodly ſtuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

[7] *Come we to full points here*; &c.] That is, ſhall we ſtop here, ſhall we have no further entertainment? JOHNSON.

[8] *Sweet knight, I kiſs thy* neif:] i. e. I kiſs thy fiſt. THEOBALD.

Neif is ſtill employed in this ſenſe in the Northern counties, and by B. Jonſon in his *Poetaſter*. STEEVENS.

So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*: "Give me thy *neif*, Monſieur Muſtard-Seed. MALONE.

[9] —*Galloway nags?*] That is, common hackneys. JOHNSON.

[1] —*like a ſhove-groat ſhilling*:] This expreſſion occurs in *Every Man in his humour*: "—made it run as ſmooth off the tongue as a *ſhove-groat ſhilling*." I ſuppoſe it to have been a piece of poliſhed metal made uſe of in the play of ſhovel board. STEEVENS.

See Vol. I. p. 199, n. 5. MALONE.

Slide-thrift, or *ſhove-groat* is one of the games prohibited by ſtatute 33 Hen. VIII. BLACKSTONE.

[2] *Then death rock me aſleep*,] This is a fragment of an ancient ſong, ſuppoſed to have been written by Anne Boleyn:

"*O death rock me on ſlepe*,
"Bring me on quiet reſt, &c."

For the entire ſong, ſee ſir John Hawkins's *General Hiſt. of Muſick*, Vol. I. p. 31. STEEVENS.

* *Come*, Atropos,—] It has been ſuggeſted that this is a name which Piſtol gives to his ſword; but ſurely he means nothing more than to call on one of the *ſiſters three* to aid him in the fray. MALONE.

Dol.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down ſtairs.

[*Drawing, and driving* Piſtol *out.*

Hoſt. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forſwear keeping houſe, afore I'll be in theſe tirrits and frights. So; murther, I warrant now.—Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

[*Exeunt* PISTOL *and* BARDOLPH.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the raſcal is gone. Ah, you whorſon little valiant villain, you!

Hoſt. Are you not hurt i'the groin? methought, he made a ſhrewd thruſt at your belly.

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

Fal. Have you turn'd him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, ſir. The raſcal's drunk: you have hurt him, ſir, in the ſhoulder.

Fal. A raſcal! to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you ſweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou ſweat'ſt? Come, let me wipe thy face;—come on, you whoreſon chops:—Ah, rogue! i'faith I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies: Ah, villain [3]!

Fal. A raſcally ſlave! I will toſs the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, if thou dareſt for thy heart: if thou doſt, I'll canvaſs thee between a pair of ſheets.

Enter Muſick.

Page. The muſick is come, ſir.

Fal. Let them play;—Play, ſirs.—Sit on my knee, Doll. A raſcal bragging ſlave! the rogue fled from me like quickſilver.

Dol. I'faith, and thou follow'dſt him like a church. Thou whoreſon little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig [4], when wilt

[3] —Ah, *villain!*] Thus the folio: the quarto reads—*a* villain; which may be right. She may mean Piſtol. MALONE.

[4] —*little* tidy *Bartholomew boar-pig,*] For *tidy* ſir Thomas Hanmer reads *tiny*; but they are both words of endearment, and equally proper. *Bartholomew boar pig* is a little pig made of paſte, ſold at Bartholomew fair, and given to children for a fairing. JOHNSON.

wilt thou leave fighting o'day's, and foining o'nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter, behind, Prince HENRY *and* POINS, *diſguiſed like drawers.*

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not ſpeak like a death's head[5]; do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

Fal. A good ſhallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipp'd bread well.

Dol. They ſay, Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick

Tidy has two ſignifications, *timely* and *neat*. In the firſt of theſe ſenſes, I believe, it is uſed in the *Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

" —I myſelf have given good, *tidie* lambs." STEEVENS.

From Ben Jonſon's play of *Bartholomew Fair*, we learn, that it was the cuſtom formerly to have booths in Bartholomew Fair, in which pigs were dreſt and ſold, and to theſe it is probable the alluſion is here, and not to the pigs of paſte mentioned by Dr. Johnſon.

The practice of roaſting *pigs* at Bartholomew Fair continued until the beginning of the preſent century, if not later. It is mentioned in *Ned Ward's London Spy*, 1697. When about the year 1708, ſome attempts were made to limit the duration of the fair to three days, a poem was publiſhed entitled, *The Pigs' Petition againſt Bartholomew Fair*, &c. *Tidy*, I apprehend, means only *fat*, and in that ſenſe it was certainly ſometimes uſed. See an old tranſlation of *Galatea of Manners and Behaviour*, b. l. 1578, p. 77: " — and it is more proper and peculiar ſpeech to ſay the ſhivering of an ague than to call it the colde; and fleſh that is *tidie* to term it rather *fat* than fulſome." REED.

See alſo D'Avenant's burleſque *Verſes on a long vacation*, written about 1630:

" Now London's chief on ſaddle new
" Rides into *fair* of *Bartbol'mew*;
" He twirls his chain, and looking big
" As if to fright the head of *pig*,
" That gaping lies on *greaſy* ſtall,
" Till female with great belly call," &c. MALONE.

[5] —*like a death's head*;] It appears from the following paſſage in Marſton's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1605, that it was the cuſtom for the bawds of that age to wear a *death's head* in a ring, very probably with the common motto, *memento mori*. Cocledemoy, ſpeaking of ſome of theſe, ſays:—" as for their death, how can it be bad, ſince their

" wicked-

thick as Tewkſbury muſtard[6]; there is no more conceit in him; than is in a mallet[7].

Dol. Why does the prince love him ſo then?

Fal. Becauſe their legs are both of a bigneſs; and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons[8]; and rides the wild mare with the boys[9]; and jumps upon joint-ſtools;

" wickedneſs is always before their eyes, and a *death's head* moſt com-
" monly on their middle finger." Again, in *Northward Hoe*, 1607:
" —as if I were a *bawd*, no ring pleaſes me but a *death's head*".

On the Stationer's books, Feb. 21, 1582, is enter'd a ballad, entitled *Remember thy end.* STEEVENS.

6 — *Tewkſbury muſtard*;] Tewkſbury is a market-town in the county of Glouceſter, formerly noted for muſtard-balls made there, and ſent into other parts. GREY.

7 — *in a* mallet.] So, in Milton's Proſe Works, 1738, Vol. I. p. 300: " —though the fancy of this doubt be as obtuſe and ſad as any *mallet*." TOLLET.

8 —*eats conger and fennel*; *and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons*;] *Conger with fennel* was formerly regarded as a provocative. It is mentioned by B. Jonſon in his *Bartholomew-Fair*:—" like a long laced " *conger* with green *fennel* in the joll of it." And in *Philaſter*, one of the ladies adviſes the wanton Spaniſh prince to abſtain from this article of luxury. Greene likewiſe in his *Quip for an upſtart Courtier*, calls *fennel* " women's weeds" — " fit generally, for that ſex, ſith while they are maidens they wiſh wantonly."

The qualification that follows, viz. that of ſwallowing *candles' ends by way of flap-dragons*, ſeems to indicate no more than that the prince loved him becauſe he was always ready to do any thing for his amuſement, however abſurd or unnatural. Naſh, in *Pierce Pennyleſs his Supplication to the Devil*, adviſes hard drinkers,—" to have ſome ſhoo-
" ing horne to pull on their wine, as a raſher on the coals, or a red
" herring; or to ſtir it about with a *candle's end* to make it taſte the
" better," *&c.* And Ben Jonſon in his *News from the Moon*, &c. a maſque, ſpeaks of thoſe who eat *candle ends*, as an act of love and gallantry. Again, in Marſton's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1605:—" have I not been drunk to your health, ſwallow'd *flap-dragons*, eat glaſſes, drank urine, ſtabb'd arms, and done all the offices of proteſted gallantry for your ſake?" STEEVENS.

A *flap-dragon* is ſome ſmall combuſtible body, fired at one end, and put afloat in a glaſs of liquor. It is an act of a toper's dexterity to toſs off the glaſs in ſuch a manner as to prevent the *flap-dragon* from doing miſchief. JOHNSON.

9 —*and rides the wild* mare *with the boys*;] He probably means the *two-legged mare* mentioned by Mr. Steevens, in n. 6, p. 308. MALONE.

and ſwears with a good grace; and wears his boot very ſmooth, like unto the ſign of the leg[1]; and breeds no bate with telling of diſcreet ſtories[2]: and ſuch other gambol faculties he hath, that ſhew a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himſelf is ſuch another; the weight of a hair will turn the ſcales between their averdupois.

P. Hen. Would not this nave of a wheel[3] have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let's beat him before his whore.

P. Hen. Look, if the wither'd elder hath not his poll claw'd like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not ſtrange, that deſire ſhould ſo many years out-live performance?

Fal. Kiſs me, Doll.

P. Hen. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction[4]! what ſays the almanack to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon[5], his man, be

[1] —*wears his boot very ſmooth, like unto the ſign of the leg*;] The learned editor of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, 1775, obſerves that ſuch is part of the deſcription of a ſmart abbot, by an anonymous writer of the thirteenth century. "*Ocreas habebat in cruribus, quaſi innatæ eſſent, ſine plicâ porrectas.*" MS. Bod. James. n. 6. p. 121. STEEVENS.

[2] —*diſcreet ſtories*:—] We ſhould read *indiſcreet*. WARBURTON.

I ſuppoſe by *diſcreet ſtories*, is meant what ſuſpicious maſters and miſtreſſes of families would call *prudential information*; i. e. what ought to be known, and yet is diſgraceful to the teller. Among the virtues of John Rugby, in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, Mrs. Quickly adds, that "he is *no tell-tale*, no breed-bate." STEEVENS.

[3] —*nave of a wheel*—] *Nave* and *knave* are eaſily reconciled, but why *nave of a wheel?* I ſuppoſe from his roundneſs. He was called *round man* in contempt before. JOHNSON.

So, in the play repreſented before the king and queen in *Hamlet*:

"Break all the ſpokes and fellies of her wheel,
"And bowl the *round nave* down the ſteep of heaven."

STEEVENS.

[4] —*Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction!*] This was indeed a prodigy. The aſtrologers, ſays Ficinus, remark, that Saturn and Venus are never conjoined. JOHNSON.

[5] —*the fiery* Trigon, *&c.*] *Trigonum igneum* is the aſtronomical term when the upper planets meet in a fiery ſign. The *fiery Trigon*, I think, con-

be not liſping to his maſter's old tables[6]; his note-book, his counſel-keeper.

Fal. Thou doſt give me flattering buſſes.

Dol. Nay, truly; I kiſs thee with a moſt conſtant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a ſcurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What ſtuff wilt have a kirtle of[7]? I ſhall receive

conſiſts of *Aries*, *Leo*, and *Sagittarius*.—So, in Warner's *Albions England*, 1602; B. 6. chap. 31:

"Even at the *fiery Trigon* ſhall your chief aſcendant be."

STEEVENS.

6 —liſping *to his maſter's old tables*;] Dr. Warburton reads *claſping too*, &c. to preſerve no doubt the *integrity* of the metaphor, as he often calls it. But a ſlight acquaintance with our author's manner is ſufficient to inform us that this is an object to which he ſcarcely ever attends. The old table-book was a *counſel-keeper*, or a regiſter of ſecrets; and ſo alſo was Dame Quickly; and Shakſpeare looked no further. I have therefore not the leaſt ſuſpicion of any corruption in the text. *Liſping* is, in our author's dialect, making love, or in modern language, *ſaying ſoft things*. So in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, Falſtaff apologizes to Mrs. Ford for his conciſe addreſs to her, by ſaying, "I cannot cog, and *ſay this and that*, like a many of theſe *liſping* hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and ſmell like Buckler's-bury in ſimple-time; I cannot; but I love thee;" &c. MALONE.

I believe the old reading to be the true one. Bardolph was very probably drunk, and might *liſp* a little in his courtſhip; or might aſſume an affected ſoftneſs of ſpeech, like Chaucer's *Frere*: late edit. Prol. v. 266:

"Somewhat he *liſped* for his wantonneſſe,
"To make his Engliſh ſwete upon his tonge."

Or, like the *Page* in the *Mad Lover* of Beaumont and Fletcher, who

"*Liſps* when he liſt to catch a chambermaid."

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*: "—He can carve too, and *liſp*."

STEEVENS.

7 —*a* kirtle *of*?] I know not exactly what a *kirtle* is. The following paſſages may ſerve to ſhew that it was ſomething different from a *gown*: "How unkindly ſhe takes the matter, and cannot be reconciled with leſs than a *gown* or a *kirtle* of ſilk." *Greene's Art of Legerdemaine*, &c. 1612.

Bale, in his *Actes of Engliſh Votaries*, ſays that Roger earl of Shrewſbury ſent "to Clunyake in France, for the *kertle* of holy Hugh the abbot." Perhaps *kirtle*, in its common acceptation, means a *petticoat*. "Half a dozen taffata gowns or ſattin *kirtles*." *Cynthia's Revels* by Ben Jonſon.—Stubbs mentions *kirtles*, but is not preciſe in his deſcription of them. Dr. Farmer ſuppoſes them to be the ſame as *ſafe-guards*, or *riding-hoods*. STEEVENS.

money on thurſday: thou ſhalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry ſong, come: it grows late, we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth, thou'lt ſet me a weeping, an thou ſay'ſt ſo: prove that ever I dreſs myſelf handſome till thy return.—Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some ſack, Francis.

P. Hen. Poins. Anon, anon, ſir[8]. [*advancing.*

Fal. Ha! a baſtard ſon of the king's[9]?—And art not thou Poins his brother[1]?

A kirtle, I believe, meant a *long cloak*. Minſheu deſcribes it as an *upper* or *exterior garment*, worn over another; what in French is called a *garde-robe*. See his *Dict.* 1617. The latter word is explained by Cotgrave thus: "A cloth or cloak worn or caſt over a garment to keep it from duſt, rain," &c. That writer however ſuppoſes *kirtle* and *petticoat* to be ſynonymous; for he renders the word *vaſquine* thus: "A *kirtle*, or *petticoat*;" and *ſurcot* he calls an *upper kirtle*, or a garment worn over a kirtle.

When therefore a *kirtle* is mentioned ſimply, perhaps a petticoat is meant; when an upper kirtle is ſpoken of, a long cloak or mantle is probably intended; and I imagine a *half-kirtle*, which occurs in a ſubſequent ſcene in this play, meant a *ſhort* cloak, half the length of the upper kirtle. The term *half-kirtle* ſeems inconſiſtent with Dr. Farmer's idea; as does Milton's uſe of the word in his Maſque,—"the flowery-*kirtled* Naiades."

Stubbes in his *Anatomie of Abuſes*, 1595, deſcribes a kirtle as diſtinct from both a gown and a petticoat. After having deſcribed the gowns uſually worn at that time, he proceeds thus: "—then have thei petticoats of the beſt clothe, of ſcarlette, grograine, taffatie, or ſilke, &c. But of whatſoever their petticoats be, yet muſt they have *kirtles*, (for ſo they call them,) either of ſilke, velvet, grograine, taffatie, ſatten or ſcarlet, bordered with gardes, lace," &c. I ſuppoſe he means a mantle or long cloak. MALONE.

[8] *Anon, anon, ſir.*] The uſual anſwer of drawers at this period. So, in *The Diſcoverie* of the *Knights of the Poſte*, 1597:—"wherefore he calling, the drawer preſently anſwered with a ſhrill voice, *anon, anon*, ſir?" REED.

[9] *Ha! a baſtard ſon*, &c.] The improbability of this ſcene is ſcarcely balanced by the humour. JOHNSON.

I did not perceive any improbability. Falſtaff does not miſtake the prince for a baſtard ſon of the king's, (as Dr. Johnſon ſeems to have thought,) but means to inform him at once that he knows him and Poins, notwithſtanding their diſguiſes. MALONE.

[1] —*Poins* his *brother?*] i. e. Poins's brother, or brother to Poins; a vulgar corruption of the genitive caſe. ANONYMOUS.

P. Hen. Why, thou globe of ſinful continents, what a life doſt thou lead?

Fal. A better than thou; I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. Hen. Very true, ſir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Hoſt. O, the Lord preſerve thy good grace! by my troth welcome to London.—Now the Lord bleſs that ſweet face of thine! O Jeſu, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreſon mad compound of majeſty,—by this light fleſh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[*Leaning his hand upon* Doll.

Dol. How! you fat fool, I ſcorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. Hen. You whoreſon candle-mine[2], you, how vilely did you ſpeak of me even now, before this honeſt, virtuous, civil gentlewoman?

Hoſt. Bleſſing o' your good heart! and ſo ſhe is, by my troth.

Fal. Did'ſt thou hear me?

P. Hen. Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gads-hill: you knew, I was at your back; and ſpoke it on purpoſe, to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not ſo; I did not think, thou waſt within hearing.

P. Hen. I ſhall drive you then to confeſs the wilful abuſe; and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuſe, Hal, on mine honour; no abuſe.

P. Hen. Not! to diſpraiſe me*;—and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuſe, Hal.

Poins. No abuſe!

Fal. No abuſe, Ned, in the world; honeſt Ned, none. I diſprais'd him before the wicked, that the wicked might

[2] —*candle-mine,*] Thou inexhauſtible magazine of tallow. JOHNSON.

* Not! *to diſpraiſe me*;] The prince means to ſay, "What! is it *not* abuſe, to diſpraiſe me," &c. Some of the modern editors read—*No!* &c. but, I think, without neceſſity. MALONE.

not fall in love with him:—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true ſubject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuſe, Hal;—none, Ned, none;—no, boys, none.

P. Hen. See now, whether pure fear, and entire cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to cloſe with us? Is ſhe of the wicked? Is thine hoſteſs here of the wicked? Or is the boy of the wicked? Or honeſt Bardolph, whoſe zeal burns in his noſe, of the wicked?

Poins. Anſwer, thou dead elm, anſwer.

Fal. The fiend hath prick'd down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roaſt malt-worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him; but the devil out-bids him too *.

P. Hen. For the women,—

Fal. For one of them,—ſhe is in hell already, and burns, poor ſoul [3]! For the other,—I owe her money; and whether ſhe be damn'd for that, I know not.

Hoſt. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think, thou art quit for that: Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for ſuffering fleſh to be eaten in thy houſe, contrary to the law; for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

Hoſt. All victuallers do ſo [4]: What's a joint of mutton or two, in a whole Lent [5]?

* — out-bids *him too.*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—*blinds* him too; and perhaps it is right. MALONE.

3 —*and burns, poor* ſoul!] This is ſir T. Hanmer's reading. Undoubtedly right. The other editions had, *ſhe is in hell already, and burns poor* ſouls. The venereal diſeaſe was called in theſe times the *brennynge* or *burning*. JOHNSON.

4 *All* victuallers *do ſo:*] The brothels were formerly ſkreened under pretext of being *victualling houſes* and *taverns*. "So, in the *Cure for a Cuckold*, 1661: "This informer comes into Turnbull Street to a *victualling houſe*, and there falls in league with a *wench*, &c.—Now, ſir, this fellow, in revenge, informs againſt the *bawd* that kept the houſe, &c." Barrett in his *Alvearie*, 1580, defines a *victualling houſe* thus: "A tavern where meate is eaten *out of due ſeaſon*." STEEVENS.

5 *What's a joint of* mutton *in a whole Lent?*] Perhaps a covert alluſion is couched under theſe words. See Vol. I. p. 110, n. 9. MALONE.

P. Hen.

P. Hen. You, gentlewoman,—

Dol. What ſays your grace?

Fal. His grace ſays that which his fleſh rebels againſt.

Hoſt. Who knocks ſo loud at door? look to the door there, Francis.

Enter PETO.

P. Hen. Peto, how now? what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Weſtminſter;
And there are twenty weak and wearied poſts,
Come from the north: and, as I came along,
I met, and overtook, a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, ſweating, knocking at the taverns,
And aſking every one for ſir John Falſtaff.

P. Hen. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time;
When tempeſt of commotion, like the ſouth
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my ſword, and cloak;—Falſtaff, good night.

[*Exeunt P.* HENRY, POINS, PETO, *and* BARD.

Fal. Now comes in the ſweeteſt morſel of the night, and we muſt hence, and leave it unpick'd. [*Knocking heard.*] More knocking at the door? [*Re-enter* Bard.] How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You muſt away to court, ſir, preſently; a dozen captains ſtay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the muſicians, ſirrah. [*to the* Page.]—Farewel, hoſteſs;—farewel, Doll.—You ſee, my good wenches, how men of merit are ſought after: the undeſerver may ſleep, when the man of action is call'd on. Farewel, good wenches:—If I be not ſent away poſt, I will ſee you again ere I go.

Dol. I cannot ſpeak;—If my heart be not ready to burſt:—Well, ſweet Jack, have a care of thyſelf.

Fal. Farewel, Farewel. [*Exeunt* FALSTAEF *and* BARD.

Hoſt. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee theſe twenty nine years, come peſcod-time; but an honeſter, and truer-hearted man,—Well, fare thee well.

Bard. [*within.*] Miſtreſs Tear-ſheet,—

Hoſt. What's the matter?

Bard.

Bard. [*within.*] Bid miſtreſs Tear-ſheet come to my maſter.

Hoſt. O run, Doll, run; run, good Doll.[6] [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY *in his night-gown, with a Page.*

K. Hen. Go, call the earls of Surrey and of Warwick:
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read theſe letters,
And well conſider of them: Make good ſpeed.—
[*Exit Page.*
How many thouſand of my pooreſt ſubjects
Are at this hour aſleep!—O ſleep, O gentle ſleep,
Nature's ſoft nurſe, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And ſteep my ſenſes in forgetfulneſs?
Why rather, ſleep, ly'ſt thou in ſmoky cribs,
Upon uneaſy pallets ſtretching thee,
And huſh'd with buzzing night-flies to thy ſlumber;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of coſtly ſtate,
And lull'd with ſounds of ſweeteſt melody?
O thou dull god, why ly'ſt thou with the vile,
In loathſome beds; and leav'ſt the kingly couch,
A watch-caſe, or a common 'larum bell[7]?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy maſt
Seal up the ſhip-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious ſurge;

And

[6] *O run, Doll, run; run good Doll.*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads, *O run, Doll run; run: Good Doll, come: ſhe comes blubber'd: Yea, will you come, Doll?* STEEVENS.

[7] *A watch-caſe, &c.*] This alludes to the watchman ſet in garriſon-towns upon ſome eminence, attending upon an alarum-bell, which he was to ring out in caſe of fire, or any approaching danger. He had a caſe or box to ſhelter him from the weather, but at his utmoſt peril he was not to ſleep whilſt he was upon duty. Theſe alarum-bells are mentioned in ſeveral other places of Shakſpeare. HANMER.

And in the viſitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monſtrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the [8] ſlippery clouds,
That, with the hurly [9], death itſelf awakes?
Canſt thou, O partial ſleep! give thy repoſe
To the wet ſea-boy in an hour ſo rude;
And, in the calmeſt and moſt ſtilleſt night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down [1]!
Uneaſy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter

[8] —*ſlippery* clouds,] The modern editors read *ſhrowds*. The old copy, —*in the ſlippery* clouds; but I know not what advantage is gained by alteration, for *ſhrowds* had anciently the ſame meaning as *clouds*. I could bring many inſtances of this uſe of the word from *Drayton*. So in his *Miracles of Moſes*:

"And the ſterne thunder from the airy *ſhrowds*,
"To the ſad world, in fear and horror ſpake."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Poem on Inigo Jones*:

"And peering forth of Iris in the *ſhrowds*."

A moderate tempeſt would hang the waves in the *ſhrowds* of a ſhip, a great one might poetically be ſaid to ſuſpend them on the *clouds*, which were too *ſlippery* to retain them.

So, in *Julius Cæſar*:

"——— I have ſeen
"Th' ambitious ocean ſwell, and rage and foam
"To be exalted with the threatening *clouds*."

Drayton's *airy ſhrowds* are the airy covertures of heaven; which in plain language are the clouds. STEEVENS.

The inſtances produced by Mr. Steevens prove that *clouds* were ſometimes called poetically airy *ſhrouds*, or ſhrouds ſuſpended in air; but they do not appear to me to prove that any writer ſpeaking of a ſhip, ever called the *ſhrouds* of the ſhip by the name of *clouds*. I entirely, however, agree with him in thinking that *clouds* here is the true reading; and the paſſage produced from *Julius Cæſar*, while it fully ſupports it, ſhews that the word is to be underſtood in its ordinary ſenſe. So again, in the *Winter's Tale*: "—now the ſhip boring the *moon* with her main-maſt, and anon ſwallow'd with yeſt and froth." MALONE.

[9] *With the* hurly,] *Hurly* is noiſe, derived from the French *hurler*, to howl, as *hurly-burly* from *Hurluberlu*, Fr. STEEVENS.

[1] —*Then, happy low, lie down!*] You, who are happy in your humble ſituations, lay down your heads to reſt! the head that wears a crown lies too uneaſy to expect ſuch a bleſſing.—Had not Shakſpeare thought it neceſſary to ſubject himſelf to the tyranny of rhime, he would

Enter WARWICK *and* SURREY.

War. Many good morrows to your majeſty!

K. Hen. Is it good morrow, lords?

War. 'Tis one o'clock, and paſt.

K. Hen. Why, then, good morrow to you all. My lords,
Have you read o'er the letters that I ſent you?

War. We have, my liege.

K. Hen. Then you perceive, the body of our kingdom
How foul it is; what rank diſeaſes grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.

War. It is but as a body, yet, diſtemper'd[2];
Which to his former ſtrength may be reſtor'd,
With good advice, and little medicine:—
My lord Northumberland will ſoon be cool'd.

K. Hen. O heaven! that one might read the book of fate[3];
And ſee the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent

would probably have ſaid,—"then happy low, ſleep on!" So, in *the Misfortunes of Arthur*, 1587:

"Behold the peſant poore with tattered coat,
"Whoſe eyes a meaner fortune feeds with ſleep,
"How ſafe and ſound the careleſs ſnudge doth ſnore."

Sir *W. D'Avenant* has the ſame thought in his *Law againſt Lovers*:

"*How ſoundly they ſleep whoſe pillows lie low!*" STEEVENS.

[2] *It is but as a body, yet,* diſtemper'd,] *Diſtemper*, that is, according to the old phyſick, a diſproportionate mixture of humours, or inequality of innate heat and radical humidity, is leſs than actual *diſeaſe*, being only the ſtate which foreruns or produces diſeaſes. The difference between *diſtemper* and *diſeaſe* ſeems to be much the ſame as between *diſpoſition* and *habit*. JOHNSON.

[3] *O heaven! that one might read the book of fate,*
And ſee the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent
(Weary of ſolid firmneſs) melt itſelf
Into the ſea! and, other times, to ſee, &c.] So, in our author's 64th Sonnet:

"When I have ſeen the hungry ocean gain
"Advantage on the kingdom of the ſhore,
"And the firm ſoil win of the watry main,
"Increaſing ſtore with loſs, and loſs with ſtore;
"When I have ſeen ſuch interchange of ſtate, &c." MALONE.

Weary

(Weary of ſolid firmneſs) melt itſelf
Into the ſea! and, other times, to ſee
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were ſeen,
The happieſt youth,—viewing his progreſs through,
What perils paſt, what croſſes to enſue [4],—
Would ſhut the book, and ſit him down and die.
'Tis not ten years gone,
Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feaſt together, and, in two years after,

4 *What perils paſt, what croſſes to enſue,*] There is ſome difficulty in this line, becauſe it ſeems to make paſt perils equally terrible with enſuing croſſes. JOHNSON.

This happy youth who is to foreſee the future progreſs of his life, cannot be ſuppoſed at that time of his happineſs to have gone through many perils. Both the perils and the croſſes that the king alludes to, were yet to come; and what the youth is to foreſee is, the many croſſes he would have to contend with, even after he has paſſed through many perils. MASON.

In anſwer to Dr. Johnſon's objection it may be obſerved, that paſt perils are not deſcribed as *equally* terrible with enſuing croſſes, but are merely mentioned as an aggravation of the ſum of human calamity. He who has already gone through ſome perils, might hope to have his *quietus*, and might naturally ſink in deſpondency, on being informed that "bad begins, and worſe remains behind." Even paſt perils are painful in retroſpect, as a man ſhrinks at the ſight of a precipice from which he once fell.—To one part of Mr. Maſon's obſervation it may be replied, that Shakſpeare does not ſay, the *happy*, but the *happieſt*, youth; that is, *even* the happieſt of mortals, *all* of whom are deſtined to a certain portion of miſery.

Though what I have now ſtated may, I think, fairly be urged in ſupport of what ſeems to have been Dr. Johnſon's ſenſe of this paſſage, yet I own Mr. Maſon's interpretation is extremely ingenious, and probably is right. The perils here ſpoken of may not have been *actually* paſſed by the peruſer of the book of fate, though they have been paſſed by him in "viewing his progreſs through"; or, in other words, though the regiſter of them has been *peruſed* by him. They may be ſaid to be *paſt* in one ſenſe only; namely with reſpect to thoſe which are to enſue; which are preſented to his *eye* ſubſequently to thoſe which precede. If the ſpirit and general tendency of the paſſage, rather than the grammatical expreſſion, be attended to, this may be ſaid to be the moſt obvious meaning. The conſtruction is, "*What perils* having been *paſt*, *what croſſes* are *to enſue*." MALONE.

(Weary

Were they at wars: It is but eight years, ſince
This Percy was the man neareſt my ſoul;
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my ſake, even to the eyes of Richard,
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by [5],
(You, couſin Nevil [6], as I may remember,) [*to* Warwick.
When Richard,—with his eye brim-full of tears,
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,
Did ſpeak theſe words, now prov'd a prophecy?
Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which
My couſin Bolingbroke aſcends my throne;—
Though then, heaven knows, I had no ſuch intent *;
But that neceſſity ſo bow'd the ſtate,
That I and greatneſs were compell'd to kiſs:—
The time ſhall come, thus did he follow it,
The time will come, that foul ſin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption;—ſo went on,
Foretelling this ſame time's condition,
And the diviſion of our amity.

War. There is a hiſtory in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd:
The which obſerv'd, a man may propheſy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life; which in their ſeeds,
And weak beginnings, lie entreaſured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time;

And,

[5] *But which of you was by*, &c.] He refers to *King Richard*, Act IV. ſcene ii. But whether the king's or the author's memory fails him, ſo it was, that Warwick was not preſent at that converſation. JOHNSON.

[6] —*couſin Nevil*,] Shakſpeare has miſtaken the name of the preſent nobleman. The earldom of Warwick was at this time in the family of *Beauchamp*, and did not come into that of the *Nevils* till many years after, in the latter end of the reign of King Henry VI. when it deſcended to *Anne Beauchamp*, (the daughter of the earl here introduced) who was married to *Richard Nevil*, earl of Saliſbury. STEEVENS.

* —*I had no ſuch intent*;] He means, "*I ſhould have had* no ſuch intent, but that neceſſity", &c. or Shakſpeare has here alſo forgotten his former play, or has choſen to make Henry forget his ſituation at the time mentioned. He had then actually accepted the crown. See *K. Richard II.* Act IV. ſc. i.

"In God's name, I'll aſcend the regal throne." MALONE.

And, by the neceſſary form of this [7],
King Richard might create a perfect gueſs,
That great Northumberland, then falſe to him,
Would, of that ſeed, grow to a greater falſeneſs;
Which ſhould not find a ground to root upon
Unleſs on you.

K. Hen. Are theſe things then neceſſities?
Then let us meet them like neceſſities [8]:
And that ſame word even now cries out on us;
They ſay, the biſhop and Northumberland
Are fifty thouſand ſtrong.

War. It cannot be, my lord;
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd:—Pleaſe it your grace,
To go to bed; upon my life, my lord,
The powers that you already have ſent forth,
Shall bring this prize in very eaſily.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain inſtance, that Glendower is dead [9].
Your majeſty hath been this fortnight ill;
And theſe unſeaſon'd hours, perforce, muſt add
Unto your ſickneſs.

K. Hen. I will take your counſel:
And, were theſe inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land [1]. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE.

7 *And, by the neceſſary form of* this,] I think we might better read *the neceſſary form of* things. The word *this* has no very evident antecedent. JOHNSON.

If any change were wanting, I would read:

And by the neceſſary form of theſe,—

i. e. the *things* mentioned in the preceding line. STEEVENS.

8 —*let us meet them like* neceſſities:] That is let us meet them with that patient and quiet temper with which men of fortitude meet thoſe events which they know to be inevitable. MASON.

9 —*that* Glendower *is dead.*] Glendower did not die till after King Henry IV. See p. 196, n. 4. MALONE.

1 —*unto the Holy Land.*] This play, like the former, proceeds in one unbroken tenor through the firſt edition, and there is therefore no evidence that the diviſion of the acts was made by the author. Since, then, every editor has the ſame right to mark the intervals of action as the players, who made the preſent diſtribution, I ſhould propoſe that this

SCENE II.

Court before Juſtice Shallow's *houſe in* Gloceſterſhire [2].

Enter SHALLOW *and* SILENCE, *meeting*; MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULL-CALF, *and Servants, behind.*

Shal. Come on, come on, come on; give me your hand, ſir, give me your hand, ſir: an early ſtirrer, by the rood [3]. And how doth my good couſin Silence [4]?

Sil. Good morrow, good couſin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my couſin, your bed-fellow? and your faireſt daughter, and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a black ouzel, couſin Shallow.

Shal.

this ſcene may be added to the foregoing act, and the remove from London to Gloceſterſhire be made in the intermediate time, but that it would ſhorten the next act too much, which has not even now its due proportion to the reſt. JOHNSON.

[2] —*Juſtice Shallow's houſe in Gloceſterſhire.*] From the following paſſage in *The Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606, we may conclude that *Kempe* was the original *Juſtice Shallow.*—*Burbage* and *Kempe* are introduced inſtructing ſome Cambridge ſtudents to act. *Burbage* makes one of the ſtudents repeat ſome lines of *Hieronymo* and *K. Richard III.* *Kempe* ſays to another, "Now for you,—methinks you belong to *my tuition*; and your face methinks would be good for a fooliſh Mayor, *or* a *fooliſh Juſtice of Peace.*"—And again: "Thou wilt do well in time if thou wilt be ruled by thy betters, that is, by myſelfe, and ſuch *grave aldermen* of the playhouſe as I am."—It appears from Naſhe's *Apologie of Pierce Pennileſs*, 1593, that he likewiſe played the *Clown*: "What can be made of a ropemaker more than a *clowne*. *Will. Kempe*, I miſtruſt it will fall to *thy lot for a merriment* one of theſe dayes." MALONE.

[3] —*by the rood.*] i. e. The croſs. POPE.

It appears from Hearne, Fuller, and Blount, (as Mr. Reed has obſerved,) that *rood* formerly ſignified alſo the image of Chriſt on the croſs. MALONE.

[4] —*Silence.*] The oldeſt copy of this play was publiſhed in 1600. It muſt however have been acted ſomewhat earlier, as in Ben Jonſon's *Every Man out of his Humour*, which was performed in 1599, is the following reference to it: "No, lady, this is a kinſman to *Juſtice Silence.*" STEEVENS.

Shal. By yea and nay, ſir, I dare ſay, my couſin William is become a good ſcholar: He is at Oxford ſtill, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, ſir; to my coſt.

Shal. He muſt then to the inns of court ſhortly: I was once of Clement's-inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were call'd—luſty Shallow, then, couſin.

Shal. By the maſs, I was call'd any thing: and I would have done any thing, indeed, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordſhire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele, a Cotſwold man [5],—you had not four ſuch ſwinge-bucklers [6] in all the inns of court again: and, I may ſay to

[5] —*Will Squele, a Cotſwold man,*] The games at Cotſwold were, in the time of our author, very famous. Of theſe I have ſeen accounts in ſeveral old pamphlets; and Shallow, by diſtinguiſhing Will Squele as a Cotſwold man, meant to have him underſtood to be one who was well verſed in thoſe exerciſes, and conſequently of a daring ſpirit, and an athletic conſtitution. STEEVENS.

The games of Cotſwold, I believe, did not commence till the reign of James I. I have never ſeen any pamphlet that mentions them as having exiſted in the time of Elizabeth. Randolph ſpeaks of their *revival* in the time of Charles I.; and from Dover's book they appear to have been revived in 1636. But this does not prove that they were exhibited in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. They certainly were in that of King James, and were probably *diſcontinued* after his death. However, Cotſwold might have long been famous for meetings of tumultuous ſwinge-bucklers. See Vol. I. p. 195. n. 3. MALONE.

[6] —*ſwinge-bucklers*—] *Swinge-bucklers* and *ſwaſh-bucklers* were words implying rakes or rioters in the time of Shakſpeare.

Naſh, addreſſing himſelf to his old opponent Gabriel Harvey, 1598, ſays: "*Turpe ſenex miles*, 'tis time for ſuch an olde foole to leave playing the *ſwaſh-buckler*." Again, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607, Caraffa ſays, "— when I was a ſcholar in Padua, faith, then I could have *ſwing'd a ſword and buckler*," &c. STEEVENS.

Weſt Smithfield (ſays the Continuator of Stowe's *Annals*, 1631,) was for many years called *Ruffians' Hall*, by reaſon it was the uſual place of frayes and common fighting, during the time that *ſword and buckler* were in uſe; when every ſerving-man, from the baſe to the beſt, carried a buckler at his backe, which hung by the hilt or pummel of his ſword which hung before him.—Untill the 20th year of Queene Elizabeth, it was uſual to have frayes, fights, and quarrels upon the ſundayes and holydayes, ſometimes twenty, thirty, and forty ſwords

to you, we knew where the bona-robas[7] were; and had the beſt of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falſtaff, now ſir John, a boy; and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk[8].

Sil.

and bucklers, halfe againſt halfe, as well by quarrels of appointment as by chance.—And in the winter ſeaſon all the high ſtreets were much annoyed and troubled with hourly frayes, and *ſword and buckler* men, who took pleaſure in that *bragging* fight; and although they made great ſhew of much furie, and fought often, yet ſeldome any man was hurt, for thruſting was not then in uſe, neither would any one of twenty ſtrike beneath the waſte, by reaſon they held it cowardly and beaſtly." MALONE.

7 —*bona-robas*—] i. e. ladies of pleaſure. *Bona Roba*, Ital. So, in *The Bride*, 1640: "Some *bona-roba* they have been ſporting with." STEEV.

8 *Then was Jack Falſtaff, now ſir John, a boy; and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.*] The following circumſtances, tending to prove that Shakſpeare altered the name of *Oldcaſtle* to that of *Falſtaff*, have hitherto been overlooked. In a poem by J. Weever, entitled "The Mirror of Martyrs, or the Life and Death of that thrice valiant Capitaine and moſt godly Martyre *Sir John Oldcaſtle* Knight, Lord Cobham," 18mo. 1601, *Oldcaſtle*, relating the events of his life, ſays:

"Within the ſpring-tide of my flowring youth
"He [his father] ſtept into the winter of his age;
"Made meanes (Mercurius thus begins the truth)
"That I was made *Sir Thomas Mowbrais page*."

Again, in a pamphlet entitled "The wandering Jew telling fortunes to Engliſhmen," 4to. (the date torn off, but apparently a republication about the middle of the laſt century) is the following paſſage in the *Glutton's* ſpeech: "I do not live by the ſweat of my brows, but am almoſt dead with ſweating. I eate much, but can talk little. *Sir John Oldcaſtle* was my great grandfather's father's uncle. I come of a *huge* kindred." REED.

Different concluſions are ſometimes drawn from the ſame premiſes. Becauſe Shakſpeare borrowed a ſingle circumſtance from the life of the *real Oldcaſtle*, and imparted it to the *fictitious Falſtaff*, does it follow that the name of the former was ever employed as a cover to the vices of the latter? Is it not more likely, becauſe *Falſtaff* was known to poſſeſs one feature in common with *Oldcaſtle*, that the vulgar were led to imagine that *Falſtaff* was only *Oldcaſtle* in diſguiſe? Hence too might have ariſen the ſtory that our author was compelled to change the name of the one for that of the other; a ſtory ſufficiently ſpecious to have impoſed on the writer of the "Wandering Jew," as well as on the credulity of *Field*, *Fuller*, and others, whoſe coincidence has been brought in ſupport of an opinion contrary to my own. STEEVENS.

Having given my opinion very fully on this point in a former note,

(ſee

Sil. This ſir John, couſin, that comes hither anon about ſoldiers?

Shal. The ſame ſir John, the very ſame. I ſaw him break Skogan's head [9] at the court gate, when he was a crack

(ſee p. 119, n. 1.) I ſhall here only add, that I entirely concur with Mr. Steevens. There is no doubt that the Sir John Oldcaſtle of the anonymous *King Henry V.* ſuggeſted the character of Falſtaff to Shakſpeare; and hence he very naturally adopted this circumſtance in the life of the real Oldcaſtle, and made his Falſtaff page to Mowbray duke of Norfolk. The author of the *Wandering Jew* ſeems to have been miſunderſtood. He deſcribes the *Glutton* as related to *ſome* Sir John Oldcaſtle, and therefore as a man of a *huge* kindred; but he means a *fat* man, not a man nobly allied. From a pamphlet already quoted, entitled, *The Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinarie*, it appears that the *Oldcaſtle* of the old *K. Henry V.* was repreſented as a very fat man; (ſee alſo the prologue to a play entitled *Sir John Oldcaſtle*, 1600, in which the Oldcaſtle of the old *K. Henry V.* is deſcribed as "a *pampered glutton:*") but we have no authority for ſuppoſing Lord Cobham was fatter than other men. Is it not evident then that the Oldcaſtle of the play of *King Henry V.* was the perſon in the contemplation of the author of *The Wandering Jew?* and how does the proof that Shakſpeare changed the name of his character advance by this means one ſtep?—In addition to what I have ſuggeſted in a former note on this ſubject, I may add, that it appears from Camden's *Remaines*, 1614, p. 146, that celebrated actors were ſometimes diſtinguiſhed by the names of the perſons they repreſented on the ſtage:—"that I may ſay nothing of ſuch as for well acting on the ſtage have carried away the names of the perſonage which they acted, and have loſt their names *among the people.*"—If actors, then, were ſometimes called by the names of the perſons they repreſented, what is more probable than that *Falſtaff* ſhould have been called by the multitude, and by the players, *Oldcaſtle*, not only becauſe there had been a popular character of that name in a former piece, whoſe immediate ſucceſſor Falſtaff was, and to whoſe cloaths and fictitious belly he ſucceeded, but becauſe, as Shakſpeare himſelf intimates in his epilogue to this play, a falſe idea had gone abroad, that his jolly knight was, like his predeceſſor, the theatrical repreſentative of Sir John Oldcaſtle, the good Lord Cobham?—See the note to the epilogue at the end of this play. MALONE.

9 *Skogan's head*—] Who *Scogan* was, may be underſtood from the following paſſage in *The Fortunate Iſles*, a maſque by Ben Jonſon, 1626:

"Methinks you ſhould enquire now after *Skelton*,
"And maſter *Scogan*.
—"*Scogan?* what was he?—
"O, a fine gentleman and a maſter of arts,
"Of *Henry the Fourth's times*, that made diſguiſes
"For the king's ſons, and writ in ballad royal
"Daintily well," &c.

crack[1], not thus high: and the very ſame day did I fight with one Sampſon Stockfiſh, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-inn. O, the mad days that I have ſpent! and to ſee how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We ſhall all follow, couſin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain; very ſure, very ſure: death, as the Pſalmiſt ſaith, is certain to all; all ſhall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. Truly, couſin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, ſir.

Shal. Dead!—See, ſee!—he drew a good bow;—And dead!—he ſhot a fine ſhoot:—John of Gaunt lov'd him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—he

Among the works of Chaucer is a poem called "*Scogan*, unto the Lordes and Gentilmen of the Kinge's Houſe." STEEVENS.

"In the written copy (ſays the editor of Chaucer's Works, 1598,) the title hereof is thus: Here followethe a morall ballade to the Prince, now Prince Henry, the Duke of Clarence, the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Glouceſter, the kinges ſons, by *Henry Scogan*, at a ſupper among the merchants in the vintrey at London, in the houſe of Lewis John." The purport of the ballad is to diſſuade them from ſpending their youth "folily."

John Skogan, who is ſaid to have taken the degree of maſter of arts at Oxford, "being (ſays Mr. Warton,) an excellent mimick, and of great pleaſantry in converſation, became the favourite buffoon of the court of *K. Edward IV.*" Bale and Tanner have confounded him with *Henry Skogan*, if indeed they were diſtinct perſons, which I doubt. The compoſitions which Bale has attributed to the writer whom he ſuppoſes to have lived in the time of Edward IV. were written by the poet of the reign of Henry IV.; which induces me to think that there was no *poet* or maſter of arts of this name, in the time of Edward. There might then have been a jeſter of the ſame name. *Scogin's* JESTS were publiſhed by Andrew Borde, a phyſician in the reign of *Henry VIII.* Shakſpeare had probably met with this book; and as he was very little ſcrupulous about anachroniſms, this perſon and not *Henry* Scogan, the poet of the time of *Henry IV.* may have been in his thoughts: I ſay *may*, for it is by no means certain, though the author of *Remarks* on the laſt edition of Shakſpeare, &c. has aſſerted it with that confidence which diſtinguiſhes his obſervations. MALONE.

[1] —*a crack*,] This is an old iſlandic word, ſignifying a *boy* or *child*. One of the fabulous kings and heroes of Denmark, called *Hrolf*, was ſurnamed *Krake*. See the ſtory in *Edda*, Fable 63. TYRWHITT.

he would have clapp'd i'the clout[2] at twelve ſcore[3]; and carry'd you a fore-hand ſhaft a' fourteen and fourteen and a half[4], that it would have done a man's heart good to ſee.—How a ſcore of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a ſcore of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead!

Enter BARDOLPH, *and one with him.*

Sil. Here come two of ſir John Falſtaff's men, as I think.

Bard. Good morrow, honeſt gentlemen: I beſeech you, which is juſtice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, ſir; a poor eſquire of this county, and one of the king's juſtices of the peace: What is your good pleaſure with me?

Bard. My captain, ſir, commends him to you; my captain, ſir John Falſtaff: a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a moſt gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, ſir; I knew him a good back-ſword man: How doth the good knight? may I aſk, how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a ſoldier is better accommodated, than with a wife.

Shal. It is well ſaid, in faith, ſir; and it is well ſaid indeed too. Better accommodated!—it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phraſes are ſurely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated!—it comes of *accommodo*: very good; a good phraſe[5].

[2] —*clapp'd i' the clout*—] i. e. hit the white mark. WARBURTON.

[3] —*at twelve ſcore*;] i. e. of yards. So in Drayton's *Polyolbion* 1612:

"At markes full fortie *ſcore* they us'd to prick and roue."

MALONE.

[4] —*fourteen and fourteen and a half*,] That is, fourteen ſcore of yards. JOHNSON.

The utmoſt diſtance that the archers of ancient times reached, is ſuppoſed to have been about three hundred yards. Old Double therefore certainly drew a good bow. MALONE.

[5] —*very good*; *a good phraſe*.] *Accommodate* was a modiſh term of that time, as Ben Jonſon informs us: "You are not to caſt or wring for the perfumed terms of the time, as *accommodation*, complement, ſpirit, *&c.* but uſe them properly in their places as others." DISCOVERIES. Hence Bardolph calls it a word of *exceeding good command*. His definition of it is admirable, and highly ſatirical: nothing being more

Bard. Pardon me, ſir; I have heard the word. Phraſe call you it? By this good day, I know not the phraſe: but I will maintain the word with my ſword, to be a ſoldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated; That is, when a man is, as they ſay, accommodated: or, when a man is,—being,—whereby, he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Shal. It is very juſt:—Look, here comes good ſir John.—Give me your good hand, give me your worſhip's good hand: By my troth, you look well, and bear your years very well: welcome, good ſir John.

Fal. I am glad to ſee you well, good maſter Robert Shallow:—Maſter Sure-card, as I think [6].

Shal. No, ſir John; it is my couſin Silence, in commiſſion with me.

Fal. Good maſter Silence, it well befits you ſhould be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worſhip is welcome.

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen ſufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, ſir. Will you ſit?

Fal Let me ſee them, I beſeech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll?—Let me ſee, let me ſee. So, ſo, ſo, ſo:

common than for inaccurate ſpeakers or writers, when they ſhould define, to put their hearers off with a ſynonymous term; or, for want of that, even with the ſame term differently *accommodated*: as in the inſtance before us. WARBURTON.

The ſame word occurs in Jonſon's *Every Man in his Humour*:

"Hoſteſs, *accommodate* us with another bedſtaff:

"The woman does not underſtand *the words of action.*"

STEEVENS.

[6] —*Maſter* Sure-card, *as I think.*] It is obſervable, that many of Shakſpeare's names are invented, and characteriſtical. Maſter *Forthright*, the tilter; Maſter *Shoe-tie*, the traveller; Maſter *Smooth*, the ſilkman; Mrs. *Over-done*, the bawd; Kate *Keep-down*, Jane *Night-work*, &c. *Sure-card* was uſed as a term for *a boon companion*, ſo lately as the latter end of the laſt century, by one of the tranſlators of *Suetonius*. MALONE.

ſo: Yea, marry, ſir:—Ralph Mouldy:—let them appear as I call; let them do ſo, let them do ſo.—Let me ſee; Where is Mouldy?

Moul. Here, an't pleaſe you.

Shal. What think you, ſir John? a good-limb'd fellow: young, ſtrong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an't pleaſe you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert uſed.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! moſt excellent, i'faith! things, that are mouldy, lack uſe: Very ſingular good!—In faith, well ſaid, ſir John; very well ſaid.

Fal. Prick him. [*to* Shallow.

Moul. I was prick'd well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her huſbandry, and her drudgery: you need not to have prick'd me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy, you ſhall go. Mouldy, it is time you were ſpent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace, ſtand aſide; Know you where you are?—For the other, ſir John:—let me ſee;—Simon Shadow!

Fal. Ay marry, let me have him to ſit under: he's like to be a cold ſoldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Here, ſir.

Fal. Shadow, whoſe ſon art thou?

Shad. My mother's ſon, ſir.

Fal. Thy mother's ſon! like enough; and thy father's ſhadow: ſo the ſon of the female is the ſhadow of the male: It is often ſo, indeed; but not much of the father's ſubſtance.

Shal. Do you like him, ſir John?

Fal. Shadow will ſerve for ſummer,—prick him;—for we have a number of ſhadows to fill up the muſter-book[7].

[7] —*we have a number of* ſhadows *to fill up the muſter-book.*] That is, we have in the muſter-book many names for which we receive pay, though we have not the men. JOHNSON.

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, ſir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, ſir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him, ſir John?

Fal. It were ſuperfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame ſtands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, ſir; you can do it: commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

Fee. Here, ſir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Fee. A woman's tailor, ſir,

Shal. Shall I prick him, ſir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have prick'd you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou haſt done in a woman's petticoat?

Fee. I will do my good will, ſir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well ſaid, good woman's tailor! well ſaid, courageous Feeble! 'Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or moſt magnanimous mouſe.—Prick the woman's tailor well, maſter Shallow; deep, maſter Shallow.

Fee. I would, Wart might have gone, ſir.

Fal. I would, thou wert a man's tailor; that thou might'ſt mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private ſoldier, that is the leader of ſo many thouſands: Let that ſuffice, moſt forcible Feeble.

Fee. It ſhall ſuffice, ſir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let us ſee Bull-calf.

Bull. Here, ſir.

Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow!—Come, prick me Bull-calf, till he roar again.

Bull. O lord! good my lord captain,—

Fal. What, doſt thou roar before thou art prick'd?

Bull. O lord, ſir! I am a diſeas'd man.

Fal.

Fal. What diſeaſe haſt thou?

Bull. A whoreſon cold, ſir; a cough, ſir; which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs, upon his coronation day, ſir.

Fal. Come, thou ſhalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take ſuch order, that thy friends ſhall ring for thee.—Is here all?

Shal. Here is two more call'd than your number [8]; you muſt have but four here, ſir;—and ſo, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to ſee you, in good troth, maſter Shallow.

Shal. O, ſir John, do you remember ſince we lay all night in the wind-mill in ſaint George's fields?

Fal. No more of that, good maſter Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive?

Fal. She lives, maſter Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me [9].

Fal. Never, never: ſhe would always ſay, ſhe could not abide maſter Shallow.

Shal. By the maſs, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba [1]. Doth ſhe hold her own well?

Fal.

[8] *Here is two more called than your number*;—] *Five* only have been called, and the number required is *four*. Some name ſeems to have been omitted by the tranſcriber. The reſtoration of this ſixth man would ſolve the difficulty that occurs below; for when Mouldy and Bull-calf are ſet aſide, Falſtaff, as Dr. Farmer has obſerved, gets but *three* recruits. Perhaps our author himſelf is anſwerable for this ſlight inaccuracy. MALONE.

9 *She* never *could* away *with me.*] This expreſſion of diſlike is uſed by *Maurice Kiffin*, in his tranſlation of the *Andria* of Terence, 1588: "All men that be in love *can ill away* to have wives appointed them by others." Perhaps the original meaning was—*ſuch a one cannot travel on the ſame road with me.* STEEVENS.

So, in Harrington's *Orlando Furioſo*, B. I.

"—ſcarce to look on him ſhe can *away.*" MALONE.

[1] —*bona-roba.*] *Bona-roba* was, in our author's time, the common term for a harlot. It is uſed in that ſenſe by B. Jonſon in his *Every Man out of his Humour*, and by many others. STEEVENS.

Fal. Old, old, maſter Shallow.

Shal. Nay, ſhe muſt be old; ſhe cannot chooſe but be old; certain, ſhe's old; and had Robin Night-work by old Night-work, before I came to Clement's-inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five year ago.

Shal. Ha, couſin Silence, that thou hadſt ſeen that that this knight and I have ſeen!—Ha, ſir, John, ſaid I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight *, maſter Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, ſir John, we have; our watch-word was, *Hem boys!*—Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner:—O, the days that we have ſeen!—Come, come.

[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, *and* SILENCE.

Bull. Good maſter corporate Bardolph, ſtand my friend; and here is four Harry ten ſhillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, ſir, I had as lief be hang'd, ſir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, ſir, I do not care; but, rather, becauſe I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a deſire to ſtay with my friends; elſe, ſir, I did not care, for mine own part, ſo much.

Bard. Go to; ſtand aſide.

Moul. And good maſter corporal captain, for my old dame's ſake, ſtand my friend: ſhe has nobody to do any thing about her, when I am gone; and ſhe is old, and cannot help herſelf: you ſhall have forty, ſir.

Bard. Go to; ſtand aſide.

Fee. By my troth I care not;—a man can die but once;—we owe God a death;—I'll ne'er bear a baſe mind:—an't be my deſtiny, ſo; an't be not, ſo: No man's too good to ſerve his prince: and, let it go which way it will, he that dies this year, is quit for the next.

Bard. Well ſaid; thou'rt a good fellow.

Fee. 'Faith, I'll bear no baſe mind.

Re-enter FALSTAFF, *and Juſtices.*

Fal. Come, ſir, which men ſhall I have?

Shal. Four, of which you pleaſe. *Bard.*

* —*the chimes at midnight,*] So, in an ancient ſong entitled *A Bill of Fare*, &c. bl. l:

"We roſe from our mirth with the *twelve o'clock chimes.*"

STEEVENS.

Bard. Sir, a word with you:—I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bull-calf [2].

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, ſir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you chooſe for me.

Shal. Marry then,—Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy, and Bull-calf:—For you, Mouldy, ſtay at home till you are paſt ſervice [3]:—and, for your part, Bull-calf,—grow till you come unto it; I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, ſir John, do not yourſelf wrong; they are your likelieſt men, and I would have you ſerv'd with the beſt.

Fal. Will you tell me, maſter Shallow, how to chooſe a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes [4], the ſtature, bulk and big aſſemblance of a man! Give me the ſpirit, maſter Shallow.—Here's Wart;—you ſee what a ragged appearance it is: he ſhall charge you, and diſcharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come

[2] —*I have three pound*—] Here ſeems to be a wrong computation. He had forty ſhillings for each. Perhaps he meant to conceal part of the profit. JOHNSON.

[3] *For you, Mouldy,* ſtay *at home till you are paſt ſervice:*] This ſhould ſurely be: "For you, *Mouldy you have ſtay'd* at home," &c. *Falſtaff* has before a ſimilar alluſion, "*'Tis the more time thou wert uſed.*"—There is ſome miſtake in the number of *recruits:* Shallow ſays, that Falſtaff ſhould have *four* there, but he appears to get but *three:* Wart, Shadow, and Feeble. FARMER.

See p. 361, n. 8. I believe, "*ſtay* at home *till* you are paſt ſervice," is right; the ſubſequent part of the ſentence being likewiſe imperative; "and, for your part, Bull-calf, *grow till* you come unto it." MALONE.

Perhaps this paſſage ſhould be read and pointed thus: "For you, Mouldy, ſtay at home *ſtill*; you are paſt ſervice:—". TYRWHITT.

[4] —*the* thewes,] i. e. the muſcular ſtrength or appearance of manhood. So, again:

"For nature creſcent, does not grow alone
"In *thewes* and bulk."

In other ancient writers this term implies manners, or behaviour only. *Spenſer* often uſes it; and I find it likewiſe in Gaſcoigne's *Glaſs of Government*, 1575:

"And honour'd more than bees of better *thewes*."

Shakſpeare is perhaps ſingular in his application of it to the perfections of the body. STEEVENS.

come off, and on, ſwifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket [5]. And this ſame half-faced fellow, Shadow,—give me this man; he preſents no mark to the enemy; the foe-man may with as great aim level at the edge of a pen-knife: And, for a retreat,—how ſwiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off? O, give me the ſpare men, and ſpare me the great ones.—Put me a caliver [6] into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverſe; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So:—very well:—go to:—very good:—exceeding good. O, give me always a little, lean, old, chopp'd, [7] bald ſhot.—Well

5 —*ſwifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket.*] Swifter than he that carries beer from the vat to the barrel, in buckets hung upon a gibbet or beam croſſing his ſhoulders. JOHNSON.

Falſtaff ſeems to mean, "ſwifter than he that puts the buckets on the gibbet;" for as the buckets at each end of the gibbet muſt be put on at the ſame inſtant, it neceſſarily requires a quick motion. MASON.

6 —*caliver*—] A hand-gun. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Maſque of Flowers*, 1613: "The ſerjeant of Kawaſha carried on his ſhoulders a great tobacco-pipe as big as a *caliver*."

It is ſingular that Shakſpeare, who has ſo often derived his ſources of merriment from recent cuſtoms or faſhionable follies, ſhould not once have mentioned *tobacco*, though at a time when all his contemporaries were active in its praiſe or its condemnation.

It is as remarkable, that he has written no lines on the death of any poetical friend, nor commendatory verſes on any living author, which was the conſtant practice of Jonſon, Fletcher, &c. Perhaps the ſingular modeſty of Shakſpeare hindered him from attempting to decide on the merits of others, while his liberal turn of mind forbade him to expreſs ſuch groſs and indiſcriminate praiſes as too often diſgrace the names of many of his contemporaries. I owe this remark to Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

7 —*bald* ſhot.] *Shot* is uſed for *ſhooter*, one who is to fight by ſhooting. JOHNSON.

So in *The Exerciſe of armes for Calivres, Muſkettes and Pykes*, 1619: "Firſt of all is in this figure ſhowed to every *ſhot* how he ſhall ſtand and marche, and cary his caliver," &c. With this inſtance I was furniſhed by Dr. Farmer. We ſtill ſay of a ſkilfull ſportſman or gamekeeper, that he is a good *ſhot*. STEEVENS.

Again, in Stowe's *Annales*, 1631: "—men with armour, enſignes, drums, fifes, and other furniture for the wars, the greater part whereof were *ſhot*, the other were pikes and halberts, in faire corſlets". MALONE.

Well ſaid, i'faith, Wart; thou'rt a good ſcab: hold, there's a teſter for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's-maſter, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end green [8], (when I lay at Clement's-inn [9],) I was then ſir Dagonet in Arthur's ſhow [1], there

[8] —*Mile-end green,*] It appears from Stow's *Chronicle*, (edit. 1615, p. 702.) that in the year 1585, 4000 citizens were trained and exerciſed at *Mile-end*. STEEVENS.

From the ſame Chronicle, p. 789, edit. 1631, it appears that "thirty thouſand citizens—*ſhewed* on the 27th of Auguſt 1599, on the *Miles-end*, where they trained all that day, and other dayes, under their captaines, (alſo citizens,) until the 4th of September." MALONE.

[9] —*when I* lay *at Clement's-inn,*—] "When I *lay*" here ſignifies when I *lodged* or *lived*. So *Leland*: "An old manor-place where in tymes paſte ſum of the Moulbrays *lay* for a ſtarte;" i. e. *lived for a time*, or *ſometimes*. *Itin.* Vol. I. fol. 119. T. WARTON.

So, ſaid Sir Henry Wotton, "An ambaſſador is an honeſt man ſent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country." *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, 1685.

Again, in Marſton's *What you Will*, a comedy, 1607:

"Survey'd with wonder by me, when I *lay*
"Factor in London." MALONE.

[1] —*I was then ſir Dagonet in* Arthur's ſhow,] The ſtory of ſir Dagonet is to be found in *La Mort d'Arthure*, an old romance much celebrated in our author's time, or a little before it. "When papiſtry," ſays Aſcham in his *School-maſter*, "as a ſtanding pool, overflowed all "England, few books were read in our tongue ſaving certain books of "chivalry, as they ſaid, for paſtime and pleaſure; which books, as "ſome ſay, were made in monaſteries by idle monks. As one for "example, *La Mort d' Arthure.*" In this romance ſir Dagonet is king Arthur's fool. Shakſpeare would not have ſhewn his *juſtice* capable of repreſenting any higher character. JOHNSON.

Mr. Warton ſays that Sir Dagonet was king Arthur's ſquire. He is of opinion that "*Arthur's Show* here mentioned was an interlude or maſque, which was probably extant in Shakſpeare's age, and compiled from Mallory's *Morte d'Arthur*, then recently publiſhed. Does Shallow mean, (ſays that ingenious writer, *Hiſt. of Engliſh Poetry*, Vol. II. p. 403,) that he acted ſir Dagonet at Mile-end Green, or at Clement's-Inn? By the application of a parentheſis only, the paſſage will be cleared from ambiguity, and the ſenſe I would aſſign, will appear to be juſt.—'I remember at Mile-end Green, (when I lay at Clement's-inn, I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's ſhow,) there was', &c. That is: *I remember when I was a very young man at Clement's-inn, and not fit to act any higher part than* Sir Dagonet *in the interludes which we uſed to play in that ſociety, that among the ſoldiers who were exerciſed at Mile-end Green, there was*, &c. The performance of this part of Sir Dagonet (he adds,) was an-

there was a little quiver fellow[2], and 'a would manage you his piece thus: and 'a would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: *rah, tah, tah,* would 'a say;

another of Shallow's feats at Clement's Inn, on which he delights to expatiate; a circumſtance in the mean time quite foreign to the purpoſe of what he is ſaying, but introduced on that account, to heighten the ridicule of his character. Juſt as he had told Silence a little before that he ſaw Scogan's head broke by Falſtaff at the court gate, and the *very ſame day* I did fight with one Sampſon Stockfiſh, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-Inn".

This account of the matter was ſo reaſonable, that I believe every reader, as well as the preſent editor, muſt have been ſatisfied with it; but a paſſage in a forgotten book, which has been obligingly communicated to me by the Rev. Mr. Bowle, induces me to think that the words before us have hitherto been miſunderſtood; that *Arthur's Show* was not an *interlude*, but an EXHIBITION OF ARCHERY; and that Shallow repreſented *Sir Dagonet*, not at Clement's Inn, but at Mile-end Green. Inſtead therefore of placing the words "I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's ſhow", in a parentheſis, (as recommended very properly by Mr. Warton on his hypotheſis,) I have included in a parentheſis the words "when I lay at Clement's Inn." And thus the meaning is,—I remember, when I was a ſtudent and reſided at Clement's Inn, that on a certain *exhibition-day* at Mile-end Green, when I was Sir Dagonet, &c.

"A ſociety of men (I now uſe the words of Mr. Bowle) ſtyling themſelves ARTHUR'S KNIGHTS, exiſted in our poet's time. Richard Mulcaſter, maſter of St. Paul's School, in his *Poſitions concerning the training up of children*, twice printed in London, 1581, 1587, in 4to, (my copy wants the title,) ch. 26, in praiſing of *Archerie* as a principal exerciſe to the preſervation of health, ſays, —'how can I but prayſe them, who profeſſe it thoroughly and maintaine it nobly, the friendly and frank *fellowſhip* of Prince ARTHUR'S KNIGHTS, in and about the citie of London? which if I had ſacred to ſilence, would not my good friend in the citie, Maiſter *Heugh Offly*, and the ſame my noble fellow in that order, SYR LAUNCELOT, at our next meeting have given me a ſoure nodde, being the chief furtherer of the fact which I commend, and the famouſeſt *knight* of the *fellowſhip* which I am of? Nay, would not even Prince ARTHUR himſelfe, Maiſter *Thomas Smith*, and the whole *table* of thoſe well known knights, and moſt active archers, have layd in their challenge againſt their *fellow-knight*, if ſpeaking of their paſtime I ſhould have ſpared their names?'. This quotation (adds Mr. Bowle,) reſcues three of them from oblivion; and it is not to be preſumed that *the whole table of thoſe well known knights*, moſt probably pretty numerous, could eſcape the knowledge of Shakſpeare.—Maiſter Heugh Offly was ſheriff of London in 1588."

The paſſage above quoted places Shallow's words in ſo clear a light that they leave me little to add upon the ſubject. We ſee that though

ſay; *bounce*, would 'a ſay; and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come:—I ſhall never ſee ſuch a fellow.

Fal. Theſe fellows will do well, maſter Shallow.—God keep you, maſter Silence; I will not uſe many words with you:—Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I muſt a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the ſoldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, heaven bleſs you, and proſper your affairs, and ſend us peace! As you return, viſit my houſe; let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure, I will with you to the court.

Fal. I would you would, maſter Shallow.

Shal. Go to; I have ſpoke, at a word. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* SHALLOW *and* SILENCE.

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [*Exeunt* Bardolph, *Recruits*, *&c.*] As I return, I will fetch off theſe juſtices: I do ſee the bottom of juſtice Shallow. Lord, lord, how ſubject we old men are to this vice of lying! This ſame

ſtarv'd

he is apt enough to introduce frivolous and foreign circumſtances, the mention of *Sir Dagonet* here, is not of that nature, Mile-end Green being probably the place where ARTHUR'S KNIGHT'S diſplayed their ſkill in archery, or in other words where ARTHUR'S SHOW was exhibited.

Whether this fellowſhip exiſted in the reign of *Henry IV.* is very unneceſſary to enquire. We ſee in almoſt every one of his plays how little ſcrupulous Shakſpeare was in aſcribing the cuſtoms of his own time to preceding ages.

It may perhaps be objected, that the "little quiver fellow," afterwards mentioned, is not deſcribed as an *archer*, but as managing a *piece*; but various exerciſes might have been practiſed at the ſame time at Mile-end Green. If, however, this objection ſhould appear to the reader of any weight, by extending the parentheſis to the words—"Arthur's Show," it is obviated; for Shallow might have reſided at Clement's Inn, and diſplayed his feats of archery in *Arthur's ſhow* elſewhere, not on the day here alluded to. The meaning will then be, I remember when I reſided at Clement's Inn, and in the exhibition of archery made by Arthur's knights I uſed to repreſent ſir Dagonet, that among the ſoldiers exerciſed at Mile-end green, there was, &c. MALONE.

[2] —*a litle* quiver *fellow*,] *Quiver* is nimble, active, &c. "There is a maner fiſhe that hygh mugill, which is full *quiver* and ſwift." *Bartholomeus*, 1535. b. l. HENDERSON.

ſtarved juſtice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildneſs of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull-ſtreet [3]; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's-inn, like a man made after ſupper of a cheeſe-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a fork'd radiſh, with a head fantaſtically carved upon it with a knife: he was ſo forlorn, that his dimenſions to any thick ſight were invincible [4]: he was the very Genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores call'd him—mandrake [5]: he came ever in the rear-ward of the faſhion; and ſung thoſe tunes to the over-ſcutch'd [6] huſwives that he heard the carmen whiſtle, and

3 —*about Turnbull-ſtreet*;] See Vol. I. p. 231, n. 9. MALONE.

See *The Inner Temple Maſque*, by Middleton, 1619:

" 'Tis in your charge to pull down *bawdy-houſes*,—
" ——————— cauſe ſpoil in Shoreditch,
" And deface *Turnbull*."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*: " Here has been ſuch a hurry, ſuch a din, ſuch diſmal drinking, ſwearing, &c. we have all liv'd in a perpetual *Turnbull-ſtreet*."

Turnbull or *Turnmill Street* is near Cow-croſs, Weſt-Smith-field. The continuator of *Stowe's Annals* informs us that *Weſt Smithfield*, (at preſent the horſe-market) was formerly called *Ruffian's Hall*, where turbulent fellows met to try their ſkill at ſword and buckler. STEEVENS.

4 —*were* invincible:] That is, could not be *maſtered* by any thick ſight. Mr. Rowe and the other modern editors read, I think without neceſſity, *inviſible*. MALONE.

5 —*call'd him* mandrake:] This appellation will be ſomewhat illuſtrated by the following paſſage in *Caltha Poetarum, or the Bumble Bee*, compoſed by T. Cutwode, Eſqyre, 1599. This book was commanded by the archbiſhop of Canterbury and the biſhop of London to be burnt at Stationers' Hall in the 41ſt year of Queen Elizabeth.

" Upon the place and ground where Caltha grew,
" A mightie *mandrag* there did Venus plant;
" An object for faire Primula to view,
" Reſembling man from thighs unto the ſhank, &c."

The reſt of the deſcription might prove yet farther explanatory; but on ſome ſubjects ſilence is leſs reprehenſible than information. STEEVENS.

See a former ſcene of this play, p. 291, n. 7; and Sir Thomas Brown's *Vulgar Errors*, p. 72, edit. 1686. MALONE.

6 —*over-ſcutch'd*—] That is whipt, carried. POPE.

and ſware—they were his fancies, or his good-nights[7]. And now is this Vice's dagger[8] become a ſquire; and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if he had been ſworn brother to him: and I'll be ſworn he never ſaw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he burſt his head[9], for crowding among the marſhal's men. I ſaw it; and told John of Gaunt, he beat his own name[1]: for you might have truſs'd him, and all his apparel,

I rather think that the word means *dirty* or *grimed*. The word *huſwives* agrees better with this ſenſe. Shallow crept into mean houſes, and boaſted his accompliſhments to *dirty* women. JOHNSON.

Ray, among his north country words, ſays, that *an over-ſwitch'd huſwife* is a ſtrumpet. *Over-ſcutch'd* has undoubtedly the meaning which Mr. Pope has affixed to it. *Over-ſcutch'd* is the ſame as *over-ſcotch'd*. A *ſcutch* or *ſcotch* is a cut or laſh with a rod or whip. STEEVENS.

The following paſſage in *Maroccus Extaticus, or Bankes' Bay horſe in a Traunce*, 4to. 1595, inclines me to believe that this word is uſed in a wanton ſenſe: "The leacherous landlord hath his wench at his commandment, and is content to take ware for his money; his private *ſcutcherie* hurts not the common-wealth farther than that his whoore ſhall have a houſe rent-free." MALONE.

[7] —*fancies, or his goodnights.*] Fancies and Goodnights were the titles of little poems. One of Gaſcoigne's *Goodnights* is publiſhed among his *Flowers*. STEEVENS.

[8] *And now is this* Vice's *dagger*—] Sir T. Hanmer was of opinion that "the name of the *Vice* (a droll figure heretofore much ſhown upon our ſtage, whoſe dreſs was always a long jerkin, a fool's cap with aſs's ears, and a *thin* wooden dagger,) was derived from the French word *vis*, which ſignifies the ſame as *viſage* does now. From this in part came *viſdaſe*, a word common among them for a fool, which Menage ſays is but a corruption from *vis d'aſne*, the face or head of an aſs. By vulgar uſe this was ſhortened to plain *vis* or *vice*." Mr. Warton thinks that the word is only "an abbreviation of *device*, the Vice in our old dramatick ſhows being nothing more than an *artificial* figure, a puppet moved by *machinery*. So Hamlet calls his uncle a 'vice of kings,' a fantaſtick and factitious image of majeſty, a mere *puppet* of royalty." MALONE.

[9] —*he* burſt *his head,*] To *break* and to *burſt* were, in our poet's time, ſynonymouſly uſed. So, in Holinſhed, p. 809: "—that manie a ſpeare was *burſt*, and manie a great ſtripe given." STEEVENS.

See Vol. III. p. 244, n. 6; and p. 312, n. 1. MALONE.

[1] —*beat his own name:*] That is, beat *gaunt*, a fellow ſo ſlender, that his name might have been *gaunt*. JOHNSON.

into an eel-ſkin; the caſe of a treble hautboy was a manſion for him, a court: and now has he land and beeves. Well; I will be acquainted with him, if I return: and it ſhall go hard, but I will make him a philoſopher's two ſtones to me[2]: If the young dace[3] be a bait for the old pike, I ſee no reaſon, in the law of nature, but I may ſnap at him. Let time ſhape, and there an end. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Foreſt in Yorkſhire.

Enter the Archbiſhop of York, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS, *and Others.*

Arch. What is this foreſt call'd?

Haſt. 'Tis Gualtree foreſt[4], an't ſhall pleaſe your grace.

Arch.

[2] —*philoſopher's two ſtones*—] One of which was an univerſal medicine, and the other a tranſmuter of baſe metals into gold. WARBURTON.

I believe the commentator has refined this paſſage too much. A philoſopher's two ſtones is only *more* than the philoſopher's ſtone. The univerſal medicine was never, ſo far as I know, conceived to be a ſtone before the time of Butler's ſtone. JOHNSON.

I think Dr. Johnſon's explanation of this paſſage is the true one. "I will make him of *twice* the value of the philoſoper's ſtone". MALONE.

Mr. Edwards ridicules Dr. Warburton's note on this paſſage, but without reaſon. Gower has a chapter in his *Confeſſio Amantis*, "Of the *three* ſtones that philoſophers made:" and Chaucer, in his tale of the *Chanon's Yeman*, expreſsly tells us, that one of them is *Alixar cleped*; and that it is a *water* made of the four elements. *Face*, in the *Alchymiſt*, aſſures us, it is "*a ſtone, and not a ſtone.*" FARMER.

The following paſſage in the dedication of *The Metamorphoſis of Pigmalion's Image, and certayne Satyres*, 1598, may prove that the Elixir was ſuppoſed to be a ſtone before the time of Butler:

"Or like that rare and rich *Elixir ſtone*,
"Can turne to gold leaden invention." STEEVENS.

[3] *If the young dace*—] That is, if the pike may prey upon the dace, if it be the law of nature that the ſtronger may ſeize upon the weaker, Falſtaff may, with great propriety, devour Shallow. JOHNSON.

[4] 'Tis Gualtree *foreſt*,] "The earle of Weſtmoreland, &c. made forward againſt the rebels, and coming into a plaine, within *Galtree* foreſt,

Arch. Here ſtand, my lords; and ſend diſcoverers forth,
To know the numbers of our enemies.
Haſt. We have ſent forth already.
Arch. 'Tis well done.
My friends, and brethren in theſe great affairs,
I muſt acquaint you that I have receiv'd
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenour and ſubſtance, thus:—
Here doth he wiſh his perſon, with ſuch powers
As might hold ſortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland: and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your attempts may over-live the hazard,
And fearful meeting of their oppoſite.
Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,
And daſh themſelves to pieces.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Haſt. Now, what news?
Meſſ. Weſt of this foreſt, ſcarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy:
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thouſand.
Mowb. The juſt proportion that we gave them out.
Let us ſway on [5], and face them in the field.

foreſt, cauſed their ſtandards to be pitched down in like ſort as the archbiſhop had pitched his, over againſt them." Holinſhed, page 529. STEEVENS.

5 *Let us* ſway *on*,—] I know not that I have ever ſeen *ſway* in this ſenſe; but I believe it is the true word, and was intended to expreſs the uniform and forcible motion of a compact body. There is a ſenſe of the noun in *Milton* kindred to this, where, ſpeaking of a weighty ſword, he ſays, "It deſcends with huge two-handed *ſway*." JOHNSON.

The word is uſed in *Holinſhed*, Engliſh Hiſt. p. 986. "The left ſide of the enemy was compelled to *ſway* a good way back, and give ground, &c." Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III. Act II. ſc. v.

"Now *ſways* it this way, like a mighty ſea,
"Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
"Now *ſways* it that way," &c. STEEVENS.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Arch. What well-appointed leader [6] fronts us here?

Mowb. I think, it is my lord of Weſtmoreland.

Weſt. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, lord John and duke of Lancaſter.

Arch. Say on, my lord of Weſtmoreland, in peace;
What doth concern your coming?

Weſt. Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief addreſs
The ſubſtance of my ſpeech. If that rebellion
Came like itſelf, in baſe and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth [7], guarded with rage [8],
And countenanc'd by boys, and beggary;
I ſay, if damn'd commotion ſo appear'd *,
In his true, native, and moſt proper ſhape,
You, reverend father, and theſe noble lords,
Had not been here, to dreſs the ugly form
Of baſe and bloody inſurrection
With your fair honours. You, lord archbiſhop,—
Whoſe ſee is by a civil peace maintain'd;

[6] —well-appointed *leader*—] *Well-appointed* is *completely accoutred*. So in the *Miſeries of Queen Margaret*, by Drayton:

"Ten thouſand valiant, *well-appointed* men." STEEVENS.

[7] *Led on by* bloody *youth*,—] *Bloody* youth is ſanguine youth, or youth full of blood, and of thoſe paſſions which blood is ſuppoſed to incite or nouriſh. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*:

"Luſt is but a *bloody* fire." MALONE.

[8] —guarded *with rage*,] *Guarded* is an expreſſion taken from dreſs; it means the ſame as *faced*, *turned up*. Shakſpeare uſes the ſame expreſſion in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"——— Give him a livery
"More *guarded* than his fellows." STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens is certainly right. We have the ſame alluſion in a former part of this play:

"To *face* the *garment* of *rebellion*
"With ſome fine colour, that may pleaſe the eye
"Of fickle changelings," &c.

So again, in the ſpeech before us:

"—to *dreſs* the ugly form
"Of baſe and bloody inſurrection—." MALONE.

* —*ſo* appear'd,] Old Copies—*ſo appear*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

Whoſe

Whoſe beard the ſilver hand of peace hath touch'd;
Whoſe learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd;
Whoſe white inveſtments figure innocence[9],
The dove and very bleſſed ſpirit of peace,—
Wherefore do you ſo ill tranſlate yourſelf,
Out of the ſpeech of peace, that bears ſuch grace,
Into the harſh and boiſt'rous tongue of war?
Turning your books to graves[1], your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances; and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?

Arch. Wherefore do I this?—ſo the queſtion ſtands.
Briefly, to this end:—We are all diſeas'd;
And, with our ſurfeiting, and wanton hours,

9 *Whoſe* white inveſtments *figure innocence,*] Formerly, (ſays Dr. Hody, Hiſt. of Convocations, p. 141.) all biſhops wore white even when they travelled. GREY.

By comparing this paſſage with another in p. 91, of Dr. Grey's notes, we learn that the white inveſtment meant the epiſcopal rochet; and this ſhould be worn by the theatrick archbiſhop. TOLLET.

1 —*graves,*—] For *graves* Dr. Warburton very plauſibly reads *glaives*, and is followed by Sir Thomas Hanmer. JOHNSON.

We might perhaps as plauſibly read *greaves*, i. e. armour for the legs, a kind of boots. In one of the *Diſcourſes on the Art Military*, written by ſir John Smythe, Knight, 1589, *greaves* are mentioned as neceſſary to be worn; and Ben Jonſon employs the ſame word in his *Hymenæi*.

Warner, in his *Albions England*, 1602, b. 12. ch. 69, ſpells the word as it is found in the old copies of Shakſpeare:

"The taſhes, cuſhies, and the *graves*, ſtaff, penſell, baiſes, all."

STEEVENS.

The emendation, or rather interpretation, propoſed by Mr. Steevens, appears to me extremely probable; yet a following line in which the archbiſhop's again addreſſed, may be urged in favour of *glaives*, i. e. ſwords:

"Chearing a rout of rebels with your drum,
"*Turning* the *word* to SWORD, and life to death."

The latter part of the ſecond of theſe lines, however, may be adduced in ſupport of *graves* in its ordinary ſenſe. Mr. Steevens obſerves, that "the metamorphoſis of the *leathern covers of books* into *greaves*, i. e. *boots*, ſeems to be more appoſite than the converſion of them into ſuch inſtruments of war as *glaives*;" but ſurely Shakſpeare did not mean, if he wrote either *greaves* or *glaives*, that they actually made *boots* or *ſwords* of their books; any more than that they made *lances* of their *pens*. The paſſage already quoted, "turning the *word* to ſword," ſufficiently proves that he had no ſuch meaning. MALONE.

Have brought ourſelves into a burning fever,
And we muſt bleed for it: of which diſeaſe
Our late king, Richard, being infected, dy'd.
But, my moſt noble lord of Weſtmoreland,
I take not on me here as a phyſician;
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throngs of military men:
But, rather, ſhew a while like fearful war,
To diet rank minds, ſick of happineſs;
And purge the obſtructions, which begin to ſtop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance juſtly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we ſuffer,
And find our griefs [2] heavier than our offences.
We ſee which way the ſtream of time doth run,
And are enforc'd from our moſt quiet ſphere [3]
By the rough torrent of occaſion:
And have the ſummary of all our griefs,
When time ſhall ſerve, to ſhew in articles;
Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king,
And might by no ſuit gain our audience:
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,
We are deny'd acceſs unto his perſon [4]
Even by thoſe men that moſt have done us wrong.
The dangers of the days but newly gone,
(Whoſe memory is written on the earth
With yet-appearing blood,) and the examples
Of every minute's inſtance [5], (preſent now,)

Have

2 —*our* griefs.] i. e. our grievances. See p. 237, n. 9. MALONE.

3 —*moſt quiet* ſphere] The old copies read—quiet *there*. The emendation is Dr. Warburton's. MALONE.

4 *We are deny'd acceſs* &c.] The archbiſhop ſays in Holinſhed: "Where he and his companie were in armes, it was for feare of the king, to whom he could have no free acceſſe, by reaſon of ſuch a multitude of flatterers, as were about him." STEEVENS.

5 *Of every minute's* inſtance,] The *examples* of an *inſtance* does not convey, to me at leaſt, a very clear idea. The frequent corruptions that occur in the old copies in words of this kind, make me ſuſpect that our author wrote—Of every minute's *inſtants*; i. e. the examples furniſhed not only every minute, but during every the moſt minute diviſion of a minute

Have put us in theſe ill-beſeeming arms:
Not to break peace[6], or any branch of it;
But to eſtabliſh here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

Weſt. When ever yet was your appeal deny'd?
Wherein have you been galled by the king?
What peer hath been ſuborn'd to grate on you?
That you ſhould ſeal this lawleſs bloody book
Of forg'd rebellion with a ſeal divine,
And conſecrate commotion's bitter edge[7]?

Arch. My brother general, the common-wealth[8],

To

minute.—*Inſtance*, however, is elſewhere uſed by Shakſpeare for *example*; and he has ſimilar pleonaſms in other places. MALONE.

[6] *Not to break peace,*] "He took nothing in hand againſt the king's peace, but that whatſoever he did, tended rather to advance the peace and quiet of the commonwealth." Archbiſhop's ſpeech in Holinſhed. STEEVENS.

[7] *And conſecrate commotion's* bitter edge?] i. e. the edge of *bitter* ſtrife and *commotion*; the ſword of rebellion. So, in a ſubſequent ſcene,

"That the united veſſel of their blood,"

inſtead of—"the veſſel of their united blood." MALONE.

It was an old cuſtom, continued from the time of the firſt croiſades, for the pope to conſecrate the general's ſword, which was employed in the ſervice of the church. WARBURTON.

[8] *My brother general, the common-wealth,* &c.] Perhaps the meaning is, My brother general, *who is joined here with me in command, makes* the commonwealth *his quarrel*, i. e. has taken up arms on account of publick grievances; a particular injury done to my own brother, is my ground of quarrel. I have, however, very little confidence in this interpretation. I have ſuppoſed the word *general* a ſubſtantive; but probably it is uſed as an adjective, and the meaning may be, I conſider the wrongs done to the common-wealth, the *common brother* of us all, and the particular and domeſtick cruelty exerciſed againſt my natural brother, as a ſufficient ground for taking up arms.—If the former be the true interpretation, perhaps a ſemicolon ſhould be placed after *commonwealth*. The word *born* in the ſubſequent line [To brother *born*] ſeems ſtrongly to countenance the ſuppoſition that *general* in the preſent line is an epithet applied to brother, and not a ſubſtantive.

In that which is apparently the firſt of the two quartos, the ſecond line is found; but is omitted in the other, and the folio. I ſuſpect that a line has been loſt following the word *commonwealth*; the ſenſe of which was—"is the general ground of our taking up arms". MALONE.

I believe there is an error in the firſt line, which perhaps may be rectified thus:

To brother born an houſehold cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.

Weſt. There is no need of any ſuch redreſs;
Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him, in part; and to us all,
That feel the bruiſes of the days before;
And ſuffer the condition of theſe times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?

Weſt. O my good lord Mowbray[9],
Conſtrue the times to their neceſſities[1],
And you ſhall ſay indeed,—it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Either from the king, or in the preſent time[2],
That you ſhould have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on[3]: Were you not reſtor'd
To all the duke of Norfolk's ſigniories,
Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father loſt,
That need to be reviv'd, and breath'd in me?
The king, that lov'd him, as the ſtate ſtood then,

" *My* quarrel *general, the common-wealth,*
" *To brother born an houſehold cruelty,*
" *I make my quarrel in particular.*"

That is, my *general* cauſe of diſcontent is publick miſmanagement; my *particular* cauſe a domeſtick injury done to my natural brother, who had been beheaded by the king's order. JOHNSON.

This circumſtance is mentioned in the firſt part of the play:

" The archbiſhop——who bears hard
" His brother's death at Briſtol, the lord Scroop". STEEVENS.

9 *O my good lord Mowbray,—*] The thirty-ſeven lines following are not in the quarto. MALONE.

1 *Conſtrue the times to their neceſſities,*] That is, Judge of what is done in theſe times according to the exigencies that over-rule us. JOHNSON.

2 *Either from the king,* &c.] Whether the faults of government be imputed to the *time* or the *king*, it appears not that you have, for your part, been injured either by the *king* or the *time*. JOHNSON.

3 *To build a* grief *on:*] i. e. a grievance. MALONE.

Was,

Was, force perforce [4], compell'd to baniſh him:
And then, when * Harry Bolingbroke, and he,—
Being mounted, and both rouſed in their ſeats,
Their neighing courſers daring of the ſpur,
Their armed ſtaves in charge [5], their beavers down [6],
Their eyes of fire ſparkling through ſights of ſteel [7],
And the loud trumpet blowing them together;
Then, then, when there was nothing could have ſtaid
My father from the breaſt of Bolingbroke,
O, when the king did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the ſtaff he threw:
Then threw he down himſelf; and all their lives,
That, by indictment, and by dint of ſword,
Have ſince miſcarried under Bolingbroke.

Weſt. You ſpeak, lord Mowbray, now you know not what:
The earl of Hereford [8] was reputed then
In England the moſt valiant gentleman;
Who knows, on whom fortune would then have ſmil'd?
But, if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry:
For all the country, in a general voice,
Cry'd hate upon him; and all their prayers, and love,
Were ſet on Hereford, whom they doted on,
And bleſs'd, and grac'd indeed [9], more than the king.

4 *Was,* force *perforce,*] Old Copy—Was *forc'd*—.Corrected by Mr. Theobald. In a ſubſequent ſcene we have the ſame words:
"As, *force perforce,* the age will put it in." MALONE.

* *And then,* when] The old copies read, And then, *that*—.Corrected by Mr. Pope. Mr. Rowe reads—And *when* that—. MALONE.

5 *Their armed ſtaves in charge,*] An armed ſtaff is a lance. To be in charge, is to be fixed in the reſt for the encounter. JOHNSON.

6—*their* beavers *down,*] *Beaver,* it has been already obſerved in a former note, (ſee p. 230, n. 2.) meant properly that part of the helmet which let down, to enable the wearer to drink; but Shakſpeare confounded it both here and in *Hamlet* with *viſiere,* or uſed it for *helmet* in general. MALONE.

7 — ſights *of ſteel,*] i. e. the perforated part of their helmets, through which they could ſee to direct their aim. *Viſiere,* Fr. STEEV.

8 *The* earl *of Hereford*—] This is a miſtake of our author's. He was *Duke* of Hereford. See *K. Richard II.* MALONE.

9 —*and grac'd* indeed—] Old Copy—grac'd *and did.* Corrected by Dr. Thirlby. MALONE.

But

But this is mere digreſſion from my purpoſe.—
Here come I from our princely general,
To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace,
That he will give you audience: and wherein
It ſhall appear that your demands are juſt,
You ſhall enjoy them; every thing ſet off,
That might ſo much as think you enemies.
Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer;
And it proceeds from policy, not love.
Weſt. Mowbray, you over-ween, to take it ſo;
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear:
For, lo! within a ken, our army lies;
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the uſe of arms,
Our armour all as ſtrong, our cauſe the beſt;
Then reaſon wills [1], our hearts ſhould be as good:—
Say you not then, our offer is compell'd.
Mowb. Well, by my will, we ſhall admit no parley.
Weſt. That argues but the ſhame of your offence:
A rotten caſe abides no handling.
Haſt. Hath the prince John a full commiſſion,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear, and abſolutely to determine
Of what conditions we ſhall ſtand upon?
Weſt. That is intended in the general's name [2]:
I muſe, you make ſo ſlight a queſtion.
Arch. Then take, my lord of Weſtmoreland, this ſchedule;
For this contains our general grievances:—
Each ſeveral article herein redreſs'd;
All members of our cauſe, both here and hence,

[1] *Then reaſon* wills,—] The old copy has *will*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. Perhaps we ought rather to read—Then reaſon *well*—. The ſame miſtake has, I think, happened in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*. MALONE.

[2] *That is* intended *in the general's name:*] That is, This power is included in the name or office of a general. We wonder that you can aſk a queſtion ſo trifling. JOHNSON.

That are insinew'd to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form [3];
And present execution of our wills
To us, and to our purposes, consign'd [4];
We come within our awful banks again [5],
And knit our powers to the arm of peace,

West.

3 —*substantial form*;] That is, by a pardon of due form and legal validity. JOHNSON.

4 *And present execution of our wills*
To us, and to our purposes, consign'd;] The quarto has *confin'd*. In my copy of the first folio, the word appears to be—*confin'd*. The types used in that edition were so worn, that *f* and *ſ* are scarcely distinguishable. But however it may have been printed, I am persuaded that the true reading is *consign'd*; that is, *sealed*, *ratified*, *confirmed*; a Latin sense: "*auctoritate* consignatæ *literæ*—". *Cicero* pro *Cluentio*. It has this signification again in this play:

"And (God *consigning to* my good *intents*)
"No prince nor peer, &c."

Again, in *K. Henry V*:

"And take with you free power to ratify,
"Augment or alter, as your wisdoms best
"Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
"Any thing in or out of our demands;
"And we'll *consign* thereto."

Again, ibid. "It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to *consign to*—". *Confin'd*, in my apprehension, is unintelligible.

Supposing these copies to have been made by the ear, and one to have transcribed while another read, the mistake might easily have happened, for *consign'd* and *confin'd* are in sound undistinguishable; and when the compositor found the latter word in the manuscript, he would naturally print, *confin'd*, instead of a word that has no existence.

Dr Johnson proposed the reading that I have adopted, but explains the word differently. "Let the execution of our demands be *put into our hands*, according to our declared purposes."—The examples above quoted shew, I think, that the explication of this word already given is the true one. MALONE.

I believe two lines are out of place. I read:

This contains our general grievances,
And present executions of our wills;
To us and to our purposes confin'd. FARMER.

5 *We come within our* awful *banks again,*] *Awful banks* are the proper limits of reverence. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"From the society of *awful* men."

We might read—*lawful*. STEEVENS.

Dr.

Weſt. This will I ſhew the general. Pleaſe you, lords,
In ſight of both our battles we may meet:
And either[6] end in peace, which heaven ſo frame!
Or, to the place of difference call the ſwords
Which muſt decide it.

Arch. My lord, we will do ſo. [*Exit* WEST.

Mowb. There is a thing within my boſom, tells me,
That no conditions of our peace can ſtand.

Haſt. Fear you not that: if we can make our peace
Upon ſuch large terms, and ſo abſolute,
As our conditions ſhall conſiſt upon[7],
Our peace ſhall ſtand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Ay, but our valuation ſhall be ſuch,
That every ſlight and falſe-derived cauſe,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reaſon,
Shall, to the king, taſte of this action:
That, were our loyal faiths martyrs in love[8],
We ſhall be winnow'd with ſo rough a wind,
That even our corn ſhall ſeem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my lord; Note this,—the king is weary
Of dainty and ſuch picking grievances[9]:

Dr. Warburton reads *lawful*. We have *awful* in the laſt act of this play:

"To pluck down juſtice from her *awful* bench."

Here it certainly means *inſpiring awe*. If *awful banks* be right, the words muſt mean *due and orderly limits*. MALONE.

6 And *either*—] Old Copy—*At* either, &c. Corrected by Dr. Thirlby. MALONE.

7 *As our conditions ſhall* conſiſt *upon*,] Perhaps the meaning is, as our conditions ſhall *ſtand upon*, ſhall make the foundation of the treaty. A Latin ſenſe. So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"Then welcome peace, if he *on* peace *conſiſt*."

See alſo p. 378:

"Of what *conditions* we ſhall *ſtand upon*." MALONE.

8 *That, were our* loyal *faiths*, &c.] In former editions:

That, were our royal *faiths martyrs in love.*

If *royal faith* can mean faith to a king, it yet cannot mean it without much violence done to the language. I therefore read, with ſir Thomas Hanmer, *loyal faiths*, which is proper, natural, and ſuitable to the intention of the ſpeaker. JOHNSON.

9 —*ſuch* picking *grievances*;] *Picking* means piddling, inſignificant. STEEVENS.

For

For he hath found,—to end one doubt by death,
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean [1];
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and hiſtory his loſs
To new remembrance: For full well he knows,
He cannot ſo preciſely weed this land,
As his miſdoubts preſent occaſion:
His foes are ſo enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfaſten ſo, and ſhake a friend.
So that this land, like an offenſive wife,
That hath enrag'd him on to offer ſtrokes;
As he is ſtriking, holds his infant up,
And hangs reſolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Haſt. Beſides, the king hath waſted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very inſtruments of chaſtiſement:
So that his power, like to a fangleſs lion,
May offer, but not hold.

Arch. 'Tis very true:—
And therefore be aſſur'd, my good lord marſhal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow ſtronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it ſo.
Here is return'd my lord of Weſtmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Weſt. The prince is here at hand: Pleaſeth your lordſhip.
To meet his grace juſt diſtance 'tween our armies?

Mowb. Your grace of York, in God's name then ſet forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his grace:—my lord, we come.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] —*wipe his tables clean;*] Alluding to a table-book of ſlate, ivory, &c. WARBURTON.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Another part of the foreſt.

Enter, from one ſide, MOWBRAY, *the* Archbiſhop, HASTINGS, *and Others: from the other ſide, Prince* John *of* Lancaſter, WESTMORELAND, *Officers, and Attendants.*

P. John. You are well encounter'd here, my couſin Mowbray:—
Good day to you, gentle lord archbiſhop;—
And ſo to you, lord Haſtings,—and to all.—
My lord of York, it better ſhew'd with you,
When that your flock, aſſembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your expoſition on the holy text;
Than now to ſee you here an iron man[2],
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to ſword[3], and life to death.
That man, that ſits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the ſun-ſhine of his favour,
Would he abuſe the countenance of the king,
Alack, what miſchiefs might he ſet abroach,
In ſhadow of ſuch greatneſs! With you, lord biſhop,
It is even ſo:—Who hath not heard it ſpoken,
How deep you were within the books of God?
To us, the ſpeaker in his parliament;
To us, the imagin'd voice of God himſelf[4];
The very opener, and intelligencer,

[2] — *an iron man,*] Holinſhed ſays of the archbiſhop, that "coming foorth amongſt them *clad in armour*, he incouraged and pricked them foorth to take the enterpriſe in hand." STEEVENS

[3] *Turning the word to ſword,* &c.] A ſimilar thought occurs in the prologue to Gower's *Confeſſio Amantis*, 1554:

"Into the *ſworde* the churche kaye
"*Is turned*, and the holy bede, &c." STEEVENS.

[4] —*the* imagin'd *voice of God himſelf*;] The old copies, by an apparent errour of the preſs, have—the *imagine* voice. Mr. Pope introduced the reading of the text. Perhaps Shakſpeare wrote—To us, the *image* and voice, &c. So in a ſubſequent ſcene:

"And he, the noble *image* of my youth." MALONE.

Between

Between the grace, the ſanctities of heaven [5],
And our dull workings: O, who ſhall believe,
But you miſuſe the reverence of your place;
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
As a falſe favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds diſhonourable? You have taken up [6],
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The ſubjects of his ſubſtitute, my father;
And, both againſt the peace of heaven and him,
Have here up-ſwarm'd them.

Arch. Good my lord of Lancaſter,
I am not here againſt your father's peace:
But, as I told my lord of Weſtmoreland,
The time miſ-order'd doth, in common ſenſe [7],
Crowd us, and cruſh us, to this monſtrous form,
To hold our ſafety up. I ſent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief;
The which hath been with ſcorn ſhov'd from the court,
Whereon this Hydra ſon of war is born:
Whoſe dangerous eyes may well be charm'd aſleep,
With grant of our moſt juſt and right deſires;
And true obedience, of this madneſs cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majeſty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the laſt man.

Haſt. And though we here fall down,
We have ſupplies to ſecond our attempt;
If they miſcarry, theirs ſhall ſecond them;
And ſo, ſucceſs of miſchief ſhall be born [8];
And heir from heir ſhall hold this quarrel up,
Whiles England ſhall have generation.

P. John. You are too ſhallow, Haſtings, much too ſhallow,

[5] —*the ſanctities of heaven,*] This expreſſion Milton has copied:
"Around him all *the ſanctities of heaven*
"Stood thick as ſtars." JOHNSON.

[6] —*taken up,*] To *take up* is to levy, to raiſe in arms. JOHNSON.

[7] —*in common ſenſe,*] *Common ſenſe* is the general ſenſe of general danger. JOHNSON.

[8] —ſucceſs *of miſchief*—] *Succeſs* for ſucceſſion. WARBURTON.

To

To ſound the bottom of the after-times.

Weſt. Pleaſeth your grace, to anſwer them directly,
How far-forth you do like their articles?

P. John. I like them all, and do allow them well[9];
And ſwear here by the honour of my blood,
My father's purpoſes have been miſtook;
And ſome about him have too laviſhly
Wreſted his meaning, and authority.—
My lord, theſe griefs ſhall be with ſpeed redreſs'd;
Upon my ſoul, they ſhall. If this may pleaſe you,
Diſcharge your powers[1] unto their ſeveral counties,
As we will ours: and here, between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace;
That all their eyes may bear thoſe tokens home,
Of our reſtored love, and amity.

Arch. I take your princely word for theſe redreſſes.

P. John. I give it you, and will maintain my word:
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Haſt. Go, captain, [*to an* officer.] and deliver to the army
This news of peace; let them have pay, and part:
I know, it will well pleaſe them; Hie thee, captain.
[*Exit Officer.*

Arch. To you, my noble lord of Weſtmoreland.

Weſt. I pledge your grace: And, if you knew what pains
I have beſtow'd, to breed this preſent peace,
You would drink freely: but my love to you
Shall ſhew itſelf more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

Weſt. I am glad of it.—

[9] —*and do* allow—] i. e. approve. So in *K. Lear*, Act II. ſc. IV:
" —if your ſweet ſway
" *Allow* obedience." MALONE.

[1] *Diſcharge your powers*—] It was Weſtmoreland who made this deceitful propoſal, as appears from Holinſhed. " The earl of Weſtmoreland uſing more policie than the reſt, ſaid, whereas our people have been long in armour, let them depart home to their woonted trades: in the meane time let us drink togither in ſigne of agreement, that the people on both ſides may ſee it, and know that it is true, that we be light at a point." STEEVENS.

Health

Health to my lord, and gentle couſin, Mowbray.

Mowb. You wiſh me health in very happy ſeaſon;
For I am, on the ſudden, ſomething ill.

Arch. Againſt ill chances, men are ever merry[2];
But heavineſs fore-runs the good event.

Weſt. Therefore be merry, coz[3]; ſince ſudden ſorrow
Serves to ſay thus,—Some good thing comes to-morrow.

Arch. Believe me, I am paſſing light in ſpirit.

Mowb. So much the worſe, if your own rule be true.

[*Shouts within.*

P. John. The word of peace is render'd; Hark, how they ſhout!

Mowb. This had been chearful, after victory.

Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conqueſt;
For then both parties nobly are ſubdued,
And neither party loſer.

P. John. Go, my lord,
And let our army be diſcharged too.— [*Exit* WEST.
And, good my lord, ſo pleaſe you, let our trains[4]
March by us; that we may peruſe the men
We ſhould have cop'd withal.

Arch. Go, good lord Haſtings,
And, ere they be diſmiſs'd, let them march by.

[*Exit* HASTINGS.

P. John. I truſt, lords, we ſhall lie to-night together.—

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Now, couſin, wherefore ſtands our army ſtill?

Weſt. The leaders, having charge from you to ſtand,
Will not go off until they hear you ſpeak.

P. John. They know their duties.

[2] *Againſt ill chances, men are ever merry*;] Thus the poet deſcribes Romeo as feeling an *unaccuſtom'd* degree of chearfulneſs juſt before he hears the news of the death of Juliet. STEEVENS.

[3] *Therefore be merry, coz*;—] That is, therefore, notwithſtang this ſudden impulſe to heavineſs, be merry, for ſuch ſudden dejections fore-bode good. JOHNSON.

[4] —*let our trains*, &c.] That is, Our army on each part, that we may both ſee thoſe that were to have oppoſed us. JOHNSON.

We ought, perhaps, to read *your* trains. The prince knew his own ſtrength ſufficiently, and only wanted to be acquainted with that of the enemy. The plural, *trains*, however, ſeems in favour of the old reading. MALONE.

Re-enter HASTINGS.

Haſt. My lord, our army is diſpers'd already:
Like youthful ſteers unyok'd, they take their courſes
Eaſt, weſt, north, ſouth; or, like a ſchool broke up,
Each hurries towards his home, and ſporting place.

Weſt. Good tidings, my lord Haſtings; for the which
I do arreſt thee, traitor, of high treaſon:—
And you, lord archbiſhop,—and you, lord Mowbray,—
Of capital treaſon I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding juſt and honourable?

Weſt. Is your aſſembly ſo?

Arch. Will you thus break your faith?

P. John. I pawn'd thee none:
I promis'd you redreſs of theſe ſame grievances,
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a moſt chriſtian care.
But, for you, rebels,—look to taſte the due
Meet for rebellion, and ſuch acts as yours.
Moſt ſhallowly did you theſe arms commence,
Fondly brought here[5], and fooliſhly ſent hence.—
Strike up our drums, purſue the ſcatter'd ſtray;
Heaven, and not we, hath ſafely fought to-day.—
Some guard theſe traitors to the block of death;
Treaſon's true bed, and yielder up of breath. [*Exeunt*[6].

SCENE III.

Another part of the foreſt.

Alarums. Excurſions. Enter FALSTAFF *and* COLEVILE, *meeting.*

Fal. What's your name, ſir? of what condition are you; and of what place, I pray? *Cole.*

[5] Fondly *brought here*, &c.] *Fondly* is fooliſhly. So, in lord Surrey's tranſlation of the ſecond book of Virgil's Æneid:

"What wight ſo *fond* ſuch offer to refuſe?" STEEVENS.

[6] *Exeunt.*] It cannot but raiſe ſome indignation to find this horrible violation of faith paſſed over thus ſlightly by the poet, without any note of cenſure or deteſtation. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare, here, as in many other places, has merely followed the hiſtorians who related this perfidious act without animadverſion, and who ſeem to have adopted the ungenerous ſentiment of Chorœbus:

—dolus an virtus, quis in hoſte requirat?

But this is certainly no excuſe; for it is the duty of a poet always to take the ſide of virtue. MALONE.

Cole. I am a knight, ſir; and my name is—Colevile of the dale[7].

Fal. Well then, Colevile is your name; a knight is your degree; and your place, the dale: Colevile ſhall ſtill be your name; a traitor your degree; and the dungeon your place,—a place deep enough[7]: ſo ſhall you be ſtill Colevile of the dale[8].

Cole. Are not you ſir John Falſtaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, ſir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, ſir? or ſhall I ſweat for you? If I do ſweat, they are drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore rouſe up fear and trembling, and do obſervance to my mercy.

Cole. I think, you are ſir John Falſtaff; and, in that thought, yield me.

Fal. I have a whole ſchool of tongues in this belly of mine; and not a tongue of them all ſpeaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were ſimply the moſt active fellow in Europe: My womb, my womb, my womb undoes me.—Here comes our general.

Enter Prince John *of* Lancaſter, WESTMORELAND, *and Others.*

P. John. The heat is paſt[9], follow no farther now;—Call in the powers, good couſin Weſtmoreland.—

[*Exit* WEST.

Now, Falſtaff, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come:—

[7]—*Coleville of the dale.*] "At the king's coming to Durham, the lord Haſtings, *ſir John Coleville of the dale, &c.* being convicted of conſpiracy, were there beheaded." Holinſhed, p. 530. STEEVENS.

[8] —*and the dungeon your place,*— *a* place *deep enough: ſo ſhall you be ſtill Coleville of the dale.*] But where is the wit or the logick of this concluſion? I am almoſt perſuaded that we ought to read thus.—"Coleville ſhall ſtill be your name; a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place; a *dale* deep enough.—" He may then juſtly infer —"ſo ſhall you ſtill be Coleville of the dale." TYRWHITT.

The ſenſe of *dale* is included in *deep:* a *dale* is a deep place; a dungeon is a deep place; he that is in a *dungeon* may be therefore ſaid to be in a *dale.* JOHNSON.

[9] *The heat is paſt,*] That is, the violence of reſentment, the eagerneſs of revenge. JOHNSON.

Theſe tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break ſome gallows' back.

Fal. I would be ſorry, my lord, but it ſhould be thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a ſwallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have ſpeeded hither with the very extremeſt inch of poſſibility; I have founder'd nine-ſcore and odd poſts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken ſir John Colevile of the dale, a moſt furious knight, and valorous enemy: But what of that? he ſaw me, and yielded; that I may juſtly ſay with the hook-noſed fellow of Rome, —I came, ſaw, and overcame.

P. John. It was more of his courteſy than your deſerving.

Fal. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him: and I beſeech your grace, let it be book'd with the reſt of this day's deeds; or, by the lord, I will have it in a particular ballad elſe, with mine own picture on the top of it, Colevile kiſſing my foot: To the which courſe if I be enforced, if you do not all ſhew like gilt two-pences to me; and I, in the clear ſky of fame, o'erſhine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which ſhew like pins' heads to her: believe not the word of the noble: Therefore let me have right, and let deſert mount.

P. John. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it ſhine then.

P. John. Thine's too thick to ſhine.

Fal. Let it do ſomething, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

P. John. Is thy name Colevile?

Cole. It is, my lord.

P. John. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

Fal. And a famous true ſubject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me,
You ſhould have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they ſold themſelves: but thou, like a kind fellow, gaveſt thyſelf away; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

P. John. Now, have you left purſuit?

Weſt. Retreat is made, and execution ſtay'd.

P. John. Send Colevile, with his confederates,
To York, to preſent execution:—
Blunt, lead him hence; and ſee you guard him ſure.
[*Exeunt ſome with* Colevile.
And now diſpatch we toward the court, my lords;
I hear, the king my father is ſore ſick:
Our news ſhall go before us to his majeſty,
Which, couſin, you ſhall bear,—to comfort him;
And we with ſober ſpeed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beſeech you, give me leave to go through Gloſterſhire; and, when you come to court, ſtand my good lord, pray, in your good report[1].

P. John. Fare you well, Falſtaff: I, in my condition,
Shall better ſpeak of you than you deſerve[2]. [*Exit.*

[1] —*ſtand my good lord, pray, in your good report.*] *Stand my good lord*, I believe, means only, *ſtand my good friend*, (an expreſſion ſtill in common uſe,) in your favourable report of me. So, in the *Taming of a Shrew*:

"I pray you, *ſtand* good father to me now." STEEVENS.

Mr. Stevens is certainly right. In a former ſcene of this play, the hoſteſs ſays to the chief juſtice, "*good my lord*, be good unto me; I beſeech you, *ſtand* to me". Though an equivoque may have been there intended, yet one of the ſenſes conveyed by this expreſſion in that place is the ſame as here. So, in *Cymbeline*:

"Be my *good lady*." MALONE.

Stand is here the imperative word, as *give* is before. *Stand my good lord*, i. e. be my good patron and benefactor. *Be my good lord* was the old court phraſe uſed by a perſon who aſked a favour of a man of high rank. So in a letter of the Earl of Northumberland, (printed in the appendix to the *Northumberland Houſhold Book*,) he deſires that Cardinal Wolſey would ſo far "*be his good lord*," as to empower him to impriſon a perſon who had defrauded him. PERCY.

[2] —*I, in my condition,*
Shall better ſpeak of you than you deſerve.] *I, in my condition*, i. e. in my place as a commanding officer, who ought to repreſent things merely as they are, ſhall ſpeak better of you than you deſerve.

So, in the *Tempeſt*, Ferdinand ſays:

"——— I am, *in my condition*,
"A prince, Miranda—." STEEVENS.

Fal. I would, you had but the wit; 'twere better than your dukedom.—Good faith, this ſame young ſober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh [3];—but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of theſe demure boys come to any proof: for thin drink doth ſo over-cool their blood, and making many fiſh-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-ſickneſs; and then, when they marry, they get wenches: they are generally fools and cowards;—which ſome of us ſhould be too, but for inflammation. A good ſherris-ſack [4] hath a two-fold operation in it. It aſcends me into the brain; dries me there all the fooliſh, and dull, and crudy vapours [5] which environ it: makes it apprehenſive [6], quick, forgetive [7], full of nimble, fiery, and delectable ſhapes; which deliver'd o'er to the voice, (the tongue) which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The ſecond property of your excellent ſherris is,—the warming of the blood; which, before cold and ſettled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of puſillanimity and cowardice: but the ſherris warms it, and makes it courſe from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face; which, as a beacon gives warning to all the reſt of this little kingdom, man, to arm: and

3 —*this ſame young ſober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh*;—] Falſtaff ſpeaks here like a veteran in life. The young prince did not love him, and he deſpaired to gain his affection, for he could not make him laugh. Men only become friends by community of pleaſures. He who cannot be ſoftened into gaiety, cannot eaſily be melted into kindneſs. JOHNSON.

4 —*ſherris-ſack*—] So called probably from Xeres, a ſea-port town in Spain. This wine was perhaps the ſame which we now call *ſherry*, &c. which might admit of a mixture of ſugar better than what we now call ſack. MALONE.

5 *It aſcends* me *into the brain*; *dries* me *there all the* —*crudy vapours*—] This uſe of the pronoun is a familiar redundancy among our old writers. So Latimer, p. 91: "Here cometh *me* now theſe holy fathers from their counſels." "There was one wiſer than the reſt, and he comes *me* to the biſhop." Edit. 1575. p. 75. BOWLE.

6 —*apprehenſive*,] i. e. Quick to underſtand. In this ſenſe it is now almoſt diſuſed. STEEVENS.

7 —*forgetive*,—] *Forgetive* from *forge*; inventive, imaginative.

and then the vital commoners, and inland petty ſpirits, muſter me all to their captain, the heart; who, great, and puff'd up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of ſherris: So that ſkill in the weapon is nothing, without ſack; for that ſets it a-work: and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil[8]; till ſack commences it, and ſets it in act[9] and uſe. Hereof comes it, that prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, ſteril, and bare land, manured, huſbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good ſtore of fertile ſherris; that he is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thouſand ſons, the firſt human principle I would teach them, ſhould be,—to forſwear thin potations, and to addict themſelves to ſack.

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is diſcharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Gloſterſhire; and there will I viſit maſter Robert Shallow, eſquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my

[8] —*kept by a devil,*—] It was anciently ſuppoſed that all the mines of gold, &c. were guarded by evil ſpirits. STEEVENS.

[9] —*till ſack* commences it, *and ſets it in act*—] I believe, till ſack gives it a beginning, brings it into action. STEEVENS.

It ſeems probable to me, that Shakſpeare in theſe words alludes to the Cambridge *Commencement*; and in what follows to the Oxford *Act*: for by thoſe different names our two univerſities have long diſtinguiſhed the ſeaſon, at which each of them gives to her reſpective ſtudents a complete authority *to uſe* thoſe *hoards of learning*, which have entitled them to their ſeveral degrees in arts, law, phyſick, and divinity. TYRWHITT.

So, in *The Roaring Girl*, 1611:

"Then he is held a freſhman, and a ſot,
"And never ſhall *commence*."

Again in *Pasquil's Jeſts or Mother Bunch's Merriments*, 1604: "A doctor that was newly *commenc'd* at Cambridge," &c. STEEVENS.

thumb [1], and ſhortly will I ſeal with him. Come away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Weſtminſter. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, *Prince* Humphrey, WARWICK, *and Others.*

K. Hen. Now, lords, if heaven doth give ſucceſsful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no ſwords but what are ſanctify'd.
Our navy is addreſs'd [2], our power collected,
Our ſubſtitutes in abſence well inveſted,
And every thing lies level to our wiſh:
Only, we want a little perſonal ſtrength;
And pauſe us, till theſe rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which, we doubt not but your majeſty
Shall ſoon enjoy.

K. Hen. Humphrey, my ſon of Gloſter,
Where is the prince your brother?

P. Humph. I think, he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windſor.

K. Hen. And how accompanied?

P. Humph. I do not know, my lord.

K. Hen. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

P. Humph. No, my good lord; he is in preſence here.

Cla. What would my lord and father?

K. Hen. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.

How

[1] —*I have him already tempering*, &c.] A very pleaſant ſtunch to the old uſe of ſealing with ſoft wax. WARBURTON.

So, in *Your Five Gallants* by Middleton, no date:

"Fetch a pennyworth of *ſoft wax* to ſeal letters." STEEVENS.

[2] *Our navy is* addreſs'd,—] i. e. Our navy is ready, prepared. So in *K. Henry V.*—"for our march we are *addreſs'd.*" STEEVENS.

How chance, thou art not with the prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou doſt neglect him, Thomas;
Thou haſt a better place in his affection,
Than all thy brothers: cheriſh it, my boy;
And noble offices thou may'ſt effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatneſs and thy other brethren:—
Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love;
Nor loſe the good advantage of his grace,
By ſeeming cold, or careleſs of his will,
For he is gracious, if he be obſerv'd;
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity [3]:
Yet notwithſtanding, being incens'd, he's flint;
As humourous as winter [4], and as ſudden
As flaws congealed in the ſpring of day [5].

His

3 *He hath a tear for pity, and a hand*
Open as day for melting charity: &c.] So in our author's *Lover's Complaint:*

" His qualities were beauteous as his form,
" For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof free;
" Yet, *if men mov'd him*, was he ſuch a *ſtorm*
" As oft 'twixt May and April is to ſee,
" When winds breathe ſweet, unruly though they be."

MALONE.

4 —humourous *as winter*,—] That is, changeable as the weather of a winter's day. Dryden ſays of Almanzor, that he is humourous as wind. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Spaniſh Tragedy*, 1607:

" You know that women oft are *humourous*."

Again, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonſon: " —a nymph of a moſt wandering and giddy diſpoſition, *humourous as the air*, &c." Again, in the *Silent Woman*: " —as proud as May, and as *humourous* as April."

STEEVENS.

" As humourous as *April*," is ſufficiently clear; ſo in Heywood's *Challenge for beauty*, 1636: " I am as full of *humours* as an *April* day of variety;" but a *winter's* day has generally too decided a character to admit Dr. Johnſon's interpretation, without ſome licence: a licence, which yet our author has perhaps taken. He may, however, have uſed the word *humorous* equivocally. He abounds in capricious fancies, as winter abounds in moiſture. MALONE.

5 *As flaws congealed in the ſpring of day.*] Alluding to the opinion of ſome philoſophers, that the vapours being congealed in the air

by

His temper, therefore, muſt be well obſerv'd:
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth:
But, being moody, give him line and ſcope;
Till that his paſſions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themſelves with working. Learn this, Thomas,
And thou ſhalt prove a ſhelter to thy friends;
A hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in;
That the united veſſel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of ſuggeſtion [6],
(As, force perforce, the age ſhall pour it in,)
Shall never leak, though it do work as ſtrong
As aconitum [7], or raſh gunpowder [8].

Cla. I ſhall obſerve him with all care and love.

K. Hen. Why art thou not at Windſor with him, Thomas?

Cla. He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

K. Hen. And how accompanied? canſt thou tell that?

Cla. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

K. Hen. Moſt ſubject is the fatteſt ſoil to weeds;
And he, the noble image of my youth,

Is

by cold, (which is moſt intenſe towards the morning) and being afterwards rarified and let looſe by the warmth of the ſun, occaſion thoſe ſudden and impetuous guſts of wind which are called *flaws*. WARB.

Our author and his contemporaries frequently uſe the word *flaw* for a ſudden guſt of wind; but a guſt of wind *congealed* is, I confeſs, to me unintelligible. Mr. Edwards ſays, that "*flaws* are ſmall blades of ice which are ſtruck on the edges of the water in winter mornings." The *ſpring of day* our author might have found in our liturgy;—"whereby the *day-ſpring* from on high hath viſited us." MALONE.

6. *Mingled with venom of* ſuggeſtion,] Though their blood be inflamed by the *temptations* to which youth is peculiarly ſubject. See Vol. I. p. 139, n. 6. MALONE.

7 —*as* aconitum,—] The old writers employ the Latin word inſtead of the Engliſh one, which we now uſe. So, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

"With *aconitum* that in Tartar ſprings." STEEVENS.

8 —*raſh gunpowder.*] *Raſh* is quick, violent, ſudden. This repreſentation of the prince is a natural picture of a young man whoſe paſſions are yet too ſtrong for his virtues. JOHNSON.

Is overſpread with them: Therefore my grief
Stretches itſelf beyond the hour of death;
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do ſhape,
In forms imaginary, the unguided days,
And rotten times, that you ſhall look upon
When I am ſleeping with my anceſtors.
For when his headſtrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counſellors,
When means and laviſh manners meet together,
O, with what wings ſhall his affections[9] fly
Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay!

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:
The prince but ſtudies his companions,
Like a ſtrange tongue: wherein, to gain the language,
'Tis needful, that the moſt immodeſt word
Be look'd upon, and learn'd; which once attain'd,
Your highneſs knows, comes to no farther uſe,
But to be known, and hated[1]. So, like groſs terms,
The prince will, in the perfectneſs of time,
Caſt off his followers: and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a meaſure live,
By which his grace muſt mete the lives of others;
Turning paſt evils to advantages.

K. Hen. 'Tis ſeldom, when the bee doth leave her comb[2]
In the dead carrion,—Who's here? Weſtmoreland?

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Weſt. Health to my ſovereign! and new happineſs
Added to that that I am to deliver!

Prince

9 —*his affections*—] His paſſions; his inordinate deſires. JOHNSON.

1 *But to be known, and hated.*] A parallel paſſage occurs in Terence:

" ——quo modo adoleſcentulus
" Meretricum ingenia et mores poſſet noſcere,
" Mature ut cum cognorit, perpetuo oderit." ANONYMOUS.

2 *'Tis ſeldom, when the bee*, &c.] As the bee, having once placed her comb in a carcaſe, ſtays by her honey, ſo he that has once taken pleaſure in bad company, will continue to aſſociate with thoſe that have the art of pleaſing him. JOHNSON.

Prince John, your ſon, doth kiſs your grace's hand;
Mowbray, the biſhop Scroop, Haſtings, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law;
There is not now a rebel's ſword unſheath'd,
But peace puts forth her olive every where.
The manner how this action hath been borne,
Here, at more leiſure, may your highneſs read;
With every courſe, in his particular [3].

K. Hen. O Weſtmoreland, thou art a ſummer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter ſings
The lifting up of day. Look! here's more news.

Enter HARCOURT.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your majeſty;
And, when they ſtand againſt you, may they fall
As thoſe that I am come to tell you of!
The earl of Northumberland, and the lord Bardolph,
With a great power of Engliſh, and of Scots,
Are by the ſheriff of Yorkſhire overthrown:
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, pleaſe it you, contains at large.

K. Hen. And wherefore ſhould theſe good news make me ſick?
Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words ſtill in fouleſt letters?
She either gives a ſtomach, and no food,—
Such are the poor, in health; or elſe a feaſt,
And takes away the ſtomach,—ſuch are the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
I ſhould rejoice now at this happy news;
And now my ſight fails, and my brain is giddy:—
O me! come near me, now I am much ill. [*ſwoons.*

P. Humph. Comfort your majeſty!

Cla.

3 —*in* his *particular.*] *His* is uſed for *its* very frequently in the old plays. STEEVENS.

It may certainly have been uſed ſo here, as in almoſt every other page of our author. Mr. Henley however obſerves, that *his particular* may mean the detail contained in the letter of Prince John. *A Particular* is yet uſed as a ſubſtantive, by legal conveyancers, *for a minute detail of things ſingly enumerated.* MALONE.

Cla. O my royal father!
Weſt. My ſovereign lord, cheer up yourſelf, look up!
War. Be patient, princes; you do know, theſe fits
Are with his highneſs very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air; he'll ſtraight be well.
Cla. No, no; he cannot long hold out theſe pangs:
The inceſſant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure, [4], that ſhould confine it in,
So

[4] *Hath wrought the* mure, &c.] i. e. The wall. POPE.
Wrought it thin, is, made it thin by gradual detriment. *Wrought* is the preterite of *work*. *Mure* is a word uſed by Heywood in his *Brazen Age*, 1613:
" 'Till I have ſcal'd theſe *mures*, invaded Troy."
The ſame thought occurs in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, &c. B. IV. *Daniel* is likewiſe ſpeaking of the ſickneſs of *K. Henry IV.*
" As that the *walls worn thin*, permit the mind
" *To look out thorow*, and his frailtie find."
The firſt edition of Daniel's poem is dated earlier than this play of Shakſpeare.—Waller has the ſame thought:
" The ſoul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
" Lets in new light, thro' chinks that time has made."
STEEVENS.
On this paſſage the elegant and learned Biſhop of Worceſter has the following criticiſm. " At times we find him (the imitator) practiſing a different art; not merely ſpreading as it were and laying open the ſame ſentiment, but *adding* to it, and by a new and ſtudied device improving upon it. In this caſe we naturally conclude that the refinement had not been made, if the plain and ſimple thought had not preceded and given riſe to it. You will apprehend my meaning by what follows. Shakſpeare had ſaid of *Henry* the Fourth,
" The inceſſant care and labour of his mind
" Hath wrought the mure, that ſhould confine it in,
" So thin, that life looks through, and will break out."
" You have here the thought in its firſt ſimplicity. It was not unnatural, after ſpeaking of the body as a caſe or tenement of the ſoul, *the mure that confines* it, to ſay, that as that caſe wears away and grows thin, life looks through, and is ready to break out."
After quoting the lines of Daniel, who, (it is obſerved,) " by refining on this ſentiment, if by nothing elſe, ſhews himſelf to be the copyiſt," the very learned writer adds,—" here we ſee, not ſimply, that *life* is going to break through the infirm and much-worn habitation, but that the *mind* looks through, and *finds* his frailty, that it diſcovers that life will ſoon make his eſcape.—Daniel's improvement then looks like the artifice of a man that would outdo his maſter. Though he
fails,

So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

P. Humph. The people fear me[5]; for they do obſerve
Unfather'd heirs, and loathly births of nature[6]:
The ſeaſons change their manners[7], as the year[8]
Had found ſome months aſleep, and leap'd them over.

Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between[9]:
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say, it did ſo, a little time before
That our great grandſire, Edward, ſick'd and dy'd.

War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

P. Humph. This apoplexy will, certain, be his end.

K. Hen.

fails in the attempt; for his ingenuity betrays him into a falſe thought. The mind, looking through, does not find *its own frailty*, but the frailty of the *building* it inhabits." Hurd's *Diſſertation on the Marks of Imitation.*

This ingenious criticiſm, the general principles of which cannot be controverted, ſhews, however, how dangerous it is to ſuffer the mind to be led too far by an hypotheſis:—for after all, there is very good reaſon to believe that Shakſpeare, and not Daniel, was the imitator. "*The diſſention between the houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter* in verſe, penned by Samuel Daniel," was entered on the Stationers' books by Simon Waterſon, in October, 1594, and four books of his work, were printed in 1595. The lines quoted by Mr. Steevens are from the edition of the *Civil Wars* in 1609. Daniel made many changes in his poems in every new edition. In the original edition in 1595, the verſes run thus; B. III. ſt. 116:

"Wearing the wall ſo thin, that now the mind
"Might well look thorough, and his frailty find."

His is uſed for *its*, and refers not to *mind*, (as is ſuppoſed above) but to *wall*.—There is no reaſon to believe that this play was written before 1594, and it is highly probable that Shakſpeare had read Daniel's poem, before he ſat down to compoſe theſe hiſtorical dramas. MALONE.

[5] *The people* fear *me*;—] i. e. Make me afraid. WARBURTON.

[6] *Unfather'd heirs*, &c.] That is, equivocal births; animals that had no animal progenitors; productions not brought forth according to the ſtated laws of generation. JOHNSON.

[7] *The ſeaſons change their manners*;—] Alluding to the terms of *rough* and *harſh*, *mild* and *ſoft*, applied to weather. WARBURTON.

[8] —*as the year*—] i. e. as *if* the year, &c. So in *Cymbeline*:

"He ſpake of her, *as* Dian had hot dreams,
"And ſhe alone were cold."

In the ſubſequent line our author ſeems to have been thinking of *leap-year*. MALONE.

[9] *The river hath thrice flow'd*,—] This is hiſtorically true. It happened on the 12th of October, 1411. STEEVENS.

K. Hen. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into ſome other chamber: ſoftly, pray.

[*They convey the king to an inner part of the room, and place him on a bed.*

Let there be no noiſe made, my gentle friends;
Unleſs ſome dull and favourable hand
Will whiſper muſick to my weary ſpirit [1].

War. Call for the muſick in the other room.

K. Hen. Set me the crown upon my pillow here [2].

Cla.

[1] *Unleſs ſome* dull *and favourable hand*
Will whiſper muſick to my weary ſpirit.] So, in the old anonymous *Henry V.*

" —Depart my chamber,
" And cauſe ſome muſick to rock me aſleep." STEEVENS.

Dull is melancholy, gentle, ſoothing. JOHNSON.

I believe it rather means *producing* dullneſs or heavineſs; and conſequently ſleep. It appears from various parts of our author's works, that he thought muſick contributed to produce ſleep. So in *A Midſummer Night's Dream:*

" —*muſick* call, and ſtrike more *dead*
" Than common *ſleep*, of all theſe fire the ſenſe."

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt:*

" And when love ſpeaks, the voice of all the gods
" Makes heaven *drowſy* with the *harmony*."

So alſo in the *Tempeſt*, Act I. when Alonzo, Gonzalo, &c. are to be overpowered by ſleep, Ariel, to produce this effect, enters, " playing ſolemn *muſick*." MALONE.

[2] *Set me the crown upon my pillow here.*] It is ſtill the cuſtom in France to place the crown on the king's pillow when he is dying.

Holinſhed, p. 541, ſpeaking of the death of king Henry IV. ſays: —" During this his laſt ſickneſſe, he cauſed his crowne, (as ſome write) to be ſet on a pillow at his bed's head, and ſuddenly his pangs ſo ſore troubled him, that he laie as though all his vitall ſpirits had beene departed. Such as were about him, thinking verelie that he had beene departed, covered his face with a linen cloth."

" The prince his ſonne being hereof advertiſed, entered into the chamber, took awaie the crowne, and departed. The father being ſuddenlie revived out of that trance, quicklie perceived the lack of his crowne; and having knowledge that the prince his ſonne had taken it awaie, cauſed him to come before his preſence, requiring of him what he meant ſo to miſuſe himſelfe. The prince with a good audacitie anſwered; Sir, to mine and all men's judgments you ſeemed dead in this world, and therefore I as your next heire appatent took that as mine owne, and not as yours. Well, faire ſonne, (ſaid the king with a great

Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.
War. Leſs noiſe, leſs noiſe.

Enter Prince HENRY.

P. Hen. Who ſaw the duke of Clarence?
Cla. I am here, brother, full of heavineſs.
P. Hen. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!
How doth the king?
P. Humph. Exceeding ill.
P. Hen. Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.
P. Humph. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.
P. Hen. If he be ſick
With joy, he will recover without phyſick.
War. Not ſo much noiſe, my lords:—ſweet prince, ſpeak low;
The king your father is diſpos'd to ſleep.
Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.
War. Wilt pleaſe your grace to go along with us?
P. Hen. No; I will ſit and watch here by the king.

[*Exeunt all but Prince* HENRY.

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being ſo troubleſome a bed-fellow?
O poliſh'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'ſt the ports of ſlumber[3] open wide
To many a watchful night!—ſleep with it now!
Yet not ſo ſound, and half ſo deeply ſweet,
As he, whoſe brow, with homely biggen bound[4],
Snores

great ſigh) what right I had to it, God knoweth. Well (ſaid the prince) if you die king, I will have the garland, and truſte to keepe it with the ſword againſt all mine enemies, as you have doone;" &c. STEEVENS.

3 —*the* ports *of ſlumber*—] are the *gates* of ſlumber. So, in Ben Jonſon's 80th Epigram: "—The *ports* of death are ſins".—*Ports* is the ancient military term for gates. STEEVENS.

The word is yet uſed in this ſenſe in Scotland. MALONE.

4 —*homely* biggen—] A kind of cap, at preſent worn only by children; but ſo called from the cap worn by the Beguines, an order of nuns. So, in *Monſieur Thomas*, by B. and Fletcher, 1639:

"—were the devil ſick now,
"His horns ſaw'd off, and his head bound with a *biggen*."

STEEVENS.

Snores out the watch of night. O majeſty!
When thou doſt pinch thy bearer, thou doſt ſit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That ſcalds with ſafety. By his gates of breath[5]
There lies a downy feather, which ſtirs not:
Did he ſuſpire, that light and weightleſs down
Perforce muſt move.—My gracious lord! my father!—
This ſleep is ſound indeed; this is a ſleep,
That from this golden rigol[6] hath divorc'd
So many Engliſh kings. Thy due, from me,
Is tears, and heavy ſorrows of thy blood:
Which nature, love, and filial tenderneſs,
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteouſly:
My due, from thee, is this imperial crown;
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itſelf to me. Lo, here it ſits,—
[*Putting it on his head.*
Which heaven ſhall guard: And put the world's whole ſtrength
Into one giant arm, it ſhall not force
This lineal honour from me: This from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. Warwick! Gloſter! Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK, *and the reſt.*

Cla. Doth the king call?

War. What would your majeſty? How fares your grace?

K. Hen. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Cla. We left the prince my brother here, my liege,
Who undertook to ſit and watch by you.

[5] —*By his* gates *of breath*—] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:
" Once more the ruby-colour'd *portal* open'd,
" Which to his *ſpeech* did honey paſſage yield." MALONE.

[6] —*this golden* rigol—] *Rigol* means a circle. I know not that it is uſed by any author but Shakſpeare, who introduces it likewiſe in his *Rape of Lucrece*:
" About the mourning and congealed face
" Of that black blood, a watry *rigol* goes." STEEVENS.

K. Hen. The prince of Wales? Where is he? let me ſee him:
He is not here.

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

P. Humph. He came not through the chamber where we ſtay'd.

K. Hen. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

K. Hen. The prince hath ta'en it hence:— go, ſeek him out.
Is he ſo haſty, that he doth ſuppoſe
My ſleep my death?—
Find him, my lord of Warwick; chide him hither.—
[*Exit* WARWICK.
This part of his conjoins with my diſeaſe,
And helps to end me.—See, ſons, what things you are!
How quickly nature falls into revolt,
When gold becomes her object!
For this the fooliſh over-careful fathers
Have broke their ſleep with thoughts[7], their brains with care,
Their bones with induſtry;
For this they have engroſſed and pil'd up
The canker'd heaps of ſtrange-atchieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to inveſt
Their ſons with arts, and martial exerciſes:
When, like the bee, tolling from every flower[8]
The virtuous ſweets;

[7] —*with thoughts*,] Concerning the education and promotion of their children. So afterwards:

"For this they have been *thoughtful* to inveſt
"Their ſons with arts," &c.

Mr. Rowe and the ſubſequent editors read—with *thought*; but the change does not appear to me neceſſary. MALONE.

[8] —tolling *from every flower*—] This ſpeech has been contracted, dilated, and put to every critical torture, in order to force it within the bounds of metre, and prevent the admiſſion of hemiſtichs. I have reſtored it without alteration, but with thoſe breaks which appeared to others as imperfections. The reading of the quarto is *tolling*. The folio reads *culling*. *Tolling* is taking toll. STEEVENS.

Our

Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees
Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taſte
Yield his engroſſments to the ending father [9].

Re-enter WARWICK.

Now, where is he that will not ſtay ſo long
Till his friend ſickneſs hath determin'd me [1]?

War. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,
Waſhing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;
With ſuch a deep demeanour in great ſorrow,
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have waſh'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Hen. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter Prince HENRY.

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry:—
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt* CLARENCE, *Prince* Humphrey, *Lords, &c.*

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you ſpeak again.

K. Hen. Thy wiſh was father, Harry, to that thought:
I ſtay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Doſt thou ſo hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs inveſt thee with mine honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O fooliſh youth!
Thou ſeek'ſt the greatneſs that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with ſo weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou haſt ſtol'n that, which, after ſome few hours,
Were thine without offence; and, at my death,
Thou haſt ſeal'd up my expectation [2]:
Thy life did manifeſt, thou lov'dſt me not,
And thou wilt have me die aſſured of it.

9 —*his engroſſments*—] His accumulations. JOHNSON.

1 —*determin'd*] i. e. *ended*. It is ſtill uſed in this ſenſe in legal conveyances. REED.

2 —*ſeal'd up my expectation*:] Thou haſt confirmed my opinion. JOHNSON.

Thou hid'ſt a thouſand daggers in thy thoughts;
Which thou haſt whetted on thy ſtony heart,
To ſtab at half an hour of my life [3].
What! canſt thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyſelf;
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear [4],
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that ſhould bedew my hearſe,
Be drops of balm, to ſanctify thy head:
Only compound me with forgotten duſt;
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form,
Harry the fifth is crown'd:—Up, vanity:
Down, royal ſtate! all you ſage counſellors, hence!
And to the Engliſh court aſſemble now,
From every region, apes of idleneſs!
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your ſcum:
Have you a ruffian, that will ſwear, drink, dance,
Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit
The oldeſt ſins the neweſt kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England ſhall double gild his treble guilt [5];

England

3 —*half an* hour *of my life.*] It ſhould be remembered that Shakſpeare uſes the ſame words alternately as monoſyllables and diſſyllables. Mr. Rowe, whoſe ear was accuſtomed to the utmoſt harmony of numbers, and who, at the ſame time, appears to have been little acquainted with our poet's manner, firſt added the word *frail* to ſupply the ſyllable which he conceived to be wanting. The quarto writes the word—*bower*, as it was anciently pronounced. The reader will find many more inſtances in the ſoliloquy of *K. Henry VI.* P. III. Act II. ſc. v. The other editors have followed Rowe. STEEVENS.

4 *And bid the* merry bells ring *to thine ear,*] Copied by Milton:

"When *the merry bells ring* round,
"And the jocund rebecks ſound." MALONE.

5 *England ſhall double* gild *his treble* guilt;] How much this play on words, faulty as it certainly is, was admired in the age of Shakſpeare, appears from the moſt ancient writers of that time having frequently indulged themſelves in it. So, in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, 1617:

"And

England ſhall give him office, honour, might:
For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of reſtraint, and the wild dog
Shall fleſh his tooth in every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, ſick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care[6]?
O, thou wilt be a wilderneſs again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

P. Hen. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,
[*kneeling.*
The moiſt impediments unto my ſpeech,
I had fore-ſtall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had ſpoke, and I had heard
The courſe of it ſo far. There is your crown;
And He that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour, and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience riſe,
(Which my moſt true and inward-duteous ſpirit
Teacheth,) this proſtrate and exterior bending[7]!

Heaven

"And as amidſt the enamour'd waves he ſwims,
"The god of gold a purpoſe *guilt* his limbs;
"That, this word *guilt* including double ſenſe,
"The double *guilt* of his incontinence
"Might be expreſs'd."

Again, in *Acolaſtus his Afterwit*, a poem by S. Nicholſon, 1600:

"O ſacred thirſt of golde, what canſt thou not?—
"Some terms thee *gylt*, that every ſoule might reade,
"Even in thy name, thy *guilt* is great indeede."

See alſo Vol. IV. p. 330, n. 9. MALONE.

[6] —*when riot is thy* care?] i. e. *Curator*. A bold figure. So Eumæus is ſtiled by Ovid, Epiſt. i.

"—immundæ *cura* fidelis haræ." TYRWHITT.

One cannot help wiſhing Mr. Tyrwhitt's elegant explanation to be true; yet I doubt whether the poet meant to ſay more than—What wilt thou do, when riot is *thy regular buſineſs and occupation?* MALONE.

[7] *Which my moſt true and inward-duteous ſpirit*
Teacheth,] i. e. which my loyalty and inward ſenſe of duty prompt me to. The parentheſis in which I have placed theſe words, appears to me to render this paſſage more perſpicuous than as it has been hitherto printed. The words, "this proſtrate and exterior

Heaven witneſs with me, when I here came in,
And found no courſe of breath within your majeſty,
How cold it ſtruck my heart! if I do feign,
O, let me in my preſent wildneſs die;
And never live to ſhew the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purpoſed!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almoſt, my liege, to think you were,)
I ſpake unto the crown, as having ſenſe,
And thus upbraided it. *The care on thee depending,*
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou, beſt of gold, art worſt of gold.
Other, leſs fine in carrat, is more precious,
Preſerving life in med'cine potable[8]*:*
But thou, moſt fine, moſt honour'd, moſt renown'd,
Haſt eat thy bearer up. Thus, my moſt royal liege,
Accuſing it, I put it on my head;
To try with it,—as with an enemy,
That had before my face murder'd my father,—
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,

bending," are, I apprehend, put in appoſition with "obedience," which is uſed for *obeiſance*. Dr. Johnſon ſays, "The order is, *this obedience which is taught this exterior bending by my duteous ſpirit*; or, *this obedience which teaches this exterior bending to my inwardly duteous ſpirit*.—I know not which is right."

The former conſtruction appears to me the leaſt exceptionable of the two; but both are extremely harſh, and neither of them, I think, the true conſtruction. MALONE.

[8] —*in med'cine potable:*] There has long prevailed an opinion that a ſolution of gold has great medicinal virtues, and that the incorruptibility of gold might be communicated to the body impregnated with it. Some have pretended to make *potable* gold, among other frauds practiſed on credulity. JOHNSON.

So, in the character of the *Doctor of Phyſicke* by Chaucer, late edit. v. 446:

"For *gold in phyſike* is a cordial." STEEVENS.

That gold may be made potable, is certain, notwithſtanding Dr. Johnſon's incredulity. The proceſs is inſerted in the Abbé Guenee's incomparable work, entitled *Lettres de quelques Juifs a M. de Voltaire*. 5th edit. Vol. I. p. 416, a work which every perſon unacquainted with it, will be glad to be referred to. HENLEY.

See Dodſley's Collection of old plays, Vol. VIII. p. 484. 1780. REED.

Or

Or ſwell my thoughts to any ſtrain of pride;
If any rebel or vain ſpirit of mine
Did, with the leaſt affection of a welcome,
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head!
And make me as the pooreſt vaſſal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. Hen. O my ſon!
Heaven put it in thy mind, to take it hence,
That thou might'ſt win the more thy father's love,
Pleading ſo wiſely in excuſe of it.
Come hither, Harry, ſit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very lateſt counſel
That ever I ſhall breathe. Heaven knows, my ſon,
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
I met this crown; and I myſelf know well,
How troubleſome it ſat upon my head:
To thee it ſhall deſcend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the ſoil[9] of the atchievement goes
With me into the earth. It ſeem'd in me,
But as an honour ſnatch'd with boiſterous hand;
And I had many living, to upbraid
My gain of it by their aſſiſtances;
Which daily grew to quarrel, and to blood-ſhed,
Wounding ſuppoſed peace[1]: all theſe bold fears[2],
Thou ſee'ſt, with peril I have anſwered:
For all my reign hath been but as a ſcene
Acting that argument; and now my death
Changes the mode[3]: for what in me was purchas'd*,

Falls

[9] —*ſoil*—] is ſpot, dirt, turpitude, reproach. JOHNSON.

[1] —ſuppoſed *peace:*] *counterfeited, imagined,* not *real.* JOHNSON.

[2] — *all theſe bold fears,*] *Fear* is here uſed in the active ſenſe, for that which cauſes *fear.* JOHNSON.

Theſe bold fears are *theſe audacious terrors.* To *fear* is often uſed by Shakſpeare for to *fright.* STEEVENS.

[3] *Changes the* mode:] The form or ſtate of things. JOHNSON.

* —*for what in me was* purchas'd,] *Purchaſed* ſeems to be here uſed in its legal ſenſe, *acquired by a man's own act, (perquiſitio)* as oppoſed to an acquiſition by *deſcent.* MALONE.

Falls upon thee in a more fairer ſort:
So thou the garland wear'ſt ſucceſſively [4].
Yet, though thou ſtand'ſt more ſure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, ſince griefs are green;
And all thy friends [5], which thou muſt make thy friends,
Have but their ſtings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whoſe fell working I was firſt advanc'd,
And by whoſe power I well might lodge a fear
To be again diſplac'd: which to avoid,
I cut them off; and had a purpoſe now
To lead out many to the Holy Land [6];
Leſt reſt, and lying ſtill, might make them look
Too near unto my ſtate [7]. Therefore, my Harry,

Be

Purchaſed may here mean *ſtolen*. *Purchaſe* was the cant term among Falſtaff's companions for *robbing*. Bolingbroke however *purchaſed* (in its obvious and common acceptation) his crown, at the expence of loyalty and juſtice. STEEVENS.

Surely it is not to be ſuppoſed that Shakſpeare would put the cant language of Nym and Bardolph into the mouth of a king. The *obvious common* ſenſe of the verb to *purchaſe is* to *buy for a price*. Henry did certainly not *buy* the crown; and therefore I ſtill think it highly probably that our author has uſed the word *purchaſed* in its legal ſenſe. MALONE.

4 —*ſucceſſively*.] By order of ſucceſſion. Every uſurper ſnatches a claim of hereditary right as ſoon as he can. JOHNSON.

See *The ſpeech of his Highneſs* [Richard Cromwell] *the Lord Protector, made to both Houſes of Parliament, at their firſt meeting, on Thurſday the 27th of January*. 1658:—"for my own part, being by the providence of God, and the diſpoſition of the law, my father's SUCCESSOR, and bearing that place in the government that I do," &c. Harl. Miſc. Vol. I. p. 21. MALONE.

5 *And all* thy *friends*,—] Should we not read?—*And all* my *friends*—. TYRWHITT.

6 *To lead out many to the Holy Land*;] The ſenſe is: *Of thoſe who aſſiſted my uſurpation*, ſome *I have cut off, and* many *I intended to lead abroad*. This journey to the Holy Land, of which the king very frequently revives the mention, had two motives, religion and policy. He durſt not wear the ill-gotten crown without expiation, but in the act of expiation he contrives to make his wickedneſs ſucceſsful. JOHNSON.

7 *Leſt reſt, and lying ſtill, might make them look*
Too near unto my ſtate.] The expedition that Cæſar meditated againſt

Be it thy courſe, to buſy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
May waſte the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are waſted ſo,
That ſtrength of ſpeech is utterly deny'd me.
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive[8]!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. Hen. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain, and right, muſt my poſſeſſion be:
Which I, with more than with a common pain,
'Gainſt all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter Prince John *of* Lancaſter, WARWICK, Lords, *and Others.*

K. Hen. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaſter.

P. John. Health, peace, and happineſs, to my royal father!

K. Hen. Thou bring'ſt me happineſs, and peace, ſon John;
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare, wither'd trunk; upon thy ſight,
My worldly buſineſs makes a period.—
Where is my lord of Warwick?

P. Hen. My lord of Warwick!

againſt the Parthians, immediately before his death, has been aſcribed to the ſame apprehenſion which dictated to Henry a journey to the Holy Land:

" Invidiæ ſtimulos ergo ut lenire furentis,
" *Et capiti inſidias, quas maturare quietem*
" *Non neſcit*, Cæſar factis avertere poſſit,
" Nec non *externo* maculas abſtergere *bello*
" Civiles, cum jam Craſſi vindicta periſſet,
" Debita jamdudum Latio, juſsu ille Senatûs,
" (Ne patrum imminui videatur ſacra poteſtas)
" Decretoque togæ, mandari Parthica bella
" Suppliciter petiit." SUPPLEM. LUCANI. lib. vii.

MALONE.

[8] *How I came by the crown*, &c.] This is a true picture of a mind divided between heaven and earth. He prays for the proſperity of guilt while he deprecates its puniſhment. JOHNSON.

K. Hen.

K. Hen. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I firſt did ſwoon?
War. 'Tis call'd Jeruſalem, my noble lord.
K. Hen. Laud be to God!—even there my life muſt end[9].
It hath been propheſy'd to me many years,
I ſhould not die but in Jeruſalem;
Which vainly I ſuppos'd, the Holy Land:—
But, bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;
In that Jeruſalem ſhall Harry die. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Gloſterſhire. *A Hall in* Shallow's *Houſe.*

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, *and* Page.

Shal. By cock and pye[1], ſir, you ſhall not away to-night.—What, Davy, I ſay!

Fal.

[9] *Laud be to God!—even there my life muſt end.*] "At length he recovered his ſpeech, and underſtanding and perceiving himſelfe in a ſtrange place, which he knew not, he willed to know if the chamber had anie particular name, whereunto anſwer was made, that it was called Jeruſalem. Then ſaid the king; Lauds be given to the father of heaven, for now I knowe that I ſhould die here in this chamber, according to the propheſie of me declared, that I ſhould depart this life in Jeruſalem." Holinſhed, p. 541. STEEVENS.

[1] *By cock and pye,*] This adjuration, which ſeems to have been very popular, is uſed in *Soliman and Perſeda*, 1599: "By *cock and pie* and mouſefoot;" as well as by Shakſpeare in *The Merry Wives of Windſor.* Ophelia likewiſe ſays:

"—By *cock* they are to blame."

Cock is only a corruption of the Sacred Name, as appears from many paſſages in the old interludes, *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, &c. viz. *Cocks-bones, cocks-wounds*, by *cock's mother*, and ſome others. The *pie* is a table or rule in the old Roman offices, ſhewing, in a technical way, how to find out the ſervice which is to be read upon each day. What was called *The Pie* by the clergy before the Reformation, was called by the Greeks πιναξ, or the index. Though the word πιναξ ſignifies a plank in its original, yet in its metaphorical ſenſe it ſignifies σανὶς ἐζωγραφημένη, a painted table or picture: and becauſe indexes or tables of books were formed into ſquare figures, reſembling pictures or painters' tables, hung

Fal. You muſt excuſe me, maſter Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuſe you[2]; you ſhall not be excuſed; excuſes ſhall not be admitted; there is no excuſe ſhall ſerve; you ſhall not be excuſed.—Why, Davy!

Enter Davy.

Davy. Here, ſir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me ſee, Davy; let me ſee:—yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither.—Sir John, you ſhall not be excuſed.

Davy. Marry, ſir, thus;—thoſe precepts cannot be ſerved[3]: and, again, ſir,—Shall we ſow the head-land with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook;—Are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, ſir.—Here is now the ſmith's note, for ſhoeing, and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be caſt[4], and paid:—ſir John, you ſhall not be excuſed.

Davy. Now, ſir, a new link to the bucket muſt needs be had:—And, ſir, do you mean to ſtop any of William's

hung up in a frame, theſe likewiſe were called πίνακες, or, being marked only with the firſt letter of the word, *Π's* or *Pies*. All other derivations of the word are manifeſtly erroneous.

In a ſecond preface *Concerning the Service of the Church*, prefixed to the Common Prayer, this table is mentioned as follows:—"Moreover the number and hardneſs of the rules called the *Pie*, and the manifold changes," &c. RIDLEY.

Again, in *Wily Beguiled*, 1606: "Now by *cock and pie* you never ſpake a truer word in your life."

Cock's body, *cock's paſſion*, &c. occur in the old morality of *Hycke Scorner*. A printing letter of a particular ſize, called the *pica*, was probably denominated from the *pie*, as the *brevier* from the *breviary*, and the *primer* from the *primer*. STEEVENS.

[2] *I will not excuſe you*; &c.] The ſterility of juſtice Shallow's wit is admirably deſcribed, in thus making him, by one of the fineſt ſtrokes of nature, ſo often vary his phraſe, to expreſs one and the ſame thing, and that the commoneſt. WARBURTON.

[3] —*thoſe* precepts *cannot be ſerved:*] *Precept* is a juſtice's warrant. To the offices which Falſtaff gives Davy in the following ſcene, may be added that of juſtice's clerk. Davy has almoſt as many employments as Scrub in *The Stratagem*. JOHNSON.

[4] *Let it be* caſt,] That is, caſt up, computed. MASON.

wages,

wages, about the ſack he loſt the other day at Hinckley fair?

Shal. He ſhall anſwer it:—Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of ſhort-legg'd hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kickſhaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war ſtay all night, ſir?

Shal. Yes, Davy. I will uſe him well; A friend i' the court is better than a penny in purſe[5]. Uſe his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will back-bite.

Davy. No worſe than they are back-bitten; ſir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy buſineſs, Davy.

Davy. I beſeech you, ſir, to countenance William Viſor of Woncot againſt Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, againſt that Viſor; that Viſor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worſhip, that he is a knave, ſir: but yet, God forbid, ſir, but a knave ſhould have ſome countenance at his friend's requeſt. An honeſt man, ſir, is able to ſpeak for himſelf, when a knave is not. I have ſerv'd your worſhip truly, ſir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave againſt an honeſt man, I have but a very little credit with your worſhip. The knave is mine honeſt friend, ſir; therefore, I beſeech your worſhip, let him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to; I ſay, he ſhall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [*Exit* DAVY.] Where are you, ſir John? Come, off with your boots.—Give me your hand, maſter Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to ſee your worſhip.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind maſter Bardolph:

[5] —*A friend i'the court* &c.] So, in Chaucer's *Romaunt of the Roſe*, 5540:

" Friendſhip is more than cattell,
" For *frende in courte aie better is,*
" *Than peny is in purſe,* certis. STEEVENS.

dolph:—and welcome, my tall fellow. [*to the* Page.] Come, ſir John. [*Exit* SHALLOW.

Fal. I'll follow you, good maſter Robert Shallow. Bardolph, look to our horſes. [*Exeunt* Bardolph *and* Page.] If I were ſaw'd into quantities, I ſhould make four dozen of ſuch bearded hermit's-ſtaves [6] as maſter Shallow [7]. It is a wonderful thing, to ſee the ſemblable coherence of his men's ſpirits and his: They, by obſerving him, do bear themſelves like fooliſh juſtices; he, by converſing with them, is turn'd into a juſtice-like ſerving-man: their ſpirits are ſo married in conjunction with the participation of ſociety, that they flock together in concent *, like ſo many wild-geeſe. If I had a ſuit to maſter Shallow, I would humour his men, with the imputation of being near their maſter: if to his men, I would curry with maſter Shallow, that no man could better command his ſervants. It is certain, that either wiſe bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take diſeaſes, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will deviſe matter enough out of this Shallow, to keep prince Harry in continual laughter, the wearing-out of ſix faſhions, (which is four terms, or two actions [8],) and he ſhall laugh without *intervallums*. O, it is much, that a lie, with a ſlight oath, and a jeſt with a ſad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache [9] in his ſhoulders! O, you ſhall ſee him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal.

[6] —*bearded hermit's-ſtaves*—] He had before called him the ſtarved juſtice. His want of fleſh is a ſtanding jeſt. JOHNSON.

[7] —*maſter Shallow.*] *Shallow*'s folly ſeems to have been almoſt proverbial. So, in Decker's *Satiromaſtix*, 1602: "We muſt have falſe fires to amaze theſe ſpangle babies, theſe true heirs of maſter *Juſtice Shallow*." STEEVENS.

* —*in* concent] i. e. in union, in accord. In our author's time the word in this ſenſe, was written *conſent*, (as it here is in the old copy,) and that ſpelling continued to Cowley's time. See *Davideis*, B. III.

"Learning *conſent* and concord from his lyre." MALONE.

[8] —*two actions*—] There is ſomething humourous in making a ſpendthrift compute time by the operation of an action for debt. JOHNS.

[9] —*a fellow that never had the ache*—] That is, a young fellow, one whoſe diſpoſition to merriment time and pain have not yet impaired. JOHNSON.

Shal. [*within*] Sir John!

Fal. I come, maſter Shallow; I come, maſter Shallow. [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

SCENE II.

Weſtminſter. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter WARWICK, *and the lord Chief Juſtice.*

War. How now, my lord chief juſtice? whither away?

Ch. Juſt. How doth the king?

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Juſt. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature;
And, to our purpoſes, he lives no more.

Ch. Juſt. I would, his majeſty had call'd me with him:
The ſervice that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed, I think, the young king loves you not.

Ch. Juſt. I know, he doth not; and do arm myſelf,
To welcome the condition of the time;
Which cannot look more hideouſly upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantaſy.

Enter Prince John, *Prince* Humphrey, CLARENCE, WESTMORELAND, *and Others.*

War. Here come the heavy iſſue of dead Harry:
O, that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worſt of theſe three gentlemen!
How many nobles then ſhould hold their places,
That muſt ſtrike ſail to ſpirits of vile ſort!

Ch. Juſt. Alas! I fear, all will be overturn'd.

P. John. Good morrow, couſin Warwick.

P. Humph. Cla. Good morrow, couſin.

P. John. We meet like men that had forgot to ſpeak.

War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

P. John. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!

Ch. Juſt. Peace be with us, leſt we be heavier!

P. Humph. O, good my lord, you have loſt a friend, indeed:

And I dare ſwear, you borrow not that face
Of ſeeming ſorrow; it is, ſure, your own.

P. John. Though no man be aſſur'd what grace to find,
You ſtand in coldeſt expectation:
I am the ſorrier; 'would, 'twere otherwiſe.

Cla. Well, you muſt now ſpeak ſir John Falſtaff fair;
Which ſwims againſt your ſtream of quality.

Ch. Juſt. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,
Led by the impartial conduct[1] of my ſoul;
And never ſhall you ſee, that I will beg
A ragged and foreſtall'd remiſſion[2].—
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I'll to the king my maſter that is dead,
And tell him who hath ſent me after him.

War. Here comes the prince.

Enter King HENRY V.

Ch. Juſt. Good morrow; and heaven ſave your majeſty!

King. This new and gorgeous garment, majeſty,
Sits not ſo eaſy on me as you think.—
Brothers, you mix your ſadneſs with ſome fear;
This is the Engliſh, not the Turkiſh court[3];

Not

[1] —impartial *conduct*—] Thus the quarto. The folio reads *imperial*. STEEVENS.

Impartial is confirmed by a ſubſequent ſpeech addreſſed by the king to the chief juſtice:

" ——————— That you uſe the ſame
" With the like bold, juſt, and *impartial* ſpirit,
" As you have done 'gainſt me." MALONE.

[2] *A* ragged *and* foreſtall'd *remiſſion.*—] *Ragged*, in our author's licentious diction, may eaſily ſignify beggarly, mean, baſe, ignominious; but *foreſtall'd* I know not how to apply to *remiſſion* in any ſenſe primitive or figurative. I ſhould be glad of another word, but cannot find it. Perhaps by *foreſtall'd* remiſſion, he may mean a pardon begged by a voluntary confeſſion of offence, and anticipation of the charge. JOHNSON.

I believe, *foreſtall'd* only means *aſked* before *it is granted.* If he will grant me pardon unaſked, ſo; if not, I will not condeſcend to ſolicit it. Mr. Maſon is of opinion, that "foreſtall'd remiſſion" means "a remiſſion that it is pre-determined ſhall not be granted, or will be rendered nugatory." MALONE.

[3] —*not the Turkiſh court*;] Not the court where the prince that mounts the throne puts his brothers to death. JOHNSON.

Not Amurath an Amurath ſucceeds,
But Harry Harry[4]: Yet be ſad, good brothers,
For, to ſpeak truth, it very well becomes you;
Sorrow ſo royally in you appears,
That I will deeply put the faſhion on,
And wear it in my heart. Why then, be ſad:
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burthen laid upon us all.
For me, by heaven, I bid you be aſſur'd,
I'll be your father and your brother too;
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.
Yet weep, that Harry's dead; and ſo will I:
But Harry lives, that ſhall convert thoſe tears,
By number, into hours of happineſs.

P. John, &c. We hope no other from your majeſty.

King. You all look ſtrangely on me:—and you moſt; [*to the Ch. Juſt.*
You are, I think, aſſur'd I love you not.

Ch. Juſt. I am aſſur'd, if I be meaſur'd rightly,
Your majeſty hath no juſt cauſe to hate me.

King. No! How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What!

4 *Brothers, you mix your ſadneſs with ſome fear;*
This is the Engliſh, not the Turkiſh court:
Not Amurath *an* Amurath *ſucceeds,*
But Harry Harry:] Amurath the third (the ſixth Emperor of the Turks) died on January the 18th, 1595-6. The people being generally diſaffected to Mahomet, his eldeſt ſon, and inclined to Amurath, one of his younger children, the Emperor's death was concealed for ten days by the Janiſſaries, till Mahomet came from Amaſia to Conſtantinople. On his arrival he was ſaluted Emperor, by the great Baſſas, and others his favourers; "which done, (ſays Knolles) he preſently after cauſed all his brethren to be invited to a ſolemn feaſt in the court; whereunto they, yet ignorant of their father's death, came chearfully, as men fearing no harm; but, being come, *were there all moſt miſerably ſtrangled.*" It is highly probable that Shakſpeare here alludes to this tranſaction; which was pointed out to me by the Revd. Dr. Farmer.

This circumſtance, therefore, may fix the date of this play ſubſequently to the beginning of the year 1596;—and perhaps it was written while this fact was recent. MALONE.

What! rate, rebuke, and roughly ſend to priſon
The immediate heir of England! Was this eaſy[5]?
May this be waſh'd in Lethe, and forgotten?
Ch. Juſt. I then did uſe the perſon of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me:
And, in the adminiſtration of his law,
Whiles I was buſy for the commonwealth,
Your highneſs pleaſed to forget my place,
The majeſty and power of law and juſtice,
The image of the king whom I preſented,
And ſtruck me in my very ſeat of judgment[6];

Whereon,

[5] —*Was this eaſy?*] That is, Was this not grievous? Shakſpeare has *eaſy* in this ſenſe elſewhere. JOHNSON.

[6] *And ſtruck me in my very ſeat of judgment*;] I do not recollect that any of the editors of our author have thought this remarkable paſſage worthy of a note. The chief juſtice, in this play, was ſir William Gaſcoigne, of whom the following memoir may be as acceptable as neceſſary.

While at the bar, Henry of Bolingbroke had been his client; and upon the deceaſe of John of Gaunt, by the above Henry, his heir, then in baniſhment, he was appointed his attorney, to ſue the livery of the eſtates deſcended to him. Richard II. revoked the letters patent for this purpoſe, and defeated the intent of them, and thereby furniſhed a ground for the invaſion of his kingdom by the heir of Gaunt; who becoming afterwards Henry IV. appointed Gaſcoigne chief juſtice of the King's Bench in the firſt year of his reign. In that ſtation Gaſcoigne acquired the character of a learned, an upright, a wiſe, and an intrepid judge. The ſtory ſo frequently alluded to of his committing the prince for an inſult on his perſon, and the court wherein he preſided, is thus related by ſir Thomas Elyot, in his book entitled THE GOVERNOUR: "The moſte renoumed prince king Henry the fyfte, late kynge of Englande, durynge the lyfe of his father, was noted to be fiers and of wanton courage: it hapned, that one of his ſeruauntes, whom he fauoured well, was for felony by him committed, arrained at the kynges benche: whereof the prince being aduertiſed, and incenſed by lyghte perſones about him, in furious rage came haſtily to the barre, where his ſeruant ſtode as a priſoner, and commaunded hym to be vngyued and ſet at libertie: whereat all men were abaſhed, reſerued the chiefe Juſtice, who humbly exhorted the prince to be contented, that his ſeruant mought be ordred, accordynge to the aunciente lawes of this realme: or if he wolde have him ſaued from the rigour of the lawes, that he ſhulde obteyne, if he moughte, of the kynge his father, his gratious pardon, wherby no lawe or juſtice ſhulde be dero-

Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,

And

gate. With whiche anſwere the prince nothyng appeaſed, but rather more inflamed, endeuored hym ſelfe to take away his ſeruant. The iuge conſidering the perillous example, and inconuenience that mought therby enſue, with a valiant ſpirite and courage, commanded the prince vpon his alegeance, to leaue the priſoner, and depart his way. With which commandment the prince being ſet all in a fury, all chafed and in a terrible maner, came up to the place of iugement, men thynking that he wold haue ſlayne the iuge, or haue done to hym ſome damage: but the iuge ſittinge ſtyll without mouing, declaring the majeſtie of the kynges place of jugement, and with an aſſured and bold countenaunce, had to the prince theſe wordes followyng.

'Syr, remembre your ſelfe, I kepe here the place of the kyng, your 'ſoueraine lorde and father, to whom ye owe double obedience; wher-'fore eftſoones in his name, I charge you deſyſte of your wylfulnes 'and vnlaufull enterpryſe, and from hensforth giue good exaumple to 'thoſe, whych hereafter ſhall be your propre ſubjects. And nowe, for 'your contempte and diſobedience, goo you to the pryſone of the kynges 'benche, wherevnto I commytte you, and remayne ye there priſoner 'vntyll the pleaſure of the kynge your father be further knowen.'

"With which wordes beinge abaſhed, and alſo wondrynge at the meruaylous grauitie of that worſhypfulle juſtyce, the noble prince layinge his weapon aparte, doynge reuerence, departed, and went to the kynges benche, as he was commanded. Whereat his ſeruantes diſdaynynge, came and ſhewed to the kynge all the hole affaire. Whereat he awhyles ſtudyenge, after as a man all rauiſhed with gladnes, holdynge his eien and handes vp towarde heuen, abraided, ſaying with a loude voice, 'O mercifull God, how moche am I, aboue all other men, 'bounde to your infinite goodnes, ſpecially for that ye haue gyuen 'me a iudge, who feareth nat to miniſter iuſtyce, and alſo a ſonne, 'who can ſuffre ſemblably, and obeye iuſtyce!'

And here it may be noted, that Shakſpeare has deviated from hiſtory in bringing the chief juſtice and Henry V. together, for it is expreſsly ſaid by Fuller, in his *Worthies* of *Yorkſhire*, and that on the beſt authority, that Gaſcoigne died in the life-time of his father, viz. on the firſt day of November, 14 Henry IV. See Dugd. Origines Juridic. in the Chronica Series, fol. 54. 56. Neither is it to be preſumed but that this laboured defence of his conduct is a fiction of the poet: and it may juſtly be inferred from the character of this very able lawyer, whoſe name frequently occurs in the year-book of his time, that, having had ſpirit and reſolution to vindicate the authority of the law, in the puniſhment of the prince, he diſdained a formal apology for an act that is recorded to his honour. Sir J. HAWKINS.

In the foregoing account of this tranſaction, there is no mention of the

And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a ſon ſet your decrees at nought;
To pluck down juſtice from your awful bench;
To trip the courſe of law[7], and blunt the ſword
That guards the peace and ſafety of your perſon:
Nay, more; to ſpurn at your moſt royal image,
And mock your workings in a ſecond body[8].
Queſtion your royal thoughts, make the caſe yours
Be now the father, and propoſe a ſon[9]:
Hear your own dignity ſo much profan'd,
See your moſt dreadful laws ſo looſely ſlighted,
Behold yourſelf ſo by a ſon diſdained;
And then imagine me taking your part,

the prince's having *ſtruck* Gaſcoigne, the chief juſtice. Holinſhed, however, whom our author copied, ſpeaking of the "wanton paſtime" in which Prince Henry paſſed his youth, ſays, that "where on a time *hee ſtroke the chiefe juſtice on the face with his fiſte*, for empriſoning one of his mates, he was not only committed to ſtraighte priſon himſelfe by the ſayde chief juſtice, but alſo of his father put out of the privie counſell and baniſhed the courte." Holinſhed has here followed Hall. Our author (as an anonymous writer has obſerved) might have found the ſame circumſtance in the old play of *K. Henry V.*

With reſpect to the anachroniſm, ſir William Gaſcoigne certainly died before the acceſſion of Henry V. to the throne, as appears from the inſcription which was once legible on his tomb-ſtone, in Harwood church in Yorkſhire, and was as follows: "Hic jacet Wil'mus Gaſcoigne, nuper capit. juſtic. de banco, Hen. nuper regis Angliæ quarti, qui quidem Wil'mus ob. die domi'ca 17.a die Decembris. an. dom. 1412, 14.to Henrici quarti. factus iudex, 1401." See *Gent. Magazine*, Vol. 51. p. 624.

Shakſpeare, however, might have been miſled by the authority of Stowe, who in a marginal note, 1 Henry V. erroneouſly aſſerts that "William Gaſcoigne was chief juſtice of the Kings Bench from the *ſixt* of Henry IV. to the *third* of Henry the Fift:" or, (which is full as probable,) Shakſpeare might have been careleſs about the matter.

MALONE.

7 *To trip the courſe of law,*] To defeat the proceſs of juſtice; a metaphor taken from the act of tripping a runner. JOHNSON.

8 *And mock your workings in a ſecond body.*] To treat with contempt your acts executed by a repreſentative. JOHNSON.

9 — *and* propoſe *a ſon:*] i. e. Image to yourſelf a ſon, contrive for a moment to think you have one. So, in *Titus Andronicus:*

"— thouſand deaths I could *propoſe*." STEEVENS.

And, in your power, ſoft ſilencing your ſon:
After this cold conſiderance, ſentence me;
And, as you are a king, ſpeak in your ſtate [1],—
What I have done, that miſbecame my place,
My perſon, or my liege's ſovereignty.

King. You are right, juſtice, and you weigh this well;
Therefore ſtill bear the balance, and the ſword:
And I do wiſh your honours may increaſe,
Till you do live to ſee a ſon of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So ſhall I live to ſpeak my father's words;—
Happy am I, that have a man ſo bold,
That dares do juſtice on my proper ſon:
And not leſs happy, having ſuch a ſon,
That would deliver up his greatneſs ſo
Into the hands of juſtice.—You did commit me [2]:
For which, I do commit into your hand
The unſtained ſword that you have us'd to bear;
With this remembrance [3],—That you uſe the ſame
With the like bold, juſt, and impartial ſpirit,
As you have done 'gainſt me. There is my hand;
You ſhall be as a father to my youth:
My voice ſhall ſound as you do prompt mine ear;
And I will ſtoop and humble my intents
To your well-practis'd, wiſe directions.—
And, princes all, believe me, I beſeech you;—
My father is gone wild into his grave [4],
For in his tomb lie my affections;

And

[1] —*in your ſtate,*] In your regal character and office, not with the paſſion of a man intereſted, but with the impartiality of a legiſlator. JOHNSON.

[2] —*You did commit me:* &c.] So in the play on this ſubject, antecedent to that of Shakſpeare:

"You ſent me to the Fleet; and for revengement,
"I have choſen you to be the protector
"Over my realm." STEEVENS.

[3] —*remembrance,*—] That is, admonition. JOHNSON.

[4] *My father is gone* wild *into his grave,* &c.] The meaning is, My *wild* diſpoſitions having ceaſed on my father's death, and being now as it were buried in his tomb, he and wildneſs are interred in the ſame grave. A paſſage in *K. Henry V.* Act I. ſc. i. very ſtrongly confirms this

And with his ſpirit ſadly I ſurvive[5],
To mock the expectation of the world;
To fruſtrate prophecies; and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my ſeeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity, till now:
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the ſea;
Where it ſhall mingle with the ſtate of floods[6],
And flow henceforth in formal majeſty.
Now call we our high court of parliament:
And let us chooſe ſuch limbs of noble counſel,
That the great body of our ſtate may go
In equal rank with the beſt-govern'd nation;
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us;—
In which you, father, ſhall have foremoſt hand.—
[*to the lord Chief Juſtice.*
Our coronation done, we will accite,

this interpretation:

"The courſes of his youth promis'd it not:
"The breath no ſooner left his father's body,
"But that his *wildneſs*, mortified in him,
"Seem'd to *die* too."

So, in *K. Henry VIII:*

"And when old time ſhall lead him to his end,
"*Goodneſs and he* fill up one monument."

A kindred thought is found in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"And ſo ſuppoſe am I; for in his grave
"Aſſure thyſelf my love is buried." MALONE.

5 —*with his* ſpirit ſadly *I ſurvive,*] *Sadly* is the ſame as ſoberly, ſeriouſly, gravely. *Sad* is oppoſed to wild. JOHNSON.

The quarto and firſt folio have *ſpirits.* The correction was made by the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

6 —*with the* ſtate *of floods,*] With the majeſtick dignity of the ocean, the chief of floods. So before, in this ſcene:

"And, as you are a king, ſpeak in your *ſtate,*"—

State and *Eſtate,* however, were uſed in our author's time for a *perſon* of high dignity, and may in that ſenſe be applied to the ſea, ſuppoſing it to be perſonified. Dr. Warburton ſays, "*The ſtate of floods* is the aſſembly or general meeting of the floods; for all rivers, running to the ſea, are there repreſented as holding their ſeſſion:" but Mr. Maſon juſtly objects to this explanation. "We ſay, an aſſembly of the *ſtates,* not of the *ſtate.*" MALONE.

As I before remember'd, all our ſtate:
And (God conſigning to my good intents)
No prince, nor peer, ſhall have juſt cauſe to ſay,—
Heaven ſhorten Harry's happy life one day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Gloſterſhire. *The Garden of* Shallow's *houſe.*

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH, *the* Page, *and* DAVY.

Shal. Nay, you ſhall ſee mine orchard: where, in an arbour, we will eat a laſt year's pippin of my own graffing, with a diſh of carraways[7], and ſo forth;—come, couſin Silence;—and then to bed.

Fal. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, ſir John:—marry, good air.—Spread, Davy; ſpread, Davy: well ſaid, Davy.

Fal. This Davy ſerves you for good uſes; he is your ſerving-man, and your huſband-man *.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, ſir John.—By the maſs[8], I have drunk too much at ſupper:

[7] —*a diſh of* carraways,] Dr. Goldſmith and others are of opinion, that by *carraways* in this place apples of that name were meant. I have no doubt that *comfits* were intended, becauſe at the time this play was written, they conſtantly made part of the deſert, or *banquet*, as it was then called.—In John Florio's Italian and Engliſh Dialogues, which he calls *Second Frutes*, quarto, 1591, after a dinner has been deſcribed, the attendant is deſired to bring in "*apples*, pears, cheſnuts, &c. a boxe of marmalade, ſome biſket, and *carrawaies*, with *other* comfects." MALONE.

Again, in the *Diſobedient Child*, no date:

"What running had I for *apples* and nuttes,
"What callyng for biſkettes, *cumfets* and *carrowaies*."

Again, in *How to chooſe a good wife from a bad*, 1602:

"For *apples*, *carrawaies*, and cheeſe." STEEVENS.

* — *and your huſband*-man.] Old Copy—*huſband*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. I am not ſure that the emendation is neceſſary. "He was a wiſe *man*, and a *good*," was the language of our author's time. See alſo Falſtaff's preceding ſpeech. MALONE.

[8] *By the maſs*,—]

"In

ſupper:—a good varlet. Now ſit down, now ſit down:—come, couſin.

Sil. Ah, ſirrah! quoth-a,—we ſhall
Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer, [ſinging.
And praiſe heaven for the merry year;
When fleſh is cheap and females dear[9],
And luſty lads roam here and there,
So merrily,
And ever among ſo merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart!—Good maſter Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give maſter Bardolph ſome wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet ſir, ſit; [*ſeating* Bardolph *and the* Page *at another table.*] I'll be with you anon;—moſt ſweet ſir, ſit.—Maſter page, good maſter page, ſit: proface[1]!

" In elders' time, as ancient cuſtom was,
" Men ſwore in weighty cauſes *by the maſſe*;
" But when the maſſe went down, (as others note,)
" Their oathes were, by the croſſe of this ſame groat," &c.
Springes for Woodcocks, a collection of epigrams, 1606, Ep. 221.
STEEVENS.

9 —*and females* dear,] This very natural character of juſtice Silence is not ſufficiently obſerved. He would ſcarcely ſpeak a word before, and now there is no poſſibility of ſtopping his mouth. He has a *catch* for every occaſion.
When fleſh is cheap, *and females* dear.
Here the double ſenſe of the word *dear* muſt be remembered.—*Ever among* is uſed by Chaucer in the *Romant of the Roſe*:
" *Ever among* (ſothly to ſaine)
" I ſuffre noie and mochil paine." FARMER.

1 — *proface!*—] Sir T. Hanmer (as an ingenious friend obſerves to me) was miſtaken in ſuppoſing *profaccia* a *regular* Italian word; the proper expreſſion being *buon pro vi facia*, much good may it do you! *Profaccia* is however, as I am informed, a cant term uſed by the common people in Italy, though it is not inſerted in the beſt Italian dictionaries.—The Engliſh word *proface* was uſed in the ſame ſenſe, (as Dr. Farmer and Mr. Steevens have obſerved,) before, and in, our author's time, by John Heywood, Naſhe, Stowe, Decker, Taylor, &c. An inſtance or two may ſuffice. In Naſhe's *Apologie for Pierce Pennileſſe*, 1593, we find—" A preface to courteous minds,—as much as to ſay, *proface*, much good may it do you! would it were better for you!" Again, (as Dr. Farmer obſerves,) in the title of a poem prefixed to the *Praiſe of Hempſeed*, by Taylor the Water-poet: " A preamble,—preapace, or preface; and *proface*, my maſters, if your ſtomachs ſerve." Again, in Heywood's *Epigrams* (the quotation is Mr. Steevens's):
" I came to be merry; wherewith, merrily
" *Proface*, Have among you," &c. MALONE.

What you want in meat, we'll have in drink. But you muſt bear; The heart's all[2]. [*Exit.*

Shal. Be merry, maſter Bardolph;—and my little ſoldier there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife has all[3]; [ſinging.
For women are ſhrews, both ſhort and tall:
'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all[4],
And welcome merry ſhrove-tide[5].
Be merry, be merry, &c.

Fal. I did not think, maſter Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who I? I have been merry twice and once, ere now.

[2] —*the heart's all.*] That is, the intention with which entertainment is given. The humour conſiſts in making Davy act as maſter of the houſe. JOHNSON.

[3] —*my wife* has *all*;] Dr. Farmer very acutely obſerves, that we ſhould read "— my wife's *as* all," i. e. as all women are. This affords a natural introduction to what follows. STEEVENS.

[4] *'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,*] Mr. Warton, in his *Hiſt. of Engliſh Poetry*, obſerves, that this rhime is found in a poem by Adam Davie, called the *Life of Alexander*:

"Merry ſwithe it is in halle,
"When *the berdes waveth alle.*" STEEVENS.

This ſong is mentioned by a contemporary author:—"which done, grace ſaid, and the table taken up, the plate preſently conveyed into the pantrie, the hall ſummons this conſort of companions, (upon payne to dine with duke Humphrie, or to kiſſe the hares foote) to appear at the firſt call: where a ſong is to be ſung, the under ſong or holding whereof is, *It is merrie in haul where beards wag all.*" THE SERVING-MAN'S COMFORT, 1598. Sign. C. REED.

[5] *And welcome merry ſhrove-tide.*] *Shrove-tide* was formerly a ſeaſon of extraordinary ſport and feaſting. In the Romiſh church there was anciently a feaſt immediately preceding lent, which laſted many days, called CARNISCAPIUM. See Carpentier in v. Supp. Lat. Gloſſ. Du Cange. tom. I. p. 831. In ſome cities of France, an officer was annually choſen, called LE PRINCE D'AMOREUX, who preſided over the ſports of the youth for ſix days before Aſh-Wedneſday. Ibid. v. *Amoratus*, p. 195; and v. *Cardinalis*, p. 818. Alſo v. *Spinetum*, tom. III. p. 848. Some traces of theſe feſtivities ſtill remain in our univerſities. In the *Percy Houſhold-Book*, 1512, it appears, that "the clergy and officers of Lord Percy's chapel performed a play before his Lordſhip upon Shrowfteweſday at night." p. 345. T. WARTON.

Re-enter

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. There is a diſh of leather-coats for you.

[*ſetting them before* Bardolph.

Shal. Davy,—

Davy. Your worſhip?—I'll be with you ſtraight. [*to* Bard.]—A cup of wine, ſir?

Sil. A cup of wine, that's briſk and fine, [ſinging.
And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well ſaid, maſter Silence.

Sil. And we ſhall be merry;—now comes in the ſweet of the night[6].

Fal. Health and long life to you, maſter Silence.

Sil. Fill the cup[7], *and let it come;*
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honeſt Bardolph, welcome: If thou want'ſt any thing, and wilt not call, beſhrew thy heart.—Welcome, my little tiny thief; [*to the* Page.] and welcome, indeed, too.—I'll drink to maſter Bardolph, and to all the cavaleroes[8] about London.

Davy. I hope to ſee London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might ſee you there, Davy,—

Shal. By the maſſe, you'll crack a quart together. Ha! will you not, maſter Bardolph?

Bard. Yes, ſir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. I thank thee:—The knave will ſtick by thee, I can aſſure thee that: he will not out; he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll ſtick by him, ſir.

[6] *And we ſhall be merry;—now comes in the ſweet of the night.*] I believe theſe latter words make part of ſome old ballad.—In one of Autolycus's ſongs we find—

"Why then *comes in the ſweet of the year.*"

The words, *And we ſhall be merry*, have a reference to a ſong, of which Silence has already ſung a ſtanza. His ſpeeches in this ſcene, are, for the moſt part, fragments of ballads. Though his imagination did not furniſh him with any thing original to ſay, he could repeat the verſes of others. MALONE.

[7] *Fill the cup*, &c.] This paſſage has hitherto been printed as proſe, but I am told that it makes a part of an old ſong, and have therefore reſtored it to its metrical form. STEEVENS.

[8] —*cavaleroes*] This was the term by which an airy, ſplendid, irregular fellow was diſtinguiſhed. The ſoldiers of king Charles were called Cavaliers from the gaiety which they affected in oppoſition to the ſour faction of the parliament. JOHNSON.

Shal. Why, there ſpoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [*Knocking heard.*] Look who's at door there: Ho! who knocks? *Exit* DAVY.

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

[*To* Silence, *who drinks a bumper.*

Sil. Do me right [9], [ſinging.
And dub me knight [1]:
Samingo [2].
Is't not ſo?

Fal. 'Tis ſo. *Sil.*

9 *Do me right,*] To *do a man right,* and *to do him reaſon,* were formerly the uſual expreſſions in pledging healths. He who drank a bumper, expected a bumper ſhould be drunk to his toaſt.

So, in B. Jonſon's *Silent Woman,* Captain Otter ſays in the drinking ſcene: "Ha' you *done me right,* gentlemen?" Again, in *The Bondman* by Maſſinger: "Theſe glaſſes contain nothing;—*do me right,*" &c. STEEV.

1 *And dub me* knight:] It was the cuſtom of the good fellows in Shakſpeare's days to drink a very large draught of wine, and ſometimes a leſs palatable potation, on *their knees,* to the health of their miſtreſſes. He who performed this exploit was dubb'd a *knight* for the evening. So, in the *Yorkſhire Tragedy,* 1608: "They call it *knighting* in London, when they *drink upon their knees.*—Come, follow me; I'll give you all the *degrees* of it in order." MALONE.

2 *Samingo.*] In one of Naſh's plays, entitled, *Summer's laſt Will and Teſtament,* 1600, Bacchus ſings the following catch:

"Monſieur *Mingo* for quaffing doth ſurpaſs,
"In cup, in can, or glaſs;
"God Bacchus, do me right,
"And dub me knight,
"*Domingo.*"

Domingo is only the burden of the ſong.

Again, in *Letting of Humours Blood in the Head-vaine: with a new Moriſco, daunced by ſeawen Satyres, upon the bottome of Diogenes Tubbe,* 1600. Epigram I.

"Monſieur *Domingo* is a ſkilfull man,
"For muche experience he hath lately got,
"Proving more phiſicke in an alehouſe can
"Than may be found in any vintner's pot;
"Beere he proteſtes is ſodden and refin'd,
"And this he ſpeakes, being ſingle-penny lin'd.

"For when his purſe is ſwolne but ſixpence bigge,
"Why then he ſweares,—Now by the Lord I thinke
"All beere in Europe is not worth a figge;
"A cuppe of clarret is the only drinke.
"And thus his praiſe from beer to wine doth goe,
"Even as his purſe in pence dothe ebbe and flowe." STEEV.

Samingo,

Sil. Is't ſo? Why, then ſay, an old man can do ſomewhat.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. An it pleaſe your worſhip, there's one Piſtol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court? let him come in.—

Enter PISTOL.

How now, Piſtol?

Piſt. God ſave you, ſir John!

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Piſtol?

Piſt. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good[3]. —Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greateſt men in the realm.

Sil. By'r lady, I think 'a be; but goodman Puff of Barſon[4].

Piſt.

Samingo, inſtead of *Domingo*, who in the preceding epigram is repreſented to have been "moſt potent in potting," is ſuited, as Mr. Warton has obſerved, to the preſent ſituation of Silence; who has drunk ſo deeply at ſupper, that Falſtaff afterwards orders him to be *carried* to bed. MALONE.

Of the gluttony and drunkenneſs of the *Dominicans*, one of their own order ſays thus in Weever's *Funeral Monuments*, p. cxxxi. "Sanctus *Dominicus* ſit nobis ſemper amicus, cui canimus—ſiccatis ante lagenis—fratres qui non curant niſi ventres." Hence *Domingo* might (as Mr. Steevens remarks) become the burthen of a drinking ſong. TOLLET.

3 —*no man to good.*] I once thought that we ſhould read—which blows to no man good. But a more attentive review of ancient Piſtol's language has convinced me that it is very dangerous to correct it. He who in quoting from Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, introduces *hollow-pamper'd* jades, inſtead of "*Holla*, ye pamper'd jades," &c. may be allowed to change the order of the words in this common proverbial ſaying. MALONE.

4 —*but goodman Puff of Barſon.*] A little before, William Viſor of Woncot is mentioned. Woodmancot and Barton (ſays Mr. Edwards's MSS.) which I ſuppoſe are theſe two places, and are repreſented to be in the neighbourhood of juſtice Shallow, are both of them in Berkeley hundred in Gloſterſhire. This, I imagine was done to diſguiſe the ſatire a little; for ſir Thomas Lucy, who, by the coat of arms he bears, muſt be the real juſtice Shallow, lived at Charlecot near Stratford, in Warwickſhire. STEEVENS.

Barſton is a village in Warwickſhire, lying between Coventry and Solyhull. PERCY.

Piſt. Puff?
Puff in thy teeth, moſt recreant coward baſe!—
Sir John, I am thy Piſtol, and thy friend,
And helter-ſkelter have I rode to thee;
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,
And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Piſt. A foutra for the world, and worldlings baſe!
I ſpeak of Africa, and golden joys.

Fal. O baſe Aſſyrian knight, what is thy news?
Let king Cophetua[5] know the truth thereof.

Sil. *And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John*[6]. [ſings.

Piſt. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?
And ſhall good news be baffled?
Then, Piſtol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Shal. Honeſt gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Piſt. Why then, lament therefore[7].

Mr. Tollet has the ſame obſervation, and adds that *Woncot* may be put for *Wolphmancote*, vulgarly *Owencote*, in the ſame county. Shakſpeare might be unwilling to diſguiſe the ſatire too much, and therefore mentioned places within the juriſdiction of ſir Thomas Lucy. STEEV.

Mr. Warton in a note on the *Taming of the Shrew*, ſays that *Wilnecote*, (or *Wincot*,) is a village in Warwickſhire, near Stratford. I ſuppoſe therefore in a former ſcene we ſhould read *Wincot* inſtead of *Woncot*. MALONE.

5 *Let king Cophetua* &c.] Dr. Warburton ſuppoſes this line to be taken from an old play called *King Cophetua*; but this is mere conjecture, for no ſuch play is extant. From a paſſage in *K. Richard II.* it may indeed be ſurmized that there was ſuch a piece. See Vol. V. p. 96, n. 1. The *ballad* of *The King* (Cophetua) *and the Beggar* may be found in Percy's *Reliques of Anc. Poet.* Vol. I. MALONE.

See *Love's Labour's Loſt.* [Vol. II. p. 360, n. 9.] JOHNSON.

6 —*Scarlet and John.*] This ſcrap (as Dr. Percy has obſerved in the firſt volume of his *Reliques of ancient Engliſh Poetry*) is taken from a ſtanza in the old ballad of *Robin Hood and the Pindar of Wakefield.* STEEVENS.

7 *Why then, lament therefore.*] This was perhaps intended to be ridiculed by Ben Jonſon in his *Poetaſter*, 1602:

" *Why then, lament therefore.* Damn'd be thy guts
" Unto king Pluto's hell."

He might however have meant nothing more than to quote a popular play. MALONE.

Shal.

Shal. Give me pardon, ſir;—If, ſir, you come with news from the court, I take it, there is but two ways; either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, ſir, under the king, in ſome authority.

Piſt. Under which king, Bezonian[8]? ſpeak, or die.

Shal. Under king Harry.

Piſt. Harry the fourth? or fifth?

Shal. Harry the fourth.

Piſt. A foutra for thine office!—
Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;
Harry the fifth's the man. I ſpeak the truth:
When Piſtol lies, do this; and fig me, like
The bragging Spaniard[9].

Fal. What! is the old king dead?

Piſt. As nail in door: the things I ſpeak, are juſt.

Fal. Away, Bardolph; ſaddle my horſe.—Maſter Robert Shallow, chooſe what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine.—Piſtol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day!—I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Piſt. What? I do bring good news?

Fal. Carry maſter Silence to bed.—Maſter Shallow, my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's ſteward. Get on thy boots; we'll ride all night:—O,

[8] —*Bezonian?*] So again Suffolk ſays in the 2d part of *Henry VI*:
"Great men oft die by vile Bezonians."
It is a term of reproach, frequent in the writers contemporary with our poet. Biſognoſo, a needy perſon; thence metaphorically, a baſe ſcoundrel. THEOBALD.

Naſh, in *Pierce Pennyleſſe his Supplication*, &c. 1592, ſays: "Proud lords do tumble from the towers of their high deſcents, and be trod under feet of every inferior *Beſonian*." STEEVENS.

[9] —fig *me, like*
The bragging Spaniard.] To *fig*, in Spaniſh, *higas dar*, is to inſult by putting the thumb between the fore and middle finger. From this Spaniſh cuſtom we yet ſay in contempt, "a fig for you." JOHNSON.

So, in *The Shepherd's Slumber*, a ſong publiſhed in *England's Helicon*, 1614:
"With ſcowling browes their folies checke,
"And ſo give them the *fig*," &c. STEEVENS.

ſweet

ſweet Piſtol:—Away, Bardolph. [*Exit* Bard.]—Come, Piſtol, utter more to me; and, withal, deviſe ſomething to do thyſelf good.—Boot, boot, maſter Shallow; I know, the young king is ſick for me. Let us take any man's horſes; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and woe to my lord chief juſtice!

Piſt. Let vultures vile ſeize on his lungs alſo!
Where is the life that late I led [1], ſay they:
Why, here it is; Welcome theſe pleaſant days. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

London. *A Street.*

Enter Beadles, dragging in Hoſteſs Quickly *and* Doll Tear-ſheet.

Hoſt. No, thou arrant knave; I would I might die, that I might have thee hang'd: thou haſt drawn my ſhoulder out of joint.

1. *Bead.* The conſtables have deliver'd her over to me; and ſhe ſhall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her: There hath been a man or two lately kill'd about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook [2], you lie. Come on; I'll tell

[1] *Where is the life that late I led,*] Words of an old ballad. WARBURTON.

The ſame has been already introduced in the *Taming of the Shrew.* STEEVENS.

[2] *Nut-hook,* &c.] It has been already obſerved on the *Merry Wives of Windſor,* that *nut-hook* ſeems to have been in thoſe times a name of reproach for a catchpoll. JOHNSON.

A *nut-hook* was, I believe, a perſon who ſtole linen, *&c.* out at windows by means of a pole with a hook at the end of it. Greene, in his *Arte of Coney-catching,* has given a very particular account of this kind of fraud; ſo that *nut-hook* was probably as common a term of reproach as rogue is at preſent. In the *Three Ladies of London,* 1584, I find the following paſſage: "To go a fiſhing with a *cranke* through a window, or to ſet lime-twigs to catch a pan, pot, or diſh." Again, in *Albumazar,* 1615:

"—picking of locks and *hooking* cloaths out of window."

Again,

tell thee what, thou damn'd tripe-viſaged raſcal; an the child I now go with, do miſcarry, thou hadſt better thou hadſt ſtruck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

Hoſt. O the Lord, that ſir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to ſomebody. But I pray God, the fruit of her womb miſcarry!

1. *Bead.* If it do, you ſhall have a dozen of cuſhions[3] again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead, that you and Piſtol beat among you.

Dol. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a cenſer[4]! I will have you as ſoundly ſwinged for this, you blue-bottle-rogue[5]! you filthy famiſh'd correctioner! if you be not

Again, in the *Jew of Malta*, by Marlowe, 1633:

"I ſaw ſome bags of money, and in the night
"I clamber'd up with my *books*."

Hence perhaps the phraſe *By book or by crook*, which is as old as the time of Tuſſer and Spenſer. The firſt uſes it in his *Huſbandry* for the month of March, the ſecond in the 3d book of his *Faery Queene*. In the firſt volume of Holinſhed's Chronicle, p. 183, the reader may find the cant titles beſtowed by the vagabonds of that age on one another, among which are *bookers*, or anglers: and Decker, in the *Bellman of London*, 5th edit. 1640, deſcribes this ſpecies of robbery in particular. STEEVENS.

See a former ſcene in this play, p. 332, n. 7. MALONE.

3 —*a dozen of cuſhions*—] That is, to ſtuff her out that ſhe might counterfeit pregnancy. So in Maſſinger's *Old Law*:

"I ſaid I was with child, *&c.* Thou ſaidſt it was a *cuſhion*," &c.

Again, in Greene's *Diſputation between a He Coneycatcher*, &c. 1592: "—to weare a *cuſhion* under her own kirtle, and to faine herſelf with child." STEEVENS.

4 —*thou thin man in a cenſer!*] Theſe old cenſers of thin metal had generally at the bottom the figure of ſome ſaint raiſed up with a hammer, in a barbarous kind of imboſſed or chaſed work. The hunger-ſtarved beadle is compared, in ſubſtance, to one of theſe thin raiſed figures, by the ſame kind of humour that Piſtol, in *The Merry Wives*, calls Slender a *laten bilboe*. WARBURTON.

From a paſſage in *the Taming of the Shrew*, it appears that theſe *cenſers* (probabably when old and worn very thin,) made part of the furniture of a barber's ſhop:

"Here's ſnip, and nip, and cut, and ſliſh, and ſlaſh,
"Like to a *cenſer* in a barber's ſhop." MALONE.

5 —*blue-bottle-rogue!*] A name, I ſuppoſe, given to the beadle from the colour of his livery. JOHNSON.

Dr.

not ſwinged, I'll forſwear half-kirtles[6].

1 Bead. Come, come, you ſhe knight-errant; come.

Hoſt. O, that right ſhould thus overcome might! Well; of ſufferance comes eaſe.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a juſtice.

Hoſt. Ay; come, you ſtarved blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death! goodman bones!

Hoſt. Thou atomy, thou[7]!

Dr. Johnſon is right with reſpect to the *livery*, but the alluſion ſeems to be to the great *fleſh-fly*, commonly called a *blue-bottle*.

FARMER.

The ſame alluſion is in *Northward Hoe*, 1607:

"Now *blue-bottle!* what flutter you for, ſea-pie?"

The ſerving-men were anciently habited in *blue*, and this is ſpoken on the entry of one of them. It was natural for Doll to have an averſion to the colour, as a *blue gown* was the dreſs in which a ſtrumpet did penance. So, in *The Northern Laſs*, 1633:—"let all the good you intended me be a lockram coif, a *blew gown*, a wheel, and a clean whip." Mr. Malone confirms Dr. Johnſon's remark on the dreſs of the beadle, by the following quotation from *Michaelmas Term* by Middleton, 1607: "And to be free from the interruption of *blue* beadles and other bawdy offices, he moſt politickly lodges her in a conſtable's houſe." STEEVENS.

7 —*half-kirtles.*] Probably the dreſs of the proſtitutes of that time. JOHNSON.

A *half-kirtle* was perhaps the ſame kind of thing as we call at preſent a ſhort-gown, or a bed-gown. There is a proverbial expreſſion now in uſe which may ſerve to confirm it. When a perſon is looſely dreſſed, they ſay—Such a one looks like a w——in a bed-gown. See *Weſtward Hoe*, by Decker and Webſter, 1607:—"forty ſhillings I lent her to redeem two *half-ſilk-kirtles.*" STEEVENS.

The dreſs of the courtezans of the time confirms Mr. Steevens's obſervation. So, in *Michaelmas Term* by Middleton, 1607: "Doſt dream of virginity now? remember a *looſe-bodied* gown, wench, and let it go." Again, in *Skialetheia, or a Shadow of Truth in certain Epigrammes and Satires*, 1598:

"To women's *looſe gowns* ſuiting her looſe rhimes."

Yet from the deſcription of a *kirtle* already given (ſee p. 342, n. 7.) a half-kirtle ſhould ſeem to be a *ſhort cloak*, rather than a ſhort gown. Perhaps ſuch a cloak, without ſleeves, was here meant. MALONE.

7 —*thou* atomy, *thou!*] *Atomy* for *anatomy*. *Atomy* or *otamy* is ſometimes uſed by the ancient writers where no blunder or depravation is deſigned. So, in *Look about you*, 1600:

"For thee, for thee, thou *otamie* of honour,
"Thou worm of majeſty,"—. STEEVENS.

Dol.

Dol. Come, you thin thing; come, you raſcal[8]!
Bead. Very well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A publick place near Weſtminſter Abbey.

Enter two Grooms, *ſtrewing ruſhes.*

1 *Groom.* More ruſhes, more ruſhes[9].
2 *Groom.* The trumpets have ſounded twice.
1 *Groom.* It will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation: Diſpatch, diſpatch. [*Exeunt* Grooms.

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and the* Page.

Fal. Stand here by me, maſter Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace: I will leer upon him, as 'a comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Piſt. God bleſs thy lungs, good knight!

Fal. Come here, Piſtol; ſtand behind me.—O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have beſtow'd the thouſand pound I borrow'd of you. [*To* Shal-

[8] —*you* raſcal!] In the language of the foreſt, *lean deer* were called *raſcal* deer. STEEVENS.

On this note the following obſervation has been made. "Doll could not ſpeak but in the language of the foreſt. *Raſcal*, does not ſignify *raſcal*, but *lean deer*. See what it is to be on the watch to ſhow a little muſty reading and *unknown* knowledge."

Who, except this ſuperficial writer, is ſo little acquainted with our author's manner, as not to know that he often introduces alluſions to cuſtoms and practiſes with which he was himſelf converſant, without being ſolicitous whether it was probable that the ſpeaker ſhould have known any thing of the matter? Thus, to give one inſtance out of a thouſand, he puts into the mouth of kings the language of his own ſtage, and makes them talk of *cues* and *properties*, who never had been in a tiring-room, and probably had never heard of either the one or the other. Of the language of the foreſt he was extremely fond; and the particular term *raſcal* he has introduced in at leaſt a dozen places. MALONE.

9 *More ruſhes*, &c.] It has been already obſerved, that, at ceremonial entertainments, it was the cuſtom to ſtrew the floor with ruſhes. *Caius de Ephemera.* JOHNSON.

low.] But 'tis no matter; this poor ſhow doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to ſee him.

Shal. It doth ſo.

Fal. It ſhews my earneſtneſs of affection.

Shal. It doth ſo.

Fal. My devotion.

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth [1].

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to ſhift me.

Shal. It is moſt certain.

Fal. But to ſtand ſtained with travel, and ſweating with deſire to ſee him: thinking of nothing elſe; putting all affairs elſe in oblivion; as if there were nothing elſe to be done, but to ſee him.

Piſt. 'Tis *ſemper idem*, for *abſque hoc nihil eſt*: 'Tis all in every part [2].

Shal. 'Tis ſo, indeed.

Piſt. My knight, I will enflame thy noble liver,
And make thee rage.
Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,
Is in baſe durance, and contagious priſon;
Haul'd thither

[1] *It doth, it doth, it doth.*] The two little anſwers which are given to Piſtol in the old copy, are transferred by ſir T. Hanmer to Shallow. The repetition of *it doth* ſuits Shallow beſt. JOHNSON.

In the quarto Shallow's *firſt* ſpeech in this ſcene as well as theſe two, is erroneouſly given to *Piſtol*. The editors of the folio corrected the former, but overlooked theſe. They likewiſe, in my apprehenſion, overlooked an error in the end of Falſtaff's ſpeech, below, though they corrected one in the beginning of it. See the next note. MALONE.

[2] *'Tis all in every part.*] The ſentence alluded to is:

" 'Tis all in all, and all in every part."

And ſo doubtleſs it ſhould be read. 'Tis a common way of expreſſing one's approbation of a right meaſure to ſay, *'tis all in all.* To which this fantaſtic character adds, with ſome humour, *and all in every part:* which, both together, make up the philoſophic ſentence, and complete the abſurdity of Piſtol's phraſeology. WARBURTON.

I ſtrongly ſuſpect that theſe words belong to Falſtaff's ſpeech. They have nothing of Piſtol's manner. In the original copy in quarto the ſpeeches in this ſcene are all in confuſion. The two ſpeeches preceding this, which are jumbled together, are given to Shallow, and ſtand thus. " *Sh.* It is *beſt* certain: but to ſtand ſtained with travel," &c. MALONE.

By

By moſt mechanical and dirty hand:—
Rouze up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's ſnake,
For Doll is in; Piſtol ſpeaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her. [*The trumpets ſound.*

Piſt. There roar'd the ſea, and trumpet-clangor ſounds.

Enter the King, and his train, the Chief Juſtice *among them.*

Fal. God ſave thy grace, king Hal[3]! my royal Hal!

Piſt. The heavens thee guard and keep, moſt royal imp of fame[4]!

Fal. God ſave thee, my ſweet boy!

King. My lord chief juſtice, ſpeak to that vain man.

Ch. Juſt. Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you ſpeak?

Fal. My king! my Jove[5]! I ſpeak to thee, my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy prayers;
How ill white hairs become a fool, and jeſter!
I have long dream'd of ſuch a kind of man,
So ſurfeit-ſwell'd, ſo old, and ſo profane[6];

But,

[3] *God ſave thy grace, king Hal!*] A ſimilar ſcene occurs in the anonymous *Henry V.* Falſtaff and his companions addreſs the king in the ſame manner, and are diſmiſſed as in this play of Shakſpeare. STEEVENS.

[4] —*moſt royal* imp *of fame!*] The word *imp* is perpetually uſed by Ulpian Fulwell, and other ancient writers, for progeny:

"And were it not thy royal *impe*
"Did mitigate our pain,"—.

Here Fulwell addreſſes Anne Bulleyne, and ſpeaks of the young Elizabeth. Again, in the *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594:

"—Amurath, mighty emperor of the eaſt,
"That ſhall receive the *imp* of royal race."

Imp-yn is a Welſh word, and primitively ſignifies a ſprout, a ſucker. In Newton's *Herbal to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587, there is a chapter on "ſhrubs, ſhootes, ſlippes,—young *imps*, ſpray and buds." STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 320, n. 4. MALONE.

[5] *My king! my Jove!*] It appears from many paſſages both in our author's plays and poems that he had diligently read the earlier pieces of Daniel. When he wrote the ſpeech before us, he perhaps remembered theſe lines in Daniel's *Complaint of Roſamond*, 1594:

"Dooſt thou not ſee, how that *thy king, thy Jove*,
"Lightens forth glory on thy dark eſtate?" MALONE.

[6] —*profane*;] In our author it often ſignifies *love of talk*, without

But, being awake, I do deſpiſe my dream.
Make leſs thy body, hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men:—
Reply not to me with a fool-born jeſt [7];
Preſume not, that I am the thing I was:
For heaven doth know, ſo ſhall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former ſelf;
So will I thoſe that kept me company.
When thou doſt hear I am as I have been,
Approach me; and thou ſhalt be as thou waſt,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
Till then, I baniſh thee, on pain of death,—
As I have done the reſt of my miſleaders,—
Not to come near our perſon by ten mile [8].

For

the particular idea now given it. So, in *Othello*: "Is he not a *profane* and very liberal counſellor?" JOHNSON.

7 —*know, the grave doth gape*
For thee thrice wider than for other men:—
Reply not to me with a fool-born jeſt;] Nature is highly touched in this paſſage. The king having ſhaken off his vanities, ſchools his old companion for his follies with great ſeverity: he aſſumes the air of a preacher; bids him fall to his prayers, ſeek grace, and leave gormandizing. But that word unluckily preſenting him with a pleaſant idea, he cannot forbear purſuing it. *Know, the grave doth gape for thee thrice wider*, &c. and is juſt falling back into Hal, by an humourous alluſion to Falſtaff's bulk; but he perceives it immediately, and fearing ſir John ſhould take the advantage of it, checks both himſelf and the knight, with

Reply not to me with a fool-born jeſt;

and ſo reſumes the thread of his diſcourſe, and goes moralizing on to the end of the chapter. Thus the poet copies nature with great ſkill, and ſhews us how apt men are to fall back into their old cuſtoms, when the change is not made by degrees, and brought into a habit, but determined of at once on the motives of honour, intereſt, or reaſon. WARBURTON.

8 *Not to come near our perſon by ten mile.*] Mr. Rowe obſerves, that many readers lament to ſee Falſtaff ſo hardly uſed by his old friend. But if it be conſidered, that the fat knight has never uttered one ſentiment of generoſity, and with all his power of exciting mirth, has nothing in him that can be eſteemed, no great pain will be ſuffered from the reflection that he is compelled to live honeſtly, and maintained by the king, with a promiſe of advancement when he ſhall deſerve it.

I think

For competence of life, I will allow you;
That lack of means enforce you not to evil:
And, as we hear you do reform yourſelves,
We will,—according to your ſtrength, and qualities,—

I think the poet more blameable for Poins, who is always repreſented as joining ſome virtues with his vices, and is therefore treated by the prince with apparent diſtinction, yet he does nothing in the time of action; and though after the buſtle is over he is again a favourite, at laſt vaniſhes without notice. Shakſpeare certainly loſt him by heedleſſneſs, in the multiplicity of his characters, the variety of his action, and his eagerneſs to end the play. JOHNSON.

The diſmiſſion of Falſtaff was founded on a hiſtorical fact. Stowe ſays, that "K. Henry, after his coronation, called unto him all thoſe young lords and gentlemen that were the followers of his young acts, to every one of whom he gave rich gifts; and then commanded, that as many as would change their manners, as he intended to do, ſhould abide with him in his court; and to all that would perſevere in their former like converſation, he gave expreſs commandment, upon pain of their heads, never after that day to come in his preſence." STEEVENS.

This circumſtance was originally mentioned by Hall, and is thus recorded by Holinſhed, who was certainly Shakſpeare's hiſtorian: "Immediately after that he was inveſted kyng, and had receyved the crowne, he determined with himſelfe to putte upon him the ſhape of a new man, turning inſolence and wildneſs into gravitie and ſoberneſſe: and whereas he had paſſed his youth in wanton paſtime and riotous miſorder, with a ſorte of miſgoverned mates, and unthriftie playfeers, he now baniſhed them from his preſence, (not unrewarded nor yet unpreferred,) *inhibiting them upon a great payne, not once to approche, lodge or ſojourne within ten miles of his courte or manſion:* and in their places he elected and choſe men of gravitie, witte, and hygh policie, by whoſe wiſe counſell he might at all times rule to his honoure;—whereas if he ſhould have reteined the other luſtie companions aboute him, he doubted leaſt they might have allured him unto ſuch lewde and lighte partes, as with them before tyme he had youthfully uſed." —Our author might have found the ſame circumſtance in the anonymous play of *K. Henry V.*

" —your former life grieves me,
" And makes me to abandon and aboliſh your company for ever:
" And therefore not upon pain of death to approche my pre-
" ſence,
" By ten miles' ſpace; then, if I heare well of you,
" It may be I will doe ſomewhat for you;
" Otherwiſe looke for no more favour at my hands,
" Than at any other man's." MALONE.

Give you advancement.—Be it your charge, my lord,
To ſee perform'd the tenor of our word.—
Set on. [*Exeunt* King, *and his Train.*

Fal. Maſter Shallow, I owe you a thouſand pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, ſir John; which I beſeech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, maſter Shallow. Do not you grieve at this; I ſhall be ſent for in private to him: look you, he muſt ſeem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement; I will be the man yet, that ſhall make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how; unleſs you give me your doublet, and ſtuff me out with ſtraw. I beſeech you, good ſir John, let me have five hundred of my thouſand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard, was but a colour.

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, ſir John.

Fal. Fear no colours; go with me to dinner. Come, lieutenant Piſtol;—come, Bardolph:—I ſhall be ſent for ſoon at night.

Re-enter Prince John, *the* Chief Juſtice, Officers, *&c.*

Ch. Juſt. Go, carry ſir John Falſtaff to the Fleet[9]; Take all his company along with him.

Fal, My lord, my lord,—

Ch. Juſt. I cannot now ſpeak: I will hear you ſoon. Take them away.

Piſt. *Si fortuna me tormenta, ſpero me contenta.*

[*Exeunt* Fal. Shal. Pist. Bard. Page, *and Officers.*

P. John. I like this fair proceeding of the king's:
He hath intent, his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;

[9] —*to the Fleet*;] I do not ſee why Falſtaff is carried to the Fleet. We have never loſt ſight of him ſince his diſmiſſion from the king; he has committed no new fault, and therefore incurred no puniſhment; but the different agitations of fear, anger and ſurprize in him and his company, made a good ſcene to the eye: and our author, who wanted them no longer on the ſtage, was glad to find this method of ſweeping them away. Johnson.

But

But all are baniſh'd, till their converſations
Appear more wiſe and modeſt to the world.

Ch. Juſt. And ſo they are.

P. John. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

Ch. Juſt. He hath.

P. John. I will lay odds,—that, ere this year expire,
We bear our civil ſwords, and native fire,
As far as France: I heard a bird ſo ſing [1],
Whoſe muſick, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.
Come, will you hence [2]?

[*Exeunt.*

[1] —*I heard a bird ſo ſing,*] This phraſe, which I ſuppoſe to be proverbial, occurs in the ancient ballad of *The riſing in the North*:

" *I heard a bird ſing* in mine eare,
" That I muſt either fight or flee. STEEVENS.

[2] I fancy every reader, when he ends this play, cries out with Deſdemona, " O moſt lame and impotent concluſion!" As this play was not, to our knowledge, divided into acts by our authour, I could be content to conclude it with the death of Henry the Fourth.

In that Jeruſalem ſhall Harry die.

Theſe ſcenes, which now make the fifth act of *Henry the Fourth*, might then be the firſt of *Henry the Fifth*; but the truth is, that they do unite very commodiouſly to either play. When theſe plays were repreſented, I believe they ended as they are now ended in the books; but Shakſpeare ſeems to have deſigned that the whole ſeries of action from the beginning of *Richard the Second*, to the end of *Henry the Fifth*, ſhould be conſidered by the reader as one work, upon one plan, only broken into parts by the neceſſity of exhibition.

None of Shakſpeare's plays are more read than the *Firſt and Second Parts of Henry the Fourth*. Perhaps no authour has ever in two plays afforded ſo much delight. The great events are intereſting, for the fate of kingdoms depends upon them; the ſlighter occurrences are diverting, and, except one or two, ſufficiently probable; the incidents are multiplied with wonderful fertility of invention, and the characters diverſified with the utmoſt nicety of diſcernment, and the profoundeſt ſkill in the nature of man.

The prince, who is the hero both of the comick and tragick part, is a young man of great abilities and violent paſſions, whoſe ſentiments are right, though his actions are wrong; whoſe virtues are obſcured by negligence, and whoſe underſtanding is diſſipated by levity. In his idle hours he is rather looſe than wicked; and when the occaſion forces out his latent qualities, he is great without effort, and brave without tumult. The trifler is rouſed into a hero, and the hero again repoſes in the trifler. This character is great, original, and juſt.

Percy is a rugged ſoldier, cholerick, and quarrelſome, and has only the ſoldier's virtues, generoſity and courage.

But Falſtaff unimitated, unimitable Falſtaff, how ſhall I deſcribe thee? Thou compound of ſenſe and vice; of ſenſe which may be admired, but not eſteemed; of vice which may be deſpiſed, but hardly deteſted. Falſtaff is a character loaded with faults, and with thoſe faults which naturally produce contempt. He is a thief and a glutton, a coward and a boaſter, always ready to cheat the weak, and prey upon the poor; to terrify the timorous, and inſult the defenceleſs. At once obſequious and malignant, he ſatirizes in their abſence thoſe whom he lives by flattering. He is familiar with the prince only as an agent of vice, but of this familiarity he is ſo proud, as not only to be ſupercilious and haughty with common men, but to think his intereſt of importance to the duke of Lancaſter. Yet the man thus corrupt, thus deſpicable, makes himſelf neceſſary to the prince that deſpiſes him, by the moſt pleaſing of all qualities, perpetual gaiety, by an unfailing power of exciting laughter, which is the more freely indulged, as his wit is not of the ſplendid or ambitious kind, but conſiſts in eaſy ſcapes and ſallies of levity, which make ſport, but raiſe no envy. It muſt be obſerved, that he is ſtained with no enormous or ſanguinary crimes, ſo that his licentiouſneſs is not ſo offenſive but that it may be borne for his mirth.

The moral to be drawn from this repreſentation is, that no man is more dangerous than he that, with a will to corrupt, hath the power to pleaſe; and that neither wit nor honeſty ought to think themſelves ſafe with ſuch a companion, when they ſee Henry ſeduced by Falſtaff. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon objects with good reaſon, I think, to the "lame and impotent concluſion" of this play. Our author ſeems to have been as careleſs in the concluſion of the following plays as in that before us.

In *The Tempeſt* the concluding words are,

"—pleaſe you draw near."

In *Much ado about nothing:*

"—Strike up pipers."

In *Love's Labour's Loſt:*

"—You this way; we this way."

In the *Winter's Tale:*

"—Haſtily lead away."

In *Timon of Athens:*

"Let our drums ſtrike."

In *Hamlet:*

"Go, bid the ſoldiers ſhoot." MALONE.

EPI-

EPILOGUE[3];

Spoken by a Dancer.

FIRST, my fear; then, my court'ſy: laſt, my ſpeech. My fear is, your diſpleaſure; my court'ſy, my duty; and my ſpeech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good ſpeech now, you undo me: for what I have to ſay, is of mine own making; and what indeed, I ſhould ſay, will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpoſe, and ſo to the venture.—Be it known to you, (as it is very well) I was lately here in the end of a diſpleaſing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promiſe you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this; which, if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, loſe. Here, I promiſed you, I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me ſome, and I will pay you ſome, and, as moſt debtors do, promiſe you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to uſe my legs? and yet that were but light payment,—to dance out of your debt. But a good conſcience will make any poſſible ſatisfaction, and ſo will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me[4]*; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never ſeen before in ſuch an aſſembly.*

One word more, I beſeech you. If you be not too much cloy'd with fat meat, our humble author will continue the ſtory, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Catharine of France[5]*: where, for any thing I know, Falſtaff*

[3] This epilogue was merely occaſional, and alludes to ſome theatrical tranſaction. JOHNSON.

[4] *All the gentlewomen*, &c.] The trick of influencing one part of the audience by the favour of the other, has been played already in the epilogue to *As you like it*. JOHNSON.

[5] *—and make you merry with fair Catharine of France:*] I think this is a proof that the French ſcenes in *Henry V.* however unworthy of our author, were really written by him. It is evident from this paſſage,

ſtaff ſhall die of a ſweat, unleſs already he be kill'd with your hard opinions; for Oldcaſtle died a martyr, and this is not the man[6]. *My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will*

paſſage, that he had at this time formed the plan of that play; and how was *faire Catharine to make the audience merry*, but by ſpeaking broken Engliſh? The converſation and courtſhip of a great princeſs, in the uſual ſtyle of the drama, was not likely to afford any *merriment*.

TYRWHITT.

6 —*where, for any thing I know, Falſtaff ſhall die of a ſweat, unleſs already he be killed with your* hard opinions; *for* Oldcaſtle *died a* martyr, *and* this *is not the man.*] "This (ſays Mr. Pope,) alludes to a play in which Sir John Oldcaſtle was put for Falſtaff"; and "the word *martyr*," (ſays another commentator,) "hints at this miſerable performance, and its fate, which was damnation." The play which theſe commentators ſuppoſe to be alluded to, is entitled *The Hiſtory of the famous Victories of King Henry V.* printed in 1598. In this play there is a buffoon character called *Oldcaſtle*. I have already ſhewn, as I conceive, that there is no ground whatſoever for ſuppoſing that Falſtaff was ever called Oldcaſtle. See p. 119, n. 1. The aſſertion that the anonymous *King Henry V.* was *damned*, is equally unfounded. On the contrary, for ten or twelve years before our *Henries* were produced, I make no doubt that it was a very popular performance. Tarleton the celebrated comedian, who died in 1589, we know, was much admired in the parts both of the *Clown* and the *Chief Juſtice* in that play.

The alluſion in the paſſage before us is undoubtedly not to any play, nor to any character in any play, but to the real Sir John Oldcaſtle. In 1559, Bale publiſhed an account of his trial and condemnation, under the title of "A brief Chronycle concernynge the examinacion and death of the bleſſed *Martyr* of Chriſt, Syr Johan Oldcaſtell," &c. a book that was probably much read in the reign of Elizabeth. In 1601 was publiſhed *The Mirror of* Martyrs, *or, the Life and Death of that thrice valiant capitaine and moſt goodly* martyr, *Sir John Oldcaſtle, Lord Cobham.*"

Shakſpeare, I think, meant only to ſay, that "Falſtaff may perhaps die of his debaucheries in France,"—(having mentioned Falſtaff's *death*, he then with his uſual licence uſes the word in a metaphorical ſenſe, adding,) "unleſs he be already *killed* by *the hard* and unjuſt *opinions*" of thoſe who imagined that the knight's character (like that of his predeceſſor) was intended as a ridicule on Sir John Oldcaſtle, the *good* Lord Cobham. This our author diſclaims; reminding the audience, that there can be no ground for ſuch a ſuppoſition. I call them (ſays he) *hard* and unjuſt *opinions*, "for Sir John *Oldcaſtle* was no debauchee, but a proteſtant *martyr*, and our Falſtaff *is not the man*;" i. e. is no repreſentation of him, has no alluſion whatſoever to him.

Shakſpeare ſeems to have been pained by ſome report that his inimitable character,

will bid you good night: and ſo kneel down before you;—but, indeed, to pray for the queen[7].

character, like the deſpicable buffoon of the old play already mentioned, whoſe dreſs and figure reſemble that of Falſtaff, (ſee a note on *King Henry IV.* P. I. p. 119,) was meant to throw an imputation on the memory of Lord Cobham; which, in the reign of ſo zealous a friend to the Proteſtant cauſe as Elizabeth, would not have been eaſily pardoned at court. Our author, had he been ſo inclined, (which we have no ground for ſuppoſing,) was much too wiſe to have ever directed any ridicule at the great martyr for that cauſe, which was ſo warmly eſpouſed by his queen and patroneſs. The former ridiculous repreſentations of Sir John Oldcaſtle on the ſtage were undoubtedly produced by papiſts, and probably often exhibited, in inferior theatres, to crowded audiences, between the years 1580 and 1590. MALONE.

7 —*to* pray *for the queen.*] I wonder no one has remarked at the concluſion of the epilogue, that it was the cuſtom of the old players, at the end of their performance, to pray for their patrons. Thus at the end of *New Cuſtom:*

"Preſerve our noble Q. Elizabeth, and her councell all."

And in *Locrine:*

"So let us pray for that renowned maid," &c.

And in Middleton's *Mad World my Maſters:* "This ſhows like kneeling after the play; I praying for my lord *Overmuch* and his good counteſs, our honourable lady and miſtreſs." FARMER.

See alſo the concluſion of Preſton's *Cambyſes*, *All for Money*, a Morality, 1578, *Luſty Juventus*, a morality, 1561, *The Diſobedient Child*, an Interlude, no date, *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1661, and *A Knack how to know a Knave*, 1594.

Laſtly, ſir John Harrington's *Metamorphoſis of Ajax*, 1596, finiſhes with theſe words:—"But I will neither end with ſermon nor prayer, leſt ſome wags liken me to my L. ( ) players, who when they have ended a baudie comedy, as though that were a preparative to devotion, kneele downe ſolemnly, and pray all the companie to pray with them for their good lord and maiſter."

Almoſt all the ancient interludes I have met with, conclude with ſome ſolemn prayer for the king or queen, houſe of commons, &c. Hence perhaps the *Vivant Rex & Regina*, at the bottom of our modern play-bills. STEEVENS.

KING HENRY V.

Perſons Repreſented.

King Henry *the Fifth.*
Duke of Gloſter,
Duke of Bedford, } *brothers to the king.*
Duke of Exeter, *uncle to the king.*
Duke of York, *couſin to the king.*
Earls of Saliſbury, Weſtmoreland, and Warwick.
Archbiſhop of Canterbury.
Biſhop of Ely.
Earl of Cambridge,
Lord Scroop,
Sir Thomas Grey, } *conſpirators againſt the king.*
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Gower, Fluellen, Mackmorris, Jamy, *officers in king* Henry's *army:*
Bates, Court, Williams, *ſoldiers in the ſame:*
Nym, Bardolph, Piſtol, *formerly ſervants to* Falſtaff, *now ſoldiers in the ſame.*
Boy, *ſervant to them. A Herald. Chorus.*

Charles, *the Sixth, king of* France.
Lewis, *the Dauphin.*
Dukes of Burgundy, Orleans, *and* Bourbon.
The Conſtable *of* France.
Rambures, *and* Grandpree, *French Lords.*
Governor of Harfleur. Montjoy, *a French Herald.*
Ambaſſadors to the king of England.

Iſabel, *queen of* France.
Catharine, *daughter of* Charles *and* Iſabel.
Alice, *a lady attending on the princeſs* Catharine.
Quickly, Piſtol's *wife, an hoſteſs.*

Lords, Ladies, Officers, French and Engliſh Soldiers, Meſſengers, and Attendants.

The SCENE, at the beginning of the play, lies in England; *but afterwards, wholly in* France.

Enter CHORUS.

O, for a muſe of fire[1], that would aſcend
The brighteſt heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a ſtage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold[2] the ſwelling ſcene!
Then ſhould the warlike Harry, like himſelf,
Aſſume the port of Mars; and, at his heels,
Leaſh'd in like hounds, ſhould famine, ſword, and fire,
Crouch for employment[3]. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraiſed ſpirit*, that hath dar'd,
On this unworthy ſcaffold, to bring forth
So great an object: Can this cock-pit hold
The vaſty fields of France? or may we cram,
Within this wooden O[4], the very caſques[5] That

1 *O, for a muſe of fire,* &c.] This goes upon the notion of the Peripatetic ſyſtem, which imagines ſeveral heavens one above another; the laſt and higheſt of which was one of fire. WARBURTON.

It alludes likewiſe to the aſpiring nature of fire, which, by its levity, at the ſeparation of the chaos, took the higheſt ſeat of all the elements. JOHNSON.

2 —*princes to act,*
And monarchs to behold—] Shakſpeare does not ſeem to ſet diſtance enough between the performers and ſpectators. JOHNSON.

3 *Leaſh'd in like hounds, ſhould* famine, ſword, *and* fire,
Crouch for employment.] In *K. Henry VI.* "Lean famine, quartering ſteel, and climbing fire," are called the three attendants on the Engliſh general, lord Talbot; and, as I ſuppoſe, are the *dogs of war* mentioned in *Julius Cæſar*.—This image of the warlike Henry very much reſembles *Montfaucon's* deſcription of the *Mars* diſcovered at *Breſſe*, who leads a lyon and a lyoneſs in couples, and crouching as for employment. TOLLET.

Warner, in his *Albion's England*, 1602, ſpeaking of *King Henry V.* ſays:

"He led good fortune in a *line*, and did but war and win."

Holinſhed, (p. 567.) when the people of Roan petitioned king *Henry V.* has put this ſentiment into his mouth. "He declared that the goddeſſe of battell, called Bellona, had three hand-maidens, ever of neceſſitie attending upon her, as *blood*, *fire*, and *famine*." STEEVENS.

* —ſpirit,] Old copy—*ſpirits*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

4 *Within this wooden O,*] Nothing ſhews more evidently the power of cuſtom over language, than that the frequent uſe of calling a circle an *O* could ſo much hide the meanneſs of the metaphor from Shakſpeare, that he has uſed it many times where he makes his moſt eager attempts at dignity of ſtile. JOHNSON.

In

That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! ſince a crooked figure may
Atteſt, in little place, a million;
And let us, cyphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces[6] work:
Suppoſe, within the girdle of theſe walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
Whoſe high-upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous, narrow ocean[7] parts aſunder.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thouſand parts divide one man[8],
And make imaginary puiſſance[9]:

In this place it was evidently the poet's intention to repreſent the little circle in which they acted in as contemptible a light as he could. MASON.

5 *The very* caſques] The helmets. JOHNSON.

The *very* caſques, are—*even* the caſques or helmets; much leſs the men by whom they were worn. So in *Macbeth:*

"——— for fear
"Thy *very* ſtones prate of my whereabout." MALONE.

6 —*imaginary forces*—] *Imaginary* for *imaginative*, or your powers of fancy. Active and paſſive words are by this author frequently confounded. JOHNSON.

7 *The perilous, narrow ocean*—] Mr. Steevens is of opinion that *perilous narrow* means *very* narrow. So, *perilous*-crafty, *villanous*-low, &c. But, in my apprehenſion, *perilous* is here not an augmentative, but a diſtinct epithet. *Narrow* ſeas, it is well known, are more dangerous than others. So, (as Mr. Maſon has obſerved,) in the *Merchant of Venice*, the *narrow ſeas* are made the ſcene of ſhipwrecks, when Salarino ſays, "Antonio hath a ſhip of rich lading wrecked on the *narrow* ſeas; the Goodwins I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal," &c. MALONE.

8 *Into a thouſand parts divide one man.*] The meaning is, ſuppoſe every man to repreſent a thouſand. MASON.

9 *And make imaginary puiſſance:*] This ſhews that Shakſpeare was fully ſenſible of the abſurdity of ſhewing battles on the theatre, which indeed is never done but tragedy becomes farce. Nothing can be repreſented to the eye but by ſomething like it, and *within a wooden O* nothing very like a battle can be exhibited. JOHNSON.

Our authors of that age ſeem to have been ſenſible of the ſame abſurdities. In Heywood's *Fair Maid of the Weſt*, 1631, a chorus enters and ſays:

"Our ſtage ſo lamely can expreſs a ſea,
"That we are forc'd by Chorus to diſcourſe
"What ſhould have been in action," &c. STEEVENS.

Think, when we talk of horſes, that you ſee them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth:
For 'tis your thoughts that now muſt deck our kings [1],
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times;
Turning the accompliſhment of many years
Into an hour-glaſs; For the which ſupply,
Admit me chorus to this hiſtory;
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

1 *For 'tis your thoughts that now muſt deck our kings,*] The ſenſe may be this;—*it muſt be to your imagination that our kings are indebted for their royalty.* Let the fancy of the ſpectator furniſh out thoſe appendages to greatneſs which the poverty of our ſtage is unable to ſupply. The poet is ſtill apologizing for the defects of theatrical repreſentation. STEEVENS.

KING HENRY V[2].

ACT I. SCENE I.

London.[3] *An Ante-chamber in the King's Palace.*

Enter the Archbiſhop of Canterbury[4], *and Biſhop of* Ely.

Cant. My lord, I'll tell you,—that ſelf bill is urg'd,
Which,

[2] This play was writ (as appears from a paſſage in the chorus to the fifth act) at the time of the Earl of Eſſex's commanding the forces in Ireland in the reign of queen Elizabeth, and not till after *Henry the Sixth* had been played, as may be ſeen by the concluſion of this play. POPE.

The tranſactions compriſed in this hiſtorical play commence about the latter end of the firſt, and terminate in the eighth year of this king's reign: when he married Catharine princeſs of France, and cloſed up the differences betwixt England and that crown. THEOBALD.

This play in the quarto edition, 1600, is ſtyled the *Chronicle Hiſtory* of Henry, &c. which ſeems to have been the title anciently appropriated to all Shakſpeare's hiſtorical dramas. So, in *The Antipodes*, a comedy by R. Brome, 1638:

" Theſe lads can act the emperors' lives all over,
" And Shakſpeare's *Chronicled Hiſtories* to boot."

The players likewiſe in the folio edition, 1623, rank theſe pieces under the title of *Hiſtories*.

It is evident, that a play on this ſubject had been performed before the year 1592. Naſh, in *Pierce Pennileſs his Supplication to the Devil*, dated 1592, ſays: " —what a glorious thing it is to have *Henry the Fift* repreſented on the ſtage, leading the French king priſoner, and forcing both him and the Dolphin to ſweare fealtie!" STEEVENS.

The piece to which Naſh alludes, is the old anonymous play of *King Henry V.* which had been exhibited before the year 1589, Tarleton, the comedian, who performed in it both the parts of the chief juſtice and the clown, having died in that year. It was entered on the Stationers' books in 1594, and, I believe, printed in that year, though I have not met with a copy of that date. An edition of it printed in 1598, is in the valuable collection of Dr. Wright. Shakſpeare, as Mr. Steevens has obſerved, " ſeems to have taken not a few hints from it; for it comprehends in ſome meaſure the ſtory of the two parts of *King Henry IV.* as well as of *Henry V.*" See alſo p. 119, n. 1; and p. 354, n. 8.

Which, in the eleventh year o' the laſt king's reign
Was like, and had indeed againſt us paſs'd,
But that the ſcambling and unquiet time [5]
Did puſh it out of further queſtion [6].

Ely. But how, my lord, ſhall we reſiſt it now?

Cant. It muſt be thought on. If it paſs againſt us,
We loſe the better half of our poſſeſſion:
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By teſtament have given to the church,
Would they ſtrip from us; being valued thus,—
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,
Full fifteen earls, and fifteen hundred knights;
Six thouſand and two hundred good eſquires;
And, to relief of lazars, and weak age,
Of indigent faint ſouls, paſt corporal toil,
A hundred alms-houſes, right well ſupply'd;
And to the coffers of the king, beſide,
A thouſand pounds by the year: Thus runs the bill.

The play before us appears to have been written in the middle of the year, 1599. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's Plays*, Vol. I.

The old *King Henry V.* may be found among *Six old plays on which Shakſpeare founded*, &c. printed for S. Leacroft, 1778. MALONE.

3 —*London.*] It appears from Hall's and Holinſhed's Chronicles that the buſineſs of this ſcene was tranſacted at Leiceſter, where K. Henry V. held a parliament in the ſecond year of his reign. But the chorus at the beginning of the ſecond act ſhews that the author intended to make London the place of this firſt ſcene. MALONE.

4 —*of Canterbury.*] Henry Chicheley, a Carthuſian monk, recently promoted to the ſee of Canterbury. MALONE.

5 —*the* ſcambling *and unquiet time*—] In the old houſhold book of the 5th earl of Northumberland, there is a particular ſection appointing the order of ſervice for the *ſcambling* days in lent, that is, days on which no regular meals were provided, but every one *ſcambled*, i. e. *ſcrambled*, and ſhifted for himſelf as well as he could.

So, in the old noted book intitled, "*Leiceſter*'s *Commonwealth*," one of the marginal heads is, "*Scambling* between *Leiceſter* and Huntington at the upſhot." So again, Shakſpeare himſelf makes king Henry V. ſay to the princeſs Katharine, "I get thee with *ſcambling*, and thou muſt therefore prove a good ſoldier-breeder." Act V. PERCY.

Shakſpeare uſes the ſame word in *Much Ado about Nothing:*

"*Scambling*, out-facing, faſhion-mong'ring boys." STEEVENS.

6 —*of further* queſtion.] i. e. of further *debate*. MALONE.

Ely.

Ely. This would drink deep.
Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all.
Ely. But what prevention?
Cant. The king is full of grace, and fair regard.
Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.
Cant. The courſes of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no ſooner left his father's body,
But that his wildneſs, mortify'd in him,
Seem'd to die too: yea, at that very moment,
Conſideration like an angel came[7],
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him:
Leaving his body as a paradiſe,
To envelop and contain celeſtial ſpirits.
Never was ſuch a ſudden ſcholar made:
Never came reformation in a flood[8],
With ſuch a heady current[9], ſcouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulneſs
So ſoon did loſe his ſeat, and all at once,
As in this king.
Ely. We are bleſſed in the change.
Cant. Hear him but reaſon in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wiſh
You would deſire, the king were made a prelate:
Hear him debate of common-wealth affairs,
You would ſay,—it hath been all-in-all his ſtudy:
Liſt his diſcourſe of war, and you ſhall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in muſick:

[7] *Conſideration, like an angel,* &c.] As paradiſe, when ſin and Adam were driven out by the angel, became the habitation of celeſtial ſpirits, ſo the king's heart, ſince *conſideration* has driven out his follies, is now the receptacle of wiſdom and of virtue. JOHNSON.

Mr. Upton obſerves, that according to the ſcripture expreſſion, *the old Adam*, or the *old man*, ſignified man in an unregenerated or gentile ſtate. MALONE.

[8] *Never came reformation in a flood,*] Alluding to the method by which Hercules cleanſed the famous ſtables when he turned a river through them. Hercules ſtill is in our author's head when he mentions the Hydra. JOHNSON.

[9] *With ſuch a heady* current—] Old Copy—*currance.* Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

Turn him to any cauſe of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unlooſe,
Familiar as his garter; that, when he ſpeaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is ſtill [1],
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To ſteal his ſweet and honey'd ſentences;
So that the art and practick part of life [2]
Muſt be the miſtreſs to this theorick [3]:
Which is a wonder, how his grace ſhould glean it,
Since his addiction was to courſes vain:
His companies [4] unletter'd, rude, and ſhallow;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, ſports;
And never noted in him any ſtudy,
Any retirement, any ſequeſtration
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The ſtrawberry [5] grows underneath the nettle;
And wholſome berries thrive, and ripen beſt,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baſer quality:
And ſo the prince obſcur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildneſs; which, no doubt,
Grew like the ſummer graſs, faſteſt by night,

[1] *The air*, &c.] This line is exquiſitely beautiful. JOHNSON. The ſame thought occurs in *As you like it*, Act II. ſc. vii.:

" ——I muſt have liberty
" Withal, *as large a charter as the wind*,
" To blow on whom I pleaſe." MALONE.

[2] *So that the art and practick part of life*—] He diſcourſes with ſo much ſkill on all ſubjects, that *the art and practice of life muſt be the miſtreſs or teacher of his theorick*; that is, *that his theory muſt have been taught by art and practice*; which, *ſays he*, is ſtrange, ſince he could ſee little of the true art or practice among his looſe companions, nor ever retired to digeſt his practice into theory. *Art* is uſed by the author for *practice*, as diſtinguiſhed from *ſcience* or *theory*. JOHNSON.

[3] —*to this theorick:*] *Theorick* is what terminates in ſpeculation. Bookiſh *theorick* is mentioned in *Othello*. STEEVENS.

In our author's time, this word was always uſed were we now uſe *theory*. See Vol. III. p. 445, n. 8. MALONE.

[4] —*companies*—] is here uſed for *companions*. It is uſed by other authors of Shakſpeare's age in the ſame ſenſe. See Vol. II. p. 450, n. 1. MALONE.

[5] *The ſtrawberry*—] i. e. the wild fruit ſo called, that grows in the woods. STEEVENS.

Un-

Unſeen, yet creſcive in his faculty[6].

Cant. It muſt be ſo: for miracles are ceas'd;
And therefore we muſt needs admit the means,
How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urg'd by the commons? Doth his majeſty
Incline to it, or no?

Cant. He ſeems indifferent;
Or, rather ſwaying more upon our part[7],
Than cheriſhing the exhibiters againſt us:
For I have made an offer to his majeſty,—
Upon our ſpiritual convocation;
And in regard of cauſes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching France,—to give a greater ſum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predeceſſors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer ſeem-receiv'd, my lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his majeſty;
Save, that there was not time enough to hear
(As, I perceiv'd, his grace would fain have done)
The ſeverals, and unhidden paſſages[8],
Of his true titles to ſome certain dukedoms;

[6] —*creſcive in his faculty.*] Increaſing in its proper power. JOHNSON.

Grew like the ſummer graſs, faſteſt by night,
Unſeen, yet creſcive in his faculty.
Creſcit occulto velut arbor ævo
Fama Marcelli—.

Creſcive is a word uſed by Drant in his tranſlation of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, 1567:

"As luſty youths of *creſcive* age doe flouriſhe freſhe and grow."
STEEVENS.

[7] —ſwaying *more upon our part,*] *Swaying* is *inclining*. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III:

"Now *ſways* it this way, like a mighty ſea,—
"Now *ſways* it that way." MALONE.

[8] *The ſeverals, and unhidden paſſages,*] This line I ſuſpect of corruption, though it may be fairly enough explained: the *paſſages* of his *titles* are the *lines* of *ſucceſſion* by which his claims deſcend. *Unhidden* is *open, clear.* JOHNSON.

And, generally, to the crown and ſeat of France,
Deriv'd from Edward, his great grandfather.

Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off?

Cant. The French ambaſſador, upon that inſtant,
Crav'd audience: and the hour, I think, is come,
To give him hearing; Is it four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in, to know his embaſſy;
Which I could, with a ready gueſs, declare,
Before the Frenchman ſpeak a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you; and I long to hear it.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Room of State in the ſame.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, *and Attendants.*

K. Hen. Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury?

Exe. Not here in preſence.

K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle[9].

Weſt. Shall we call in the ambaſſador, my liege?

K. Hen. Not yet, my couſin; we would be reſolv'd,
Before we hear him, of ſome things of weight,
That taſk[1] our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the Archbiſhop of Canterbury *and Biſhop of* Ely.

Cant. God, and his angels, guard your ſacred throne,
And make you long become it!

K. Hen. Sure, we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed;
And juſtly and religiouſly unfold,
Why the law Salique, that they have in France,
Or ſhould, or ſhould not, bar us in our claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you ſhould faſhion, wreſt, or bow your reading,

9 —*good uncle.*] John Holland, duke of Exeter, was married to Elizabeth, the king's aunt. STEEVENS.

1 —*taſk*—] Keep buſied with ſcruples and laborious diſquiſitions. JOHNSON.

Or

Or nicely charge your underſtanding ſoul [2]
With opening titles miſcreate [3], whoſe right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know, how many, now in health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation [4]
Of what your reverence ſhall incite us to:
Therefore take heed how you impawn our perſon [5],
How you awake the ſleeping ſword of war;
We charge you in the name of God, take heed:
For never two ſuch kingdoms did contend,
Without much fall of blood; whoſe guiltleſs drops
Are every one a woe, a ſore complaint,
'Gainſt him, whoſe wrongs give edge unto the ſwords
That make ſuch waſte in brief mortality [6].
Under this conjuration, ſpeak, my lord:
And we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you ſpeak is in your conſcience waſh'd
As pure as ſin with baptiſm.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious ſovereign,—and you peers,
That owe your lives, your faith, and ſervices,

[2] *Or nicely charge your underſtanding ſoul*—] Take heed leſt by nice and ſubtle ſophiſtry you burthen your knowing ſoul, or *knowingly burthen your ſoul*, with the guilt of advancing a falſe title, or of maintaining, by ſpecious fallacies, a claim which, if ſhewn in its native and true colours, would appear to be falſe. JOHNSON.

[3] —*miſcreate*,] Ill-begotten, illegitimate, ſpurious. JOHNSON.

[4] —*in* approbation—] i. e. in *proving* and ſupporting that title which ſhall be now ſet up. So, in Brathwaite's *Survey of Hiſtories*, 1614: "—compoſing what he wrote, not by report of others, but by the *approbation* of his own eyes." Again, in the *Winter's Tale*:

"That lack'd ſight only;—nought for *approbation*,
"But only ſeeing." MALONE.

[5] —impawn *our perſon*.] *Impawn* for engage. WARBURTON.

To *engage* and to *pawn* were in our author's time ſynonymous. See Minſhew's DICTIONARY in v. *engage*. But the word *pawn* had not, I believe, at that time, its preſent ſignification. To *impawn* ſeems here to have the ſame meaning as the French phraſe, *ſe commettre*. MALONE.

[6] —*brief* mortality.]
Nulla *brevem* dominum ſequetur. *Hor.* STEEVENS.

To

To this imperial throne;—There is no bar[7]
To make againſt your highneſs' claim to France,
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,—
In terram Salicam mulieres nè ſuccedant,
No woman ſhall ſucceed in Salique land:
Which Salique land the French unjuſtly gloze[8],
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,
That the land Salique lies in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe:
Where Charles the great, having ſubdu'd the Saxons,
There left behind and ſettled certain French;
Who, holding in diſdain the German women,
For ſome diſhoneſt manners of their life,
Eſtabliſh'd there this law,—to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salique land;
Which Salique, as I ſaid, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd—Meiſen.
Thus doth it well appear, the Salique law
Was not deviſed for the realm of France:
Nor did the French poſſeſs the Salique land
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of king Pharamond,
Idly ſuppos'd the founder of this law;
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-ſix; and Charles the great,
Subdued the Saxons, and did ſeat the French

Beyond

7 —*There is no bar* &c.] This whole ſpeech is copied (in a manner *verbatim*) from Hall's *Chronicle*, Henry V. *year the ſecond, folio* iv. xx. xxx. xl. *&c.* POPE.

This ſpeech (together with the Latin paſſage in it) may as well be ſaid to be taken from Holinſhed as from Hall. STEEVENS.

See a ſubſequent note, in which it is proved that Holinſhed, and not Hall, was our author's hiſtorian. The ſame facts indeed are told in both, Holinſhed being a ſervile copyiſt of Hall; but Holinſhed's book was that which Shakſpeare read; and therefore I always quote it in preference to the elder chronicle, contrary to the rule that ought in general to be obſerved. MALONE.

8 —*gloze,*] Expound, explain, and ſometimes comment upon. So, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

—you

Beyond the river Sala, in the year
Eight hundred five. Beſides, their writers ſay,
King Pepin, which depoſed Childerick,
Did, as heir general, being deſcended
Of Blithild, which was daughter to king Clothair,
Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet alſo,—that uſurp'd the crown
Of Charles the duke of Lorain, ſole heir male
Of the true line and ſtock of Charles the great,—
To fine his title with ſome ſhew of truth,
(Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught[9],)
Convey'd himſelf [1] as heir to the lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the ſon
To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the ſon
Of Charles the great [2]. Alſo king Lewis the tenth [3],

" —you have both ſaid well;
" And on the cauſe and queſtion now in hand,
" Have *gloz'd* but ſuperficially. REED.

9 *To* fine *his title with ſome ſhew of truth,*
Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,] i. e. to make it *ſhewy* or *ſpecious* by ſome appearance of juſtice. STEEVENS.

The words in Holinſhed's *Chronicle* are, " — to make his title *ſeem true*, and appear good, though indeed it was ſtark *naught*."—In Hall " to make &c.—though indeed it was both *evil* and untrue." MALONE.

1 Convey'd *himſelf*—] Derived his title. Our poet found this expreſſion alſo in Holinſhed. MALONE.

2 *Of Charles* the great.] This, as an anonymous critick has obſerved, is a miſtake of the old hiſtorians, whom Shakſpeare followed. " Charles the great and Charlemaine were one and the ſame perſon." MALONE.

3 —*Lewis the* tenth,] This is a miſtake, (as is obſerved in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. 53. P. II. p. 588,) into which Shakſpeare was led by Holinſhed, (Vol. II. p. 546, edit. 1577,) whom he copied. St. Lewis, (for he is the perſon here deſcribed,) the grandſon of Queen Iſabel, the wife of Philip II. king of France, was Lewis the *Ninth*. He was the ſon of Lewis VIII. by the Lady Blanch of Caſtile. In Hall's *Chronicle*, HENRY V. folio iiii. b. (which Holinſhed has cloſely followed, except in this particular errror, occaſioned by either his own or his printer's inaccuracy,) Lewis is rightly called the *Ninth*. Here therefore we have a deciſive proof that our author's guide in all his hiſtorical plays was Holinſhed, and not Hall. See note 9. I have however left the error uncorrected, on the ſame principle on which ſimilar errors in *Julius Cæſar*, into which Shakſpeare was led by the old tranſlation of Plutarch, have been ſuffered to remain undiſturbed; and alſo, becauſe it aſcertains a fact of ſome importance. MALONE.

Who

Who was ſole heir to the uſurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his conſcience,
Wearing the crown of France, till ſatisfy'd
That fair queen Iſabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the lady Ermengare,
Daughter to Charles the foreſaid duke of Lorain:
By the which marriage, the line of Charles the great
Was re-united to the crown of France.
So that, as clear as is the ſummer's ſun,
King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
King Lewis his ſatisfaction [4], all appear
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the kings of France unto this day;
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law,
To bar your highneſs claiming from the female;
And rather chooſe to hide them in a net,
Than amply to imbare [5] their crooked titles
Uſurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. Hen. May I, with right and conſcience, make this claim?

Cant. The ſin upon my head, dread ſovereign!
For in the book of Numbers is it writ,—
When the ſon dies, let the inheritance
Deſcend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
Look back unto your mighty anceſtors:
Go, my dread lord, to your great grandſire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike ſpirit,
And your great uncle's, Edward the black prince;
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France;

4 *King Lewis his* ſatisfaction,] He had told us juſt above, that Lewis could not wear the crown with a ſafe conſcience, "till *ſatisfy'd*," &c. THEOBALD.

5 —*to imbare*—] To lay open, to diſplay to view. THEOBALD.

In the folio the word is ſpelt *imbarre*. *Imbare* is, I believe, the true reading. It is formed like *impaint*, *impawn*, and many other ſimilar words uſed by Shakſpeare.—The quarto, 1600, reads *imbace*. Mr. Steevens inclines to read *unbar*, (oppoſed to *bar* in the former line,) "to weaken by an open diſplay of invalidity." MALONE.

Whiles

Whiles his moſt mighty father on a hill
Stood ſmiling, to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility[6].
O noble Engliſh, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France;
And let another half ſtand laughing by,
All out of work, and cold for action[7]!

Ely. Awake remembrance of theſe valiant dead,
And with your puiſſant arm renew their feats:
You are their heir, you ſit upon their throne;
The blood and courage, that renowned them,
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puiſſant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprizes.

Exe. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you ſhould rouſe yourſelf,
As did the former lions of your blood.

Weſt. They know, your grace hath cauſe, and means and might;
So hath your highneſs[8]; never king of England
Had nobles richer, and more loyal ſubjects;
Whoſe hearts have left their bodies here in England,

[6] *Whiles his moſt mighty father on a hill*
Stood ſmiling, &c.] This alludes to the battle of Creſly, as deſcribed by Holinſhed. "The Earle of Northampton and others ſent to the king, *where he ſtood aloft on a windmill-hill*; the king demanded if his ſonne were ſlaine, hurt, or felled to the earth. No, ſaid the knight that brought the meſſage, but he is ſore matched. Well, (ſaid the king,) returne to him and them that ſent you, and ſaie to them, that they ſend no more to me for any adventure that falleth, ſo long as my ſon is alive; for I will that this journye be his, with the honour thereof. The ſlaughter of the French was great and lamentable at the ſame battle, fought the 26th Auguſt, 1346." *Holinſhed*, Vol. II. p. 372. Col. i. BOWLE.

[7] —*and* cold *for action.*] This epithet all the commentators have paſſed by, and I am unable to explain. I cannot but ſuſpect it to be corrupt. A deſire to diſtinguiſh themſelves ſeems to merit the name of *ardour*, rather than the term here given to it.—If *cold* be the true reading, their coldneſs ſhould ariſe from *inaction*; and therefore the meaning muſt be, cold for *want of* action. So Lilly in *Euphues and his England*, 1581: "—if he were too long for the bed, Procruſtes cut off his legs, for *catching cold*." i. e. for *fear of* catching cold. MALONE.

[8] *So* hath *your highneſs*;] i. e. your highneſs hath indeed what they think and know you have. MALONE.

And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood [9], and ſword, and fire, to win your right:
In aid whereof, we of the ſpiritualty
Will raiſe your highneſs ſuch a mighty ſum,
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your anceſtors.

K. Hen. We muſt not only arm to invade the French;
But lay down our proportions to defend
Againſt the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Cant. They of thoſe marches [1], gracious ſovereign,
Shall be a wall ſufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. Hen. We do not mean the courſing ſnatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot [2],
Who hath been ſtill a giddy neighbour [3] to us;
For you ſhall read, that my great grandfather,
Never went with his forces into France [4],
But that the Scot on his unfurniſh'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach
With ample and brim fulneſs of his force;

9 *With* blood,—] Old Copy.—*bloods*. Corrected in the third folio. MALONE.

1 *They of thoſe* marches,] The *marches* are the borders, the limits, the confines. Hence the *Lords Marchers*, i. e. the lords preſidents of the *marches*, &c. STEEVENS.

2 —*the main* intendment *of the Scot*,] *Intendment* is here perhaps uſed for *intention*, which in our author's time ſignified *extreme exertion*. The *main intendment* may, however, mean, the *general diſpoſition*. MALONE.

3 —*giddy neighbour*—] That is, inconſtant, changeable. JOHNSON.

4 *Never went with his forces into France*,] What an opinion the Scots entertained of the defenceleſs ſtate of England, may be known by the following paſſage from *The Battle of Floddon*, an ancient hiſtorical poem:

" For England's king, you underſtand,
" To France is paſt with all his peers:
" There is none at home left in the land,
" But joult-head monks, and burſten freers.
" Of ragged ruſties, without rules,
" Of prieſts prating for pudding ſhives;
" Of milners madder than their mules,
" Or wanton clerks, waking their wives." STEEVENS.

Galling

Galling the gleaned land with hot eſſays;
Girding with grievous ſiege caſtles, and towns;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath ſhook, and trembled at the ill neighbourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd [5] than harm'd, my liege:
For hear her but exampled by herſelf,—
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And ſhe a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herſelf not only well defended,
But taken, and impounded as a ſtray,
The king of Scots; whom ſhe did ſend to France,
To fill king Edward's fame with priſoner kings;
And make your chronicle as rich with praiſe [6],
As is the ouze and bottom of the ſea
With ſunken wreck and ſumleſs treaſuries [7].

Weſt. But there's a ſaying, very old and true [8],—
If that you will France win [9],
Then with Scotland firſt begin:
For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded neſt the weazel Scot
Comes ſneaking, and ſo ſucks her princely eggs;
Playing the mouſe, in abſence of the cat,

To

5 —*more fear'd*] i. e. frghtened. MALONE.

6 *And make* your *chronicle as rich with praiſe,*] The ſimilitude between the chronicle and the ſea conſiſts only in this, that they are both full, and filled with ſomething valuable. The quarto has *your*, the folio—*their chronicle*. *Your* and *their* written by contraction *yr* are juſt alike, and *her* in the old hands is not much unlike *yr*. I believe we ſhould read *her* chronicle. JOHNSON.

Your chronicle means, I think, the chronicle of *your* kingdom, England. MALONE.

7 —*and* ſumleſs *treaſuries.*] The quarto, 1600, reads—and *ſhipleſs* treaſury. STEEVENS.

8 Weſt. *But there's a ſaying, &c.*] This ſpeech is given in the folio to the Biſhop of Ely. But it appears from Holinſhed, (whom our author followed,) and from Hall, that theſe words were the concluſion of the Earl of Weſtmoreland's ſpeech; to whom therefore I have aſſigned them. In the quarto *Lord* only is prefixed to this ſpeech. Dr. Warburton and the ſubſequent editors attributed it to *Exeter*, but certainly without propriety; for he on the other hand maintained, that "he whiche would Scotland winne, with France muſt firſt beginne." MALONE.

9 *If that you will France win*, &c.] Hall's *Chronicle*. Henry V. year 2. fol. vii. (p. 2.) x. POPE.

To ſpoil and havock[1] more than ſhe can eat.
Exe. It follows then, the cat muſt ſtay at home:
Yet that is but a curs'd neceſſity[2];
Since we have locks to ſafeguard neceſſaries,
And pretty traps[3] to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The adviſed head defends itſelf at home:
For government, though high, and low, and lower[4],
Put into parts, doth keep in one concent[5];
Congruing[6] in a full and natural cloſe,
Like muſick.

It is likewiſe found in Holinſhed, and in the old anonymous play of *K. Henry V.* STEEVENS.

[1] *To* ſpoil *and havock*—] Thus the quarto. The folio has—to *tame*, &c. Mr. Theobald ſuppoſes *tame* to have been printed inſtead of *taint*. MALONE.

[2] *Yet that is but a* curs'd *neceſſity*;] A *curs'd* neceſſity means, I believe, only *an unfortunate neceſſity*. *Curs'd*, in colloquial phraſe, ſignifies any thing *unfortunate*. So we ſay, ſuch a one leads a *curſed* life; another has got into a *curſed* ſcrape. It may mean, a neceſſity *to be execrated*. This vulgariſm is often uſed by ſir Arthur Gorges in his tranſlation of Lucan, 1614. Again, in Chapman's tranſlation of the 5th *Odyſſey*:

" A *curs'd* ſurge 'gainſt a cutting rock impell'd
" His naked body. STEEVENS.

Mr. Maſon juſtly obſerves that this interpretation, though perhaps the true one, does not agree with the context; [Yet that is *but* an *unfortunate* neceſſity, *ſince* we, &c.] and therefore propoſes to read,

Yet that is *not* a curs'd neceſſity.

But and *not* are ſo often confounded in theſe plays, that I think his conjecture extremely probable. See Vol. III. p. 142, n. 1. It is certainly (as Dr. Warburton has obſerved) the Speaker's buſineſs to ſhew that there is no real neceſſity for ſtaying at home.

Curs'd is the reading of the quarto, 1600. The folio reads—a *cruſh'd* neceſſity, which Dr. Johnſon ſays, " may mean a neceſſity which is overpowered and ſubdued by contrary reaſons." MALONE.

[3] *And* pretty *traps*—] Thus the old copy, but I believe we ſhould read *petty*. STEEVENS.

[4] *For* government, *though* high, *and* low, *and* lower,] The foundation and expreſſion of this thought ſeems to be borrowed from Cicero *de Republica*, lib. 2. *Sic ex* ſummis, *&* mediis, *&* infimis *interjectis* ordinibus, *ut* ſonis, *moderatam ratione civitatem*, conſenſu *diſſimiliorum* concinere; *&* *quæ* harmonia *à* muſicis *dicitur in cantu*, *eam eſſe in* civitate concordiam. THEOBALD.

[5] — *in one* concent,] *Concent* is *uniſon*. STEEVENS.

[6] *Congruing*—] The folio has *congreeing*. The quarto *congrueth*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

Cant.

Cant. True: therefore doth heaven divide
The ſtate of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience[7]: for ſo work the honey bees;
Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach
The act of order[8] to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king[9], and officers of ſorts[1]:

Where

[7] *Setting endeavour in continual motion;*
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience:] Neither the ſenſe nor the conſtruction of this paſſage is very obvious. The conſtruction is, *endeavour,—as an aim or butt to which endeavour, obedience is fixed.* The ſenſe is, that all endeavour is to terminate in obedience, to be ſubordinate to the publick good and general deſign of government. JOHNSON.

[8] *The act of order—*] *Act* here means *law*, or *ſtatute*; as appears from the old quarto, where the words are "—Creatures that by awe *ordain* an *act* of order to a peopled kingdom."

Mr. Pope changed *act* to *art*, and was followed by all the ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

[9] ——*for ſo work the honey bees;*—
They have a king, &c.] Our author in this parallel had, I have no doubt, the following paſſage in Lilly's *Euphues and his England*, 1581, in view:—"In like manner, Euphues, is the government of a monarchie,—that it is neither the wiſe foxe nor the malicious woolfe, ſhould venture ſo farre, as to learne whether the lyon ſleepe or wake in his denne, whether the prince faſt or feaſt in the court; but this ſhould be their order,—to underſtand there is a king, but what he doth, is for the gods to examine, whoſe ordinance he is, not for men whoſe overſeer he is. Then how vain is it,—that the foot ſhould neglect his office, to correct the face; or that ſubjects ſhould ſeeke more to know what their princes doe, than what they are; wherein they ſhew themſelves as bad as beaſts, and much worſe than my bees, who, in my conceit, obſerve more *order* than they.—If I might crave pardon, I would a little acquaint you with the *commonwealth* of my *bees*.—I have for the ſpace of theſe twenty yeeres dwelt in this place, taking no delight in any thing but only keeping my bees, and marking them; and this I find, which had I not ſeen I ſhould hardly have believed, that they uſe as great wit by induction, and art by workmanſhip, as ever man hath or can; uſing between themſelves no leſſe juſtice than wiſdome, and yet not ſo much wiſdome as majeſtie; inſomuch as thou wouldeſt thinke that they were a *kind of people*, a commonwealth for Plato; where they all labour, all gather hony, flie together in a ſwarme, eat in a ſwarme, and ſleepe in a ſwarme.—*They live under a law*, uſing great reverence to their elder as to the wiſer. They

Where ſome, like magiſtrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad [2];
Others, like ſoldiers, armed in their ſtings,
Make boot upon the ſummer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor:
Who, buſy'd in his majeſty, ſurveys

chooſe *a king*, whoſe *palace* they frame, both *braver in ſhew, and ſtronger* in ſubſtance.—If their prince die, they know not how to live; they languiſh, weepe, ſigh, neither intending their worke, nor keeping their old ſociety. And that which is moſt marvellous and almoſt incredible, if there be any that hath diſobeyed his commandment, either of purpoſe or unwitting, he killeth himſelf with his owne ſting, as an *executioner* of his own ſtubborneſſe. The king himſelfe hath a ſting, which he uſeth rather for honour than puniſhment. And yet, Euphues, albeit they live under a prince, they have their priviledges, and as great liberties as ſtrait lawes. They call a parliament, wherein they conſult for lawes, ſtatutes, penalties, chooſing *officers*, and creating their *king*.—*Every one hath his office; ſome trimming the hony, ſome working the wax, one framing hives, another the combes*; and that ſo artificially, that Dedalus could not with greater art or excellency better diſpoſe the orders, meaſures, proportions, diſtinctions, joints and circles. Diverſe *hew*, others *poliſh*, and are careful to do their worke ſo ſtrongly as they may reſiſt the craft of ſuch *drones* as ſeek to live by their labours; which maketh them to keepe watch and ward, as living in a camp to others, and as in a court to themſelves.—*When they goe forth to worke, they marke the winde*, the *clouds*, and whatſoever doth threaten either their ruin or rage; and *having gathered out of every flower hony, they return, loaden in their mouthes, thighes, winges, and all the body*; whom they that tarried at home receive readily, as eaſing their backs of *ſo great burthens*. The king himſelfe, not idle, goeth up and down, intreating, threatning, commanding; uſing the counſel of a ſequell, but not loſing the dignity of a prince; preferring thoſe that labour in greater authority, and *puniſhing thoſe that loiter with due ſeverity*."—"The commonwealth of your bees, [replied Euphues,] did ſo delight me, that I was not a little ſorry, that either their eſtates have not been longer, or your leiſure more; for in my ſimple judgment, there was *ſuch an orderly government that men may not be aſhamed to imitate them*." MALONE.

[1] *And officers of* ſorts:] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—*ſort*; i. e. high rank. See Vol. II. p. 105, n. 9. and p. 208, n. 6. MALONE.

Officers of *ſorts* means officers of different degrees. In a London haberdaſher's bill to his cuſtomer in the country, I lately ſaw the following charge: "To thread of *ſorts*"; i. e. of different kinds. STEEVENS.

[2]—venture *trade abroad*;] To *venture trade* is a phraſe of the ſame import and ſtructure as to *hazard battle*. JOHNSON.

The

The ſinging maſons building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey [3];
The poor mechanick porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
The ſad-ey'd juſtice, with his ſurly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors [4] pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,—
That many things, having full reference
To one concent, may work contrariouſly;
As many arrows, looſed ſeveral ways,
Fly to one mark;
As many ſeveral ways meet in one town;
As many freſh ſtreams run in one ſelf ſea;
As many lines cloſe in the dial's center;
So may a thouſand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpoſe, and be all well borne
Without defeat [5]. Therefore to France, my liege.
Divide your happy England into four;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal ſhall make all Gallia ſhake.
If we, with thrice that power left at home,
Cannot defend our own door from the dog,
Let us be worried; and our nation loſe
The name of hardineſs, and policy.

K. Hen. Call in the meſſengers ſent from the Dauphin.

[*Exit an Attendant. The king aſcends his throne.*

Now are we well reſolv'd: and,—by God's help;
And yours, the noble ſinews of our power,—
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces: Or there we'll ſit,
Ruling, in large and ample empery [6],
O'er France, and all her almoſt kingly dukedoms;

[3] — kneading *up the honey*;] To *knead* the honey gives an eaſy ſenſe, though not phyſically true. The bees do in fact *knead* the wax more than the honey, but that Shakſpeare perhaps did not know. JOHNSON.
The old quartos read—lading *up the honey*. STEEVENS.

[4] —*to* executors—] *Executors* is here uſed for *executioners*. MALONE.

[5] *Without* defeat.] The quartos read, *Without* defect. STEEVENS.

[6] —*empery*,] This word, which ſignifies *dominion*, is now obſolete, though formerly in general uſe. STEEVENS.

Or lay theſe bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombleſs, with no remembrance over them:
Either our hiſtory ſhall, with full mouth,
Speak freely of our acts; or elſe our grave,
Like Turkiſh mute, ſhall have a tongueleſs mouth,
Not worſhip'd with a paper epitaph[7]. Now

[7] —*with a* paper *epitaph.*] Thus the quarto, 1600. The folio reads —with a *waxen* epitaph.—Mr. Steevens is of opinion, that "either a *waxen* or a *paper* epitaph is an epitaph eaſily obliterated or deſtroyed; one which can confer no laſting honour on the dead."—"The reading of the quarto (ſays Dr. Johnſon,) is to me at leaſt more unintelligible than the other: a grave not *dignified* with the ſlighteſt memorial!"

I think this paſſage has been miſunderſtood. Henry ſays, "he will *either* rule with full dominion in France, *or* die in the attempt, and lay his bones in a paltry urn, without a tomb, or any remembrance over him." With a view to the alternative that he has juſt ſtated, he adds, by way of appoſition and illuſtration, "either the Engliſh Chronicles ſhall ſpeak, *trumpet-tongued*, to the world, of my victories in France, or, being defeated there, my death ſhall ſcarcely be *mentioned in hiſtory*; ſhall not be *honoured* by the beſt epitaph a prince can have, the *written* account of his atchievements."—A *paper* epitaph, therefore, or, in other words, an hiſtorical eulogy, inſtead of a *ſlight* token of reſpect, is mentioned by Henry as the moſt honourable memorial; and Dr. Johnſon's objection founded on the incongruity of ſaying that his grave ſhall not be *dignified* by the *ſlighteſt* memorial, falls to the ground.

The miſapprehenſion, I conceive, aroſe from underſtanding a figurative expreſſion literally, and ſuppoſing that a paper epitaph meant an epitaph written on a paper, to be *affixed to a tomb.*

Waxen, the reading of the folio, when it is uſed by Shakſpeare metaphorically, ſignifies, ſoft, yielding, taking an impreſſion eaſily; (ſo, in *Twelfth Night*, "women's *waxen hearts*; and in the *Rape of Lucrece*, "For men have marble, women *waxen* minds," &c.) and conſequently might mean alſo—eaſily obliterated: but this meaning is quite inconſiſtent with the context; for in the former part of the paſſage the event of Henry's being buried without a tomb, and without an *epitaph*, has been already ſtated, and therefore the want of an epitaph (in its literal acceptation) could not with propriety again be inſiſted on, in the latter member of the ſentence, which relates to a different point; the queſtion in this place being only, whether his deeds ſhould be emblazoned by narration, or his *actions* and his bones together conſigned to "duſt and damn'd *oblivion*." If any alteration was made by the author, in this paſſage, he might perhaps have changed the epithet *paper* to *laſting*; and the tranſcriber who prepared the folio copy for the preſs, might have been deceived by his ear, and have written *waxen* inſtead of the latter word. There is not indeed much ſimilarity in the ſound of the

Enter Ambaſſadors of France.

Now we are well prepar'd to know the pleaſure
Of our fair couſin Dauphin; for, we hear,
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

Amb. May't pleaſe your Majeſty, to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge;
Or ſhall we ſparingly ſhew you far off
The Dauphin's meaning, and our embaſſy?

K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Chriſtian king;
Unto whoſe grace our paſſion is as ſubject,
As are our wretches fetter'd in our priſons:
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainneſs,
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

Amb. Thus then, in few.
Your highneſs, lately ſending into France,
Did claim ſome certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predeceſſor, king Edward the third.
In anſwer of which claim, the prince our maſter
Says,—that you ſavour too much of your youth;
And bids you be advis'd, there's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble galliard won [8];
You cannot revel into dukedoms there:
He therefore ſends you, meeter for your ſpirit,
This tun of treaſure; and, in lieu of this,
Deſires you, let the dukedoms, that you claim,
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin ſpeaks.

K. Hen. What treaſure, uncle?

Exe. Tennis-balls, my liege [9].

K. Hen. We are glad, the Dauphin is ſo pleaſant with us [1];

His

the two words; but miſtakes equally groſs are found in theſe plays, which, it is highly probable, happened in this way. Thus, in this very play the folio has *name* for *mare*. See p. 477, n. 5. MALONE.

8 —*a nimble* galliard] An ancient dance, now obſolete. STEEVENS.

9 *Tennis-balls, my liege.*] In the old play of *Henry V.* already mentioned, this preſent conſiſts of *a gilded tun of tennis-balls and a carpet.* STEEVENS.

1 *We are glad, the Dauphin is ſo pleaſant with us;*] Thus ſtands the anſwer of K. Henry in the ſame old play:

His preſent, and your pains, we thank you for:
When we have match'd our rackets to theſe balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a ſet,
Shall ſtrike his father's crown into the hazard:
Tell him, he hath made a match with ſuch a wrangler,
That all the courts of France will be diſturb'd
With chaces [2]. And we underſtand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not meaſuring what uſe we made of them.
We never valu'd this poor ſeat of England [3];
And therefore, living hence [4], did give ourſelf
To barbarous licence; As 'tis ever common,
That men are merrieſt when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin,—I will keep my ſtate;

" My lord, prince Dolphin is very pleaſant with me.
" But tell him, that inſtead of balls of leather,
" We will toſs him balls of braſs and of iron:
" Yea, ſuch balls as never were toſs'd in France.
" The proudeſt tennis court in France ſhall rue it." STEEV.

[2] *With* chaces.] *Chace* is a term at tennis. JOHNSON.

So is *the hazard*; a place in the tennis-court into which the ball is ſometimes ſtruck. STEEVENS.

[3] —*this poor* ſeat *of England*;] By the *ſeat* of England, the king, I believe, means, the throne. So, Othello boaſts that he is deſcended " from men of *royal ſiege*." Henry afterwards ſays, he will rouſe him in his *throne* of *France*. The words below, " I will keep my *ſtate*," likewiſe confirm this interpretation. See p. 182, n. 9; and Vol. IV. p. 367, n. 7. MALONE.

[4] *And therefore living* hence,] *Living hence*, means, I believe, withdrawing from the court, the place in which he is now ſpeaking. STEEV.

In *King Richard II.* Act. V. ſc. ii. King Henry IV. complains that he had not ſeen his ſon for three months, and deſires that he may be enquired for among the taverns, where he daily frequents,

" With unreſtrain'd and looſe companions."

See alſo *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act III. ſc. ii.

" Thy place in council thou haſt rudely loſt,
" Which by thy younger brother is ſupplied;
" And are almoſt an *alien* to the hearts
" Of all *the court* and princes of my blood."

There can therefore be no doubt that Mr. Steevens's explanation is juſt. An anonymous *Remarker* ſays, " it is evident that the word *hence* implies *here*." If *hence* means *here*, any one word, as Dr. Johnſon has ſomewhere obſerved, may ſtand for another. It undoubtedly does not ſignify *here* in the preſent paſſage; and if it did, it would render what follows nonſenſe. MALONE.

Be

Be like a king, and ſhew my ſail of greatneſs,
When I do rouſe me in my throne of France:
For that I have laid by my majeſty [5],
And plodded like a man for working-days;
But I will riſe there with ſo full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, ſtrike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleaſant prince,—this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-ſtones [6]; and his ſoul
Shall ſtand ſore charged for the waſteful vengeance
That ſhall fly with them: for many a thouſand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear huſbands;
Mock mothers from their ſons, mock caſtles down;
And ſome are yet ungotten, and unborn,
That ſhall have cauſe to curſe the Dauphin's ſcorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; And in whoſe name,
Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cauſe.
So, get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin,
His jeſt will ſavour but of ſhallow wit,
When thouſands weep, more than did laugh at it.—
Convey them with ſafe conduct.—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* Ambaſſadors.

Exe. This was a merry meſſage.

5 *For* that *I have laid by*, &c.] To qualify myſelf for this undertaking, I have deſcended from my ſtation, and ſtudied the arts of life in a lower character. JOHNSON.

The quartos 1600 and 1608 read —*for* this. STEEVENS.

6 —*his balls to gun-ſtones*;] When ordnance was firſt uſed, they diſcharged balls, not of iron, but of ſtone. JOHNSON.

So Holinſhed, p. 947: "About ſeaven of the clocke marched forward the light pieces of ordinance, with *ſtone* and powder."—In the BRUT of ENGLAND, it is ſaid, when Henry the Fifth before Hareflete, received a taunting meſſage from the Dauphine of France, and a ton of tennis-balls by way of contempt, "he anone lette make tenes balles for the Dolfin, (Henry's ſhip,) in all the haſte that they myght, and they were great *gonne-ſtones* to play withalle. But this game at tennis was too rough for the beſieged, when Henry playede at the tenes with his hard *gonne-ſtones*," &c. STEEVENS.

K. Hen. We hope to make the ſender bluſh at it.
[*deſcends from his throne.*
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,
That may give furtherance to our expedition:
For we have now no thought in us, but France;
Save thoſe to God, that run before our buſineſs.
Therefore, let our proportions for theſe wars
Be ſoon collected; and all things thought upon,
That may, with reaſonable ſwiftneſs, add
More feathers to our wings; for, God before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore, let every man now taſk his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter CHORUS[7].

Chor. Now all the youth of England are on fire;
And ſilken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns ſolely in the breaſt of every man:
They ſell the paſture now, to buy the horſe;
Following the mirror of all Chriſtian kings,
With winged heels, as Engliſh Mercuries.
For now ſits Expectation in the air;
And hides a ſword, from hilts unto the point,
With crowns imperial[8], crowns, and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry, and his followers. The

7 I think Mr. Pope miſtaken in tranſpoſing this chorus, [to the end of the firſt ſcene of the ſecond act,] and Mr. Theobald in concluding the [firſt] act with it. The chorus evidently introduces that which follows, not comments on that which precedes, and therefore rather begins than ends the act; and ſo I have printed it. JOHNSON.

8 *For now ſits Expectation in the air,*
And hides a ſword, from hilts unto the point,
With crowns imperial, &c.] The imagery is wonderfully fine, and the thought exquiſite. *Expectation ſitting in the air*, deſigns the height of their ambition; and the *ſword hid from the hilt to the point with crowns and coronets*, that all ſentiments of danger were loſt in the thoughts of glory. WARBURTON.

The

The French, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this moſt dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear; and with pale policy
Seek to divert the Engliſh purpoſes.
O England!—model to thy inward greatneſs,
Like little body with a mighty heart,—
What might'ſt thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But ſee thy fault! France hath in thee found out
A neſt of hollow boſoms, which he fills *
With treacherous crowns: and three corrupted men,—
One, Richard earl of Cambridge [9]; and the ſecond,
Henry lord Scroop [1] of Maſham; and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey knight of Northumberland,—
Have for the gilt of France [2], (O guilt, indeed!)

The idea is taken from the ancient repreſentations of trophies in tapeſtry or painting. Among theſe it is very common to ſee ſwords encircled with naval or mural crowns. *Expectation* is likewiſe perſonified by Milton, *Par. Loſt*, b. vi.

" — while *Expectation* ſtood
" In horror." STEEVENS.

This image, it has been obſerved by Mr. Henley, is borrowed from a wooden cut in the firſt edition of Holinſhed's Chronicle. MALONE.

In the horſe armoury in the Tower of London, Edward III. is repreſented with two crowns on his ſword, alluding to the two kingdoms, France and England, of both which he was crowned heir. Perhaps the poet took the thought from this repreſentation. TOLLET.

[9] — *Richard, earl of Cambridge*;] was Richard de Coninſbury, younger ſon of Edmund of Langley, Duke of York. He was father of Richard Duke of York, father of Edward the Fourth. WALPOLE.

[1] —*Henry lord Scroop*—] was a third huſband of Joan Dutcheſs of York, (ſhe had four,) mother-in-law of Richard Earl of Cambridge. WALPOLE.

[2] —*the* gilt *of France*,] *Gilt*, which in our author, generally ſignifies *a diſplay of gold*, (as in this play:

" Our gayneſs and our *gilt* are all beſmirch'd.")

in the preſent inſtance means *golden money*. So, in *An Alarum for London*, 1602:

" To ſpend the victuals of our citizens,
" Which we can ſcarcely compaſs now for *gilt*." STEEVENS.

* —*which* he—] i. e. the king of France. So in *K. John*:

" *England*, impatient of your juſt demands,
" Hath put *himſelf* in arms."

Hanmer and ſome other editors unneceſſarily read—*ſhe*. MALONE.

Confirm'd

Confirm'd conſpiracy with fearful France.
And by their hands this grace of kings[3] muſt die,
(If hell and treaſon hold their promiſes,)
Ere he take ſhip for France, and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on; and well digeſt[4]
The abuſe of diſtance, while we force a play[5].
The ſum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The king is ſet from London; and the ſcene
Is now tranſported, gentles, to Southampton:
There is the play-houſe now, there muſt you ſit:
And thence to France ſhall we convey you ſafe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow ſeas[6]
To give you gentle paſs; for, if we may,
We'll not offend one ſtomach[7] with our play.

3 —*this grace of kings*—] i. e. he who does greateſt honour to the title. By the ſame kind of phraſeology the uſurper in *Hamlet* is called the *Vice of kings*, i. e. the opprobrium of them. WARBURTON.

Shakſpeare might have found this phraſe in Chapman's tranſlation of the firſt book of *Homer*, 1598:

" —with her the *grace of kings*,
" Wiſe Ithacus aſcended—."

Again, in the 24th book:

" Idæus, guider of the mules, diſcern'd this *grace of men*."
STEEVENS.

4 —well *digeſt*—] The folio, in which only theſe choruſes are found, reads, and perhaps rightly,—*we'll* digeſt. STEEVENS.

This emendation was made by Mr. Pope; and the words *while wi*, which are not in the old copy, were ſupplied by him. MALONE.

5 —*force a play*.] To *force a play*, is to produce a play by compelling many circumſtances into a narrow compaſs. STEEVENS.

6 —*charming the narrow ſeas*—] Though Ben Jonſon, as we are told, was indebted to the kindneſs of Shakſpeare for the introduction of his firſt piece, *Every Man in his Humour*, on the ſtage, and though our author had performed a part in it, Jonſon in the prologue to that play, as in many other places, endeavoured to ridicule and depreciate him:

" He rather prays, you will be pleas'd to ſee
" One ſuch to-day, as other plays ſhould be;
" *Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the ſeas*," &c.

When this prologue was written, is unknown. The envious author of it, however, did not publiſh it till 1616, the year of Shakſpeare's death. MALONE.

7 *We'll not offend one ſtomach*—] That is, you ſhall paſs the ſea without the qualms of ſea-ſickneſs. JOHNSON.

But,

But, till the king come forth[8], and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we ſhift our ſcene. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

The ſame. A Street in Eaſtcheap.

Enter NYM, *and* BARDOLPH.

Bard. Well met, corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, lieutenant Bardolph[9].

Bard. What, are ancient Piſtol and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I ſay little; but when time

[8] *But, till the king come forth,*—] Here ſeems to be ſomething omitted. Sir T. Hanmer reads: *But* when *the king* comes *forth,*—which, as the paſſage now ſtands, is neceſſary. Theſe lines, obſcure as they are, refute Mr. Pope's conjectures on the true place of the chorus; for they ſhew that ſomething is to intervene before the ſcene changes to Southampton. JOHNSON.

Mr. Roderick would read—and *but* till then; that is, "till the king appears next, you are to ſuppoſe the ſcene ſhifted to Southampton, and *no longer*; for *as ſoon as he comes forth, it will ſhift to France.*" But this does not agree with the fact; for a ſcene in London intervenes.

In the *Merchant of Venice*, 1600, printed by J. Roberts, *but* is printed for *not*:

Repent *but* you that you ſhall loſe your friend.

and the two words in many other places are confounded. See p. 464, n. 2. I ſuſpect *But* is printed for *Not* in the beginning of the line, and that *not* has taken the place of *but* afterwards. If we read,

Not till the king come forth, and *but* till then,—

the meaning will be: "We will *not* ſhift our ſcene unto Southampton, till the king makes his appearance on the ſtage, and the ſcene will be at Southampton *only* for the ſhort time while he does appear on the ſtage; for ſoon after his appearance, it will change to France." MALONE.

[9] —*lieutenant Bardolph.*] At this ſcene begins the connection of this play with the latter part of *King Henry IV.* The characters would be indiſtinct, and the incidents unintelligible, without the knowledge of what paſſed in the two foregoing plays. JOHNSON.

The author of REMARKS on the laſt edition of Shakſpeare wiſhes to know, where Bardolph acquired this commiſſion, (as he is no more than Falſtaff's corporal in *K. Henry IV.*) and calls on Mr. Steevens for information on this ſubject. If Shakſpeare were now alive, he would perhaps find it as difficult to give the deſired information as Mr. Steevens. The intelligent reader muſt have long ſince obſerved that our author

time ſhall ſerve, there ſhall be ſmiles[2];—but that ſhall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine iron: It is a ſimple one; but what though? it will toaſt cheeſe; and it will endure cold as another man's ſword will: and there's the humour of it[3].

Bard. I will beſtow a breakfaſt, to make you friends; and we'll be all three ſworn brothers to France[4]: let it be ſo, good corporal Nym.

Nym. Faith, I will live ſo long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my reſt, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly: and, certainly, ſhe did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell; things muſt be as they may: men may ſleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and, ſome ſay, knives have edges. It muſt

author not only neglected to compare his plays with each other, but that, even in the ſame play, "the latter end of his commonwealth ſometimes forgets the beginning." MALONE.

[2] —*there ſhall be* ſmiles;] It is vain to ſeek the preciſe meaning of every whimſical expreſſion employed by this eccentric character. Nym, however, having expreſſed his indifference about the continuance of Piſtol's friendſhip, might have added, *when time ſerves, there ſhall be ſmiles*, i. e. he ſhould be merry, even though he was to loſe it; or, that his face would be ready with a ſmile as often as occaſion ſhould call one out into ſervice, though Piſtol, who had excited ſo many, was no longer near him. Dr. Farmer, however, with great probability, would read—*ſmites*, i. e. *blows*; a word uſed in the midland counties. STEEVENS.

Perhaps Nym means only to ſay, I care not whether we are friends at preſent; however, when time ſhall ſerve, *we ſhall be in good humour with each other:* but be it as it may. MALONE.

[3] —*the humour of it.*] Thus the quarto. The folio reads,—*and there's an end.* STEEVENS.

[4] —*we'll be all three* ſworn brothers *to France:*] The humour of *ſworn brothers* ſhould be open'd a little. In the times of adventure, it was uſual for two chiefs to bind themſelves to ſhare in each other's fortune, and divide their acquiſitions between them. So, in the Conqueror's expedition, Robert de Oily, and Roger de Ivery were *fratres jurati*; and Robert gave one of the honours he received to his *ſworn brother* Roger. So theſe three ſcoundrels ſet out for France, as if they were going to make a conqueſt of the kingdom. WHALLEY.

be

be as it may: though patience be a tired mare, yet ſhe will plod[5]. There muſt be concluſions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter PISTOL *and Mrs.* QUICKLY.

Bard. Here comes ancient Piſtol, and his wife:—good corporal, be patient here.—How now, mine hoſt Piſtol?

Piſt. Baſe tike[6], call'ſt thou me—hoſt?
Now, by this hand I ſwear, I ſcorn the term;
Nor ſhall my Nell keep lodgers.

Quick. No, by my troth, not long: for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, that live honeſtly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-houſe ſtraight. [Nym *draws his ſword.*] O Lord! here's corporal Nym's—now ſhall we[7] have wilful adultery and murder committed. Good lieutenant Bardolph[8],—good corporal, offer nothing here.

Nym. Piſh!

Quick.

[5] —*though patience be a tired mare, yet ſhe will plod.*] So, in *Pierce's Supererogation, or a New Praiſe of the Old Aſſe*, &c. "Silence is a ſlave in a chaine, and *patience* the common *packhorſe* of the world." STEEV.

Mare is the reading of the quarto. The folio has *name*. MALONE.

[6] *Baſe* tike,—] *Tike* is a ſmall kind of dog. STEEVENS.

In Minſhew's DICTIONARY, 1617, *tike* is defined, "a worme that ſucks the blood." It is now commonly ſpelt *tick*, an animal that infeſts ſheep, dogs, &c. This may have been Piſtol's term. Our author has the word in the ſenſe Mr. Steevens has aſſigned to it, in *King Lear*; and it occurs with the other ſignification in *Troilus and Creſſida*. Piſtol's next ſpeech, however, ſupports the former explanation. MALONE.

[7] *O Lord! here's corporal Nym's—now ſhall we* &c.] I have here followed the quarto, becauſe it requires no emendation. Here's corporal Nym's *ſword drawn*, the hoſteſs would ſay, but ſhe breaks off abruptly.

The editor of the folio, here, as in many other places, not underſtanding an abrupt paſſage, I believe, made out ſomething that he conceived might have been intended. Inſtead of "O Lord," to avoid the penalty of the ſtatute, he inſerted, "O *well a-day, lady*", and added, —"if he be not *hewn* now." The latter word is evidently corrupt, and was probably printed, as Mr. Steevens conjectures, for *hewing*. But, for the reaſon already given, I have adhered to the quarto. MALONE.

[8] *Good* lieutenant, &c.] This ſentence (except the word *Bardolph*) is in the folio given to Bardolph, to whom it is evident theſe words cannot belong, for he is himſelf, in this play, the *lieutenant*. Mr. Steevens propoſes to ſolve the difficulty by reading—good *ancient*, ſuppoſing Piſtol to be the perſon addreſſed. But it is clear, I think, from the quarto, that

Piſt. Piſh for thee, Iceland dog[9]! thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland!

Quick. Good corporal Nym, ſhew the valour of a man, and put up thy ſword.

Nym. Will you ſhog off[1]? I would have you *ſolus.*

[*ſheathing his ſword.*

that theſe words belong to the ſpeech of the hoſteſs, who, ſeeing Nym's ſword drawn, conjures him and his friend Bardolph to uſe no violence. In the quarto, the words, "Good corporal Nym, ſhew the valour of a man," are immediately ſubjoined to—"now ſhall we have wilful adultery and murder committed." *Bardolph* was probably an interlineation, and erroneouſly inſerted before the words "good lieutenant," inſtead of being placed, as it now is, after them. Hence, he was conſidered as the ſpeaker, inſtead of the perſon addreſſed. MALONE.

[9]—*Iceland dog.*] In the folio the word is ſpelt *Iſland*; in the quarto, *Iſeland*. In many old books *Iceland* is ſpelt *Iſeland*. MALONE.

I believe we ſhould read *Iceland dog*. He ſeems to allude to an account credited in Elizabeth's time, that in the north there was a nation with human bodies and dogs' heads. JOHNSON.

The quartos confirm Dr. Johnſon's conjecture. STEEVENS.

Iceland dog is probably the true reading; yet we often meet with *Iſland*. Drayton in his *Moon-calfe* mentions *water-dogs*, and *iſlands*. And John Taylor dedicates his *Sculler*, "to the whole kennel of anti-chriſt's hounds, prieſts, friars, monks, and jeſuites, maſtiffs, mongrels, *iſlands*, blood-hounds, bobtaile-tikes. FARMER.

Perhaps this kind of dog was then in vogue for the ladies to carry about with them. So, in *Two Wiſe Men, and all the reſt Fools*, 1619: "Enter Levitia, cum Pediſequa, her periwig of *dog's hair white*, &c. *Inſa.* A woman? 'tis not a woman. The head is a dog; 'tis a mermaid, half dog, half woman. *Par.* No, tis but the hair of a *dog in faſhion*, pulled from theſe *Iceland* dogs." Again, in the Preface to Swetnam's *Arraignment of Women*, 1617: "—But if I had brought little dogs from *Iceland*, or fine glaſſes from Venice," &c.

It appears from a proclamation in *Rymer's Fœdera*, that in the reign of Henry V. the Engliſh had a fiſhery on the coaſts of Norway and *Iceland*; and Holinſhed, in his *Deſcription of Britain*, p. 231, ſays, "we have ſholts or curs dailie brought out of *Iſeland*. A *prick-ear'd cur* is likewiſe in the liſt of dogs enumerated in the *Booke of Huntyng*, &c. bl. no date: "—trundle-tails and *prick-ear'd curs*." STEEVENS.

"There were newlie come to the citie two young men that were Romans, which ranged up and downe the ſtreets, with their *ears upright*." Painter's *Palace of Pleaſure*, 1566. This is ſaid of two ſharpers, and ſeems to explain the term *prick-ear'd*. HENDERSON.

[1] *Will you* ſhog *off?*—] This cant word is uſed in B. and Fletcher's *Coxcomb*: "Come, pr'ythee, let us *ſhog off*." Again, in *Paſquill and Katharine*, 1601:—"thus it *ſhogges*," i. e. thus it goes. STEEVENS.

Piſt.

Piſt. *Solus*, egregious dog? O viper vile!
The *ſolus* in thy moſt marvellous face;
The *ſolus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;
And, which is worſe, within thy naſty mouth[2]!
I do retort the *ſolus* in thy bowels:
For I can talk[3], and Piſtol's cock is up,
And flaſhing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbaſon[4]; you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well: If you grow foul with me, Piſtol, I will ſcour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms; if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may; and that's the humour of it.

Piſt. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near[5];
Therefore exhale[6]. [Piſtol *and* Nym *draw.*

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I ſay:—he that ſtrikes the firſt ſtroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a ſoldier. [*draws.*

Piſt. An oath of mickle might; and fury ſhall abate.
Give me thy fiſt, thy fore-foot to me give;
Thy ſpirits are moſt tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms; that is the humour of it.

Piſt. *Coupe le gorge*, that's the word?—I thee defy again.
O hound of Crete[7], think'ſt thou my ſpouſe to get?—No;

[2] —*thy* naſty *mouth!*] The quartos read:—*meſsful* mouth. STEEVENS.

[3] *For I can* talk,] Thus the quarto. The folio here, as in two other places corruptly reads—*take*. See Vol. IV. p. 355, n. 8. MALONE.

[4] *I am not* Barbaſon; *you cannot conjure me.*] *Barbaſon* is the name of a dæmon mentioned in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*. STEEVENS.

[5] —doting *death is near*;] Thus the folio. The quarto has *groaning* death. JOHNSON.

[6] *Therefore* exhale.] *Exhale*, I believe, here ſignifies *draw*, or in Piſtol's language, *hale* or *lug out*. The ſtage-direction in the old quarto, [*They draave.*] confirms this explanation. Mr. Steevens thinks Piſtol means to ſay, *breathe your laſt*, or *die*. MALONE.

[7] *O hound of* Crete,] He means to inſinuate that Nym thirſted for blood.

No; to the ſpital go,
And from the powdering tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Creſſid's kind [8],
Doll Tear-ſheet ſhe by name, and her eſpouſe:
I have, and I will hold, the *quondam* Quickly
For the only ſhe; and—*Pauca*, there's enough [9].

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine hoſt Piſtol, you muſt come to my maſter,—and you hoſteſs [1];—he is very ſick, and would to bed.—Good Bardolph, put thy noſe between his ſheets, and do the office of a warming-pan: faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue.

Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of theſe days: the king has kill'd his heart.—Good huſband, come home preſently.

[*Exeunt* Mrs. Quickly, *and* Boy.

Bard. Come, ſhall I make you two friends? We muſt to France together; Why, the devil, ſhould we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Piſt. Let floods o'erſwell, and fiends for food howl on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight ſhillings I won of you at betting?

Piſt. Baſe is the ſlave that pays [2].

blood. The hounds of Crete deſcribed by our author in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*, appear to have been *bloodhounds*. See Vol. II. p. 515. n. 6. MALONE.

[8] —*the lazar* kite of Creſſid's kind,] The ſame expreſſion occurs in Green's *Card of Fancy*, 1608: "What courteſy is to be found in *kites of Creſſid's kind?*" Again, in Gaſcoigne's *Dan Bartholomew of Bathe*, 1587:

"Nor ſeldom ſeene in *kites of Creſſides kinde.*"

Shakſpeare might deſign a ridicule on the laſt of theſe paſſages." STEEVENS.

[9] —*there's enough.*] Thus the quarto. The folio adds—*to go to.* MALONE.

[1] —*and* you *hoſteſs*;—] The folio has—and *your* hoſteſs. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. The emendation is ſupported by the quarto: "Hoſteſs, you muſt come ſtraight to my maſter, and *you* hoſt Piſtol." MALONE.

[2] *Baſe is the ſlave that pays.*] Perhaps this expreſſion was proverbial. I meet with it in *The fair Maid of the Weſt*, by Heywood, 1631:

"My motto ſhall be, *Baſe is the man that pays.*" STEEVENS.

Nym.

Nym. That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

Piſt. As manhood ſhall compound; Puſh home.

Bard. By this ſword, he that makes the firſt thruſt, I'll kill him; by this ſword, I will.

Piſt. Sword is an oath, and oaths muſt have their courſe.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too. Pr'ythee, put up.

Nym. I ſhall have my eight ſhillings, I won of you at betting?

Piſt. A noble ſhalt thou have, and preſent pay;
And liquor likewiſe will I give to thee,
And friendſhip ſhall combine, and brotherhood:
I'll live by Nym, and Nym ſhall live by me;—
Is not this juſt?—for I ſhall ſutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nym. I ſhall have my noble?

Piſt. In caſh moſt juſtly paid.

Nym. Well then, that's the humour of it.

Re-enter Mrs. QUICKLY.

Quick. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John: Ah, poor heart! he is ſo ſhaked of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is moſt lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the knight, that's the even of it.

Piſt. Nym, thou haſt ſpoke the right;
His heart is fracted, and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king: but it muſt be as it may; he paſſes ſome humours, and careers.

Piſt. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins we will live[3]. [*Exeunt.*

[3] —*for, lambkins we will live.*] That is, we will live as quietly and peaceably together as lambkins. The meaning has, I think, been obſcured by a different punctuation: "for, lambkins, we will live." MALONE.

SCENE II.

Southampton. *A Council-Chamber.*

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, *and* WESTMORELAND.

Bed. 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to truſt theſe traitors.

Exe. They ſhall be apprehended by and by.

Weſt. How ſmooth and even they do bear themſelves!
As if allegiance in their boſoms ſat,
Crowned with faith, and conſtant loyalty.

Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow[4],
Whom he hath cloy'd and grac'd[5] with princely favours,—
That he ſhould, for a foreign purſe, ſo ſell
His ſovereign's life to death and treachery[6]!

Trumpet ſounds. Enter King HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, GREY, *Lords, and Attendants.*

K. Hen. Now ſits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My lord of Cambridge,—and my kind lord of Maſham,
And you, my gentle knight,—give me your thoughts:

4 —*that was his* bedfellow,] So, Holinſhed: "The ſaid *Lord Scroop* was in ſuch favour with the king, that he admitted him ſometime to be his *bedfellow*." The familiar appellation of *bedfellow*, which appears ſtrange to us, was common among the ancient nobility. There is a letter from the *ſixth* earl of Northumberland, (ſtill preſerved in the collection of the preſent duke,) addreſſed "To his beloved couſyn Thomas Arundell, &c.") which begins, "*Bedfellow*, after my moſt harté recommendacion,—." So, in a comedy called *A Knack to know a Knave*, 1594:

"Yet, for thou waſt once *bedfellow* to a king,
"And that I lov'd thee as my ſecond ſelf," &c. STEEVENS.

This unſeemly cuſtom continued common till the middle of the laſt century, if not later. Cromwell obtained much of his intellignce during the civil wars from mean men with whom he ſlept. MALONE.

5 —cloy'd *and grac'd*—] Thus the quarto; the folio reads—*dull'd* and cloy'd. Perhaps *dull'd* is a miſtake for *dol'd*. STEEVENS.

6 —*to death and treachery!*] Here the quartos inſert a line omitted in all the following editions:

"Exet. *O! the lord of Maſham!*" JOHNSON.

Think

Think you not, that the powers we bear with us,
Will cut their paſſage through the force of France;
Doing the execution, and the act,
For which we have in head aſſembled them[7]?

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his beſt.

K. Hen. I doubt not that: ſince we are well perſuaded,
We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair concent[8] with ours;
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wiſh
Succeſs and conqueſt to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd, and lov'd,
Than is your majeſty; there's not, I think, a ſubject,
That ſits in heart-grief and uneaſineſs
Under the ſweet ſhade of your government.

Grey. Even thoſe, that were your father's enemies,
Have ſteep'd their galls in honey; and do ſerve you
With hearts create[9] of duty and of zeal.

K. Hen. We therefore have great cauſe of thankfulneſs;
And ſhall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of deſert and merit,
According to the weight and worthineſs.

Scroop. So ſervice ſhall with ſteeled ſinews toil;
And labour ſhall refreſh itſelf with hope,
To do your grace inceſſant ſervices.

K. Hen. We judge no leſs.—Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yeſterday,
That rail'd againſt our perſon: we conſider,
It was exceſs of wine that ſet him on;
And, on his more advice[1], we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much ſecurity:
Let him be puniſh'd, ſovereign; leſt example

7 —*in* head *aſſembled them?*] Head for an *army formed.* JOHNSON. *In head* ſeems ſynonymous to the modern military term *in force.* MALONE.

8 —*in a fair concent*—] In friendly concord; in uniſon with ours. See Vol. IV. p. 413, n. *. MALONE.

9 —*hearts create*—] Hearts *compounded* or *made up* of duty and zeal. JOHNSON.

1 —*more advice*,—] On his return to more *coolneſs of mind.* JOHNSON. See Vol. I. p. 137, n. 8, and Vol. II. p. 127, n. 6. MALONE.

Breed, by his ſufferance, more of ſuch a kind.

K. Hen. O, let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your highneſs, and yet puniſh too.

Grey. Sir, you ſhew great mercy, if you give him life,
After the taſte of much correction.

K. Hen. Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy oriſons 'gainſt this poor wretch.
If little faults, proceeding on diſtemper[2],
Shall not be wink'd at, how ſhall we ſtretch our eye[3],
When capital crimes, chew'd, ſwallow'd, and digeſted,
Appear before us?—We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey,—in their dear care
And tender preſervation of our perſon,—
Would have him puniſh'd. And now to our French cauſes;
Who are the late commiſſioners[4]?

Cam. I one, my lord;
Your highneſs bade me aſk for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And me, my royal ſovereign.

K. Hen. Then, Richard, earl of Cambridge, there is yours;—
There yours, lord Scroop of Maſham;—and, ſir knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this ſame is yours:—
Read them; and know, I know your worthineſs.—
My lord of Weſtmoreland,—and uncle Exeter,—

[2] —*proceeding on* diſtemper,—] Perturbation of mind. *Temper* is equality or calmneſs of mind, from an equipoiſe or due mixture of paſſions. *Diſtemper* of mind is the predominance of a paſſion, as *diſtemper* of body is the predominance of a *humour*. JOHNSON.

It has been juſt ſaid by the king that *it was exceſs of wine that ſet him on*, and *diſtemper* may therefore mean *intoxication*. *Diſtemper'd in liquor*, is ſtill a common expreſſion. Brabantio ſays, that Roderigo is

"Full of ſupper and *diſtemp'ring* draughts."

Again, Holinſhed, Vol. III. p. 626: "—gave him wine and ſtrong drink in ſuch exceſſive ſort, that he was therewith *diſtempered*, and reel'd as he went." STEEVENS.

[3] —*how ſhall we ſtretch our eye*, &c.] If we may not *wink* at ſmall faults, *how wide muſt we open our eyes* at great. JOHNSON.

[4] —*the late commiſſioners?*] That is, as appears from the ſequel, who are the perſons lately appointed commiſſioners? MASON.

We

We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gentlemen?
What ſee you in thoſe papers, that you loſe
So much complexion?—look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there,
That hath ſo cowarded and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance?

Cam. I do confeſs my fault;
And do ſubmit me to your highneſs' mercy.

Grey. Scroop. To which we all appeal.

K. Hen. The mercy, that was quick[5] in us but late,
By your own counſel is ſuppreſs'd and kill'd:
You muſt not dare, for ſhame, to talk of mercy;
For your own reaſons turn into your boſoms,
As dogs upon their maſters, worrying them.—
See you, my princes, and my noble peers,
Theſe Engliſh monſters! My lord of Cambridge here,—
You know, how apt our love was, to accord
To furniſh him[6] with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conſpir'd,
And ſworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton! to the which,
This knight,—no leſs for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is,—hath likewiſe ſworn.—But O!
What ſhall I ſay to thee, lord Scroop; thou cruel,
Ingrateful, ſavage, and inhuman creature!
Thou, that didſt bear the key of all my counſels,
That knew'ſt the very bottom of my ſoul,
That almoſt might'ſt have coin'd me into gold,
Would'ſt thou have practis'd on me for thy uſe?
May it be poſſible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one ſpark of evil,
That might annoy my finger? 'tis ſo ſtrange,
That, though the truth of it ſtands off as groſs

[5] —*quick*—] That is, *living*. JOHNSON.

[6] *To furniſh* him—] The latter word, which is wanting in the firſt folio, was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond. MALONE.

As black from white [7], my eye will ſcarcely ſee it.
Treaſon, and murder, ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils ſworn to either's purpoſe,
Working ſo groſsly [8] in a natural cauſe,
That admiration did not whoop at them:
But thou, 'gainſt all proportion, didſt bring in
Wonder, to wait on treaſon, and on murder:
And whatſoever cunning fiend it was,
That wrought upon thee ſo prepoſterouſly,
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence:
And other devils, that ſuggeſt by treaſons,
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd
From gliſtering ſemblances of piety;
But he, that temper'd thee [9], bade thee ſtand up,
Gave thee no inſtance why thou ſhould'ſt do treaſon,
Unleſs to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that ſame dæmon, that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vaſty Tartar back [1],
And tell the legions—I can never win
A ſoul ſo eaſy as that Engliſhman's.
O, how haſt thou with jealouſy infected

7 —*though the truth ſtand off as groſs*
As black from white,—] Though the truth be as apparent and viſible as black and white contiguous to each other. To *ſtand off* is *être relevè*, to be prominent to the eye, as the ſtrong parts of a picture. JOHNSON.

8 —*ſo groſsly*—] i. e. *palpably*; with a plain and viſible connexion of cauſe and effect. JOHNSON.

9 —*that* temper'd *thee*,—] Though *temper'd* may ſtand for *formed* or *moulded*, yet I fancy *tempted* was the author's word, for it anſwers better to *ſuggeſt* in the oppoſition. JOHNSON.

Temper'd, I believe, is the true reading. Falſtaff ſays of Shallow, that he has him "*tempering* between his finger and thumb." STEEV.

1 —*vaſty* Tartar—] i. e. *Tartarus*, the fabled place of future puniſhment. So, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:
"With Aconitum that in *Tartar* ſprings." STEEVENS.
Again, in *The troubleſome raigne of King John*, 1591:
"And let the black tormenters of black *Tartary*,
"Upbraide them with this damned enterprize." MALONE.

The

The ſweetneſs of affiance[2]! Shew men dutiful?
Why, ſo didſt thou: Seem they grave and learned?
Why, ſo didſt thou: Come they of noble family?
Why, ſo didſt thou: Seem they religious?
Why, ſo didſt thou: Or are they ſpare in diet;
Free from groſs paſſion, or of mirth, or anger;
Conſtant in ſpirit, not ſwerving with the blood;
Garniſh'd and deck'd in modeſt complement[3];
Not working with the eye, without the ear[4],
And, but in purged judgment, truſting neither?
Such, and ſo finely boulted[5], didſt thou ſeem:
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man, and beſt indu'd[6],
With

[2] *Oh, how haſt thou with jealouſy infected*
The ſweetneſs of affiance!] Shakſpeare urges this aggravation of the guilt of treachery with great judgment. One of the worſt conſequences of breach of truſt is the diminution of that confidence which makes the happineſs of life, and the diſſemination of ſuſpicion, which is the poiſon of ſociety. JOHNSON.

[3] *Garniſh'd and deck'd in modeſt complement;*] *Complement* has in this inſtance the ſame ſenſe as in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act I. *Complements*, in the age of Shakeſpeare, meant the ſame as *accompliſhments* in the preſent one. STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 314, n. 9. By the epithet *modeſt* the king means that Scroop's accompliſhments were not oſtentatiouſly diſplay'd. MALONE.

[4] *Not working with the* eye, without the ear,] The king means to ſay of Scroop, that he was a cautious man, who knew that *fronti nulla fides*, that a ſpecious appearance was deceitful, and therefore did not *work with the eye without the* ear, did not truſt the air or look of any man till he had tried him by enquiry and converſation. JOHNSON.

[5] —*ſo finely* boulted,] i. e. refined or purged from all faults. POPE.
Boulted is the ſame with *ſifted*, and has conſequently the meaning of *refined*. JOHNSON.

[6] *To* mark *the full-fraught man, and beſt indued*, &c.] The folio, where alone this line is found, reads—To *make* the full fraught man, &c. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. Mr. Pope endeavoured to obtain ſome ſenſe by pointing thus:

To make the full-fraught man and beſt, indu'd
With ſome ſuſpicion,

But "to *make* a perſon *indued* with ſuſpicion," does not appear, to my ear at leaſt, like the phraſeology of Shakſpeare's or any other age. *Make* and *mock* are ſo often confounded in theſe plays, that I once ſuſpected that the latter word might have been uſed here: but this alſo would be very harſh.—The old copy has *thee* inſtead of *the*. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

With ſome ſuſpicion. I will weep for thee;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man.—Their faults are open,
Arreſt them to the anſwer of the law;—
And God acquit them of their practices!

Exe. I arreſt thee of high treaſon, by the name of Richard earl of Cambridge.

I arreſt thee of high treaſon, by the name of Henry lord Scroop of Maſham.

I arreſt thee of high treaſon, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purpoſes God juſtly hath diſcover'd;
And I repent my fault, more than my death;
Which I beſeech your highneſs to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me,—the gold of France did not ſeduce[7];
Although I did admit it as a motive,
The ſooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for prevention;
Which I in ſufferance heartily will rejoice[8],

Beſeech-

Our author has the ſame thought again in *Cymbeline*:

" —So thou, Poſthumus,
" Wilt lay the leven to all proper men;
" Goodly and gallant ſhall be falſe and perjur'd,
" From thy great fall." THEOBALD.

7 *For me,—the gold of France did not ſeduce*;] Holinſhed, p. 549, obſerves from Hall, that " diverſe write that Richard earle of Cambridge did not conſpire with the lord Scroope and Thomas Graie for the murthering of king Henrie, to pleaſe the French king withall, but onlie to the intent to exalt to the crowne his brother-in-law Edmund E. of March, as heire to Lionell duke of Clarence: after the death of which earle of March, for diverſe ſecret impediments not able to have iſſue, the E. of Cambridge was ſure that the crowne ſhould come to him by his wife, and to his children of her begotten. And therefore (as was thought) he rather confeſſed himſelfe for neede of monie to be corrupted by the French king, than he would declare his inward mind, &c. which if it were eſpied, he ſaw plainlie that the earle of March ſhould have taſted of the ſame cuppe that he had drunken, and what ſhould have come to his owne children, he much doubted," &c. STEEVENS.

8 *Which I in ſufferance heartily will rejoice,*—] *I*, which is wanting in the old copy, was added by the editor of the ſecond folio. Cambridge means to ſay, *at* which prevention, or, which intended ſcheme

Beſeeching God, and you, to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful ſubject more rejoice
At the diſcovery of moſt dangerous treaſon,
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myſelf,
Prevented from a damned enterprize:
My fault [9], but not my body, pardon, ſovereign.

K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy! Hear your ſentence.
You have conſpir'd againſt our royal perſon,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
Receiv'd the golden earneſt of our death;
Wherein you would have ſold your king to ſlaughter,
His princes and his peers to ſervitude,
His ſubjects to oppreſſion and contempt,
And his whole kingdom unto deſolation [1].
Touching our perſon, ſeek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's ſafety muſt ſo tender,
Whoſe ruin you three ſought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence [2],
Poor miſerable wretches, to your death:
The taſte whereof, God, of his mercy, give you
Patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences!—Bear them hence.

[*Exeunt Conſpirators, guarded.*

Now, lords, for France; the enterprize whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war;

that it was prevented, I ſhall rejoice. Shakſpeare has many ſuch elliptical expreſſions. The intended ſcheme that he alludes to, was the taking off Henry, to make room for his brother-in-law. See the preceding note. MALONE.

[9] *My fault*, &c.] One of the conſpirators againſt queen Elizabeth, I think Parry, concludes his letter to her with theſe words: "a culpâ, *but not* a pœnâ, *abſolve me, moſt dear lady.*" This letter was much read at that time, [1585,] and the author doubtleſs copied it. JOHNSON.

The words of Parry's letter are, "Diſcharge me a *culpa*, but not a *pœna*, good ladie. REED.

[1] —unto *deſolation.*—] The folio, 1623, where alone this paſſage is found, has *into* deſolation. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

[2] —*Get you therefore hence.*] So, in Holinſhed: "—Get ye hence therefore, ye poor miſerable wretches, to the receiving of your juſt reward; wherein God's majeſty give you grace," &c. STEEVENS.

Since

Since God ſo graciouſly hath brought to light
This dangerous treaſon, lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginnings, we doubt not now,
But every rub is ſmoothed on our way.
Then, forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver
Our puiſſance into the hand of God,
Putting it ſtraight in expedition.
Chearly to ſea; the ſigns of war advance:
No king of England, if not king of France[3]. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

London. *Before Mrs.* Quickly's *houſe in* Eaſtcheap.

Enter PISTOL, Mrs. QUICKLY, NYM, BARDOLPH, *and Boy.*

Quick. Pr'ythee, honey-ſweet huſband, let me bring thee[4] to Staines.

Piſt. No; for my manly heart doth yern.—
Bardolph, be blith;—Nym, rouſe thy vaunting veins;
Boy, briſtle thy courage up; for Falſtaff he is dead,
And we muſt yern therefore.

Bard. 'Would, I were with him, whereſome'er he is, either in heaven, or in hell!

Quick. Nay, ſure, he's not in hell; he's in Arthur's boſom, if ever man went to Arthur's boſom. 'A made a finer end[5], and went away, an it had been any chriſtom child;

3 *No king of England, if not king of France.*] So in the old play before that of Shakſpeare:

"If not king of France, then of nothing muſt I be king."

STEEVENS.

4 —*let me bring thee*] Let me attend or accompany thee. See Vol. II. p. 8, n. 2. REED.

5 —finer *end,*] for *final.* JOHNSON.

Every man that dies, makes a final end; but Mrs. Quickly means to deſcribe Falſtaff's behaviour at his exit as uncommonly placid. "He made a *fine end,*" is at this day a vulgar expreſſion, when any perſon dies with reſolution and devotion.—So, Ophelia ſays of her father, "They ſay, he made a good end." MASON.

Again, in *Macbeth:*

"They ſay, *he parted well,* and paid his ſcore;
"And ſo God be with him!"

Our

child[6]; 'a parted even juſt between twelve and one, e'en at turning o'the tide[7]; for after I ſaw him fumble with the

Our author has elſewhere uſed the comparative for the poſitive. See *Macbeth*, p. 354, n. 9. Mrs. Quickly, however, needs no juſtification for not adhering to the rules of grammar.

What ſeems to militate againſt Dr. Johnſon's interpretation is, that the word *final*, which he ſuppoſes to have been meant, is rather too learned for the hoſteſs. MALONE.

[6] —*an it had been any* chriſtom *child*;] "The *chryſom* was no more than the white cloth put on the new baptiſed child." See *Johnſon's Canons of Eccleſ. Law*, 1720. The child itſelf was ſometimes called a *chryſom*, as appears from the following paſſage in *Albovine*, by Sir W. D'Avenant, 1629: "Sir, I would fain depart in quiet, like other young *chryſomes*." Again, in *Your Five Gallants*, by Middleton: "—a fine old man to his father, it would kill his heart i'faith: *he'd away like a chryſom*." STEEVENS.

In the Liturgie, 2 E. 6. *Form of private Baptiſm*, is this direction: "Then the miniſter ſhall put the white veſture, commonly called the *chriſome*, upon the child," &c. The *Gloſſary* of Du Cange (vide *Chriſmale*,) explains this ceremony thus: "Quippe olim ut et hodie, baptizatorum, ſtatim atque chriſmate in fronte ungebantur, *ne chriſma deſlueret*, capita *panno candido* obvolvebantur, qui octava demum die ab iis auferebatur." During the time therefore of their wearing this veſture, the children were, I ſuppoſe, called *chriſomes*. One is regiſtered under this deſcription in the regiſter of *Thatcham*, *Berks*, 1605. [Hearne's *Append. to the Hiſtory of Glaſtonbury*, p. 275.] "A younge *criſome* being a *man child*, beinge found drowned," &c. TYRWHITT.

The *chriſom* is properly explained as the white garment put upon the child at its baptiſm. And this the child wore till the time the mother came to be churched, who was then to offer it the miniſter. So that, truly ſpeaking, a *chriſom child* was one that died after it had been baptized, and before its mother was churched. Erroneouſly, however, it was uſed for children that die before they are baptized; and by this denomination ſuch children were entered in the bills of mortality down to the year 1726. But have I not ſeen, in ſome edition, *chriſtom* child? If that reading were ſupported by any copy of authority, I ſhould like it much. It agrees better with my dame's enuntiation, who was not very likely to pronounce a hard word with propriety, and who juſt before had called *Abraham—Arthur*. WHALLEY.

Mr. Whalley is right in his conjecture. The firſt folio reads *chriſtom*; and ſo ſhould the word be printed. The quarto has *cryſomb'd* child.—Blount in his GLOSSOGRAPHY, 1678, ſays, that *chriſoms* in the bills of mortality are ſuch children as die within the month of birth, becauſe during that time they uſe to wear the *chriſom-cloth*. MALONE.

[7] —*turning o'the tide*:] It has been a very old opinion, which Mead, *de imperio ſolis*, quotes, as if he believed it, that nobody dies but

the ſheets[8], and play with flowers, and ſmile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way[9]; for his noſe was as ſharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields[1]. How now ſir John? quoth I: what, man! be of good

but in time of ebb: half the deaths in London confute the notion; but we find that it was common among the women of the poet's time. JOHNSON.

[8] —*fumble with the ſheets*,] This paſſage is burleſqued by Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Captain*:

" 1. How does my maſter?
" 2. Faith, he lies drawing on apace.
" 1. That's an ill ſign.
" 2. And *fumbles* with the pots too.
" 1. Then there's *no way but one with him*."

Pliny in his chapter on *The Signs of Death*, makes mention of "a *fumbling* and pleiting of the bed-cloths." See P. Holland's *Tranſlation*, chap. li. STEEVENS.

There is this expreſſion, and not, I believe, deſigned as a ſneer on Shakſpeare, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Spaniſh Curate*, Act IV. ſc. v.

" A glimmering before death, 'tis nothing elſe, ſir;
" Do you ſee how *he fumbles with the ſheets?*" WHALLEY.

The ſame indication of approaching death is enumerated by Celſus, Lommius, Hippocrates and *Galen*. The teſtimony of the latter is ſufficient to ſhew that ſuch a ſymptom is by no means imaginary. "Manus ante faciem attollere, muſcas quaſi venari inani operâ, floccos carpere de veſtibus, vel pariete. Et in ſeipſo hoc expertus fuit *Galenus*. Quum enim," &c. Van Swieten *Comm.* t. ii. ſect. 708. COLLINS.

[9] —*I knew there was but one way*;] I believe this phraſe is proverbial. I meet with it again in *If you know not me, you know nobody*, 1605:

" I heard the doctors whiſper it in ſecret,
" *There is no way but one.*"

Again, in *The life and death of Gamaliel Ratſey*, 1605: "But now the courtier is in huckſter's handling, *there is no way with him but one*, for Ratſey ſeizes both his money and books." STEEVENS.

[1] —*and 'a* babbled *of green fields.*] The folio, 1623, (for theſe words are not in the quarto,) reads—and a *Table* of green fields. Mr. Theobald made the correction. Dr. Warburton objects to the emendation, on the ground of the nature of Falſtaff's illneſs; "who was ſo far from *babbling*, or wanting *cooling* in *green fields*, that his feet were cold, and he was juſt expiring." But his diſorder had been a "burning quotidian tertian." It is, I think, a much ſtronger objection, that the word *Table*, with a capital letter, (for ſo it appears in the old copy,) is very unlikely to have been printed inſtead of *babbled*. This reading is, however, preferable to any that has been yet propoſed. Mr. Smith (whoſe notes were publiſhed by Dr. Grey,) would read—*upon* a table [i. e. a table-book] of green *fells*: "to the backs or covers of which ſilver or ſteel pens very ſharp-pointed are ſometimes affixed." MALONE.

It

good cheer. So 'a cried out—God, God, God! three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him, 'a ſhould not think of God[2]; I hoped, there was no need to trouble himſelf with any ſuch thoughts yet: So, 'a bade me lay more cloaths on his feet: I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any ſtone; then I felt to his knees, and ſo upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any ſtone[3].

Nym. They ſay, he cried out of ſack.

Quick. Ay, that 'a did.

Bard. And of women.

Quick. Nay, that 'a did not.

Boy. Yes, that 'a did; and ſaid, they were devils incarnate.

Quick.

It has been obſerved (particularly by the ſuperſtition of women,) of people near death, when they are delirious by a fever, that they talk of *removing*; as it has of thoſe in a calenture, that they have their heads run on green fields. THEOBALD.

[2] —*now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a ſhould not think of God*; &c.] Perhaps Shakſpeare was indebted to the following ſtory in *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, &c. 1595, for this very characteriſtick exhortation: "A gentlewoman fearing to be drowned, ſaid, now, Jeſu, receive our ſoules! Soft, miſtreſs, anſwered the waterman; *I trow, we are not come to that paſſe yet.*" MALONE.

[3] —*cold as any ſtone.*] Such is the end of Falſtaff, from whom Shakſpeare had promiſed us in his epilogue to *Henry IV.* that we ſhould receive more entertainment. It happened to Shakſpeare as to other writers, to have his imagination crowded with a tumultuary confuſion of images, which, while they were yet unſorted and unexamined, ſeemed ſufficient to furniſh a long train of incidents, and a new variety of merriment; but which, when he was to produce them to view, ſhrunk ſuddenly from him, or could not be accommodated to his general deſign. That he once deſigned to have brought Falſtaff on the ſcene again, we know from himſelf; but whether he could contrive no train of adventures ſuitable to his character, or could match him with no companions likely to quicken his humour, or could open no new vein of pleaſantry, and was afraid to continue the ſame ſtrain leſt it ſhould not find the ſame reception, he has for ever diſcarded him, and made haſte to diſpatch him, perhaps for the ſame reaſon for which Addiſon killed Sir Roger, that no other hand might attempt to exhibit him.

Let meaner authors learn from this example, that it is dangerous to ſell the bear which is yet not hunted; to promiſe to the publick what they have not written.

This

Quick. 'A could never abide carnation[4]; 'twas a colour he never lik'd.

Boy. 'A ſaid once, the devil would have him about women.

Quick. 'A did in ſome ſort, indeed, handle women: but then he was rheumatick[5]; and talk'd of the whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember, 'a ſaw a flea ſtick upon Bardolph's noſe; and 'a ſaid, it was a black ſoul burning in hell-fire?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone, that maintain'd that fire: that's all the riches I got in his ſervice.

Nym. Shall we ſhog? the king will be gone from Southampton.

Piſt. Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips.
Look to my chattels, and my moveables:
Let ſenſes rule[6]; the word is, *Pitch and pay*[7];
Truſt none;
For oaths are ſtraws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-faſt is the only dog, my duck;

This diſappointment probably inclined queen Elizabeth to command the poet to introduce him once again, and to ſhew him in love or courtſhip. This was indeed a new ſource of humour, and produced a new play from the former characters. JOHNSON.

4 —*'a could never abide* carnation;] Mrs. Quickly blunders, miſtaking *incarnate* for a colour. In *Queſtions of love*, 1566, we have, "yellowe, pale, redde, blue, whyte, graye, and *incarnate*." HENDERSON.

5 —*rheumatick*—] This word is elſewhere uſed by our author for peeviſh, or ſplenetick, as *ſcorbutico* is in Italian. Mrs. Quickly however probably means *lunatick*. MALONE.

6 *Let ſenſes rule*;] This evidently means, *let prudence govern you*: conduct yourſelf ſenſibly; and it agrees with what precedes and what follows. STEEVENS.

7—*Pitch and pay*;] The caution was a very proper one to Mrs. Quickly, who had ſuffered before, by letting Falſtaff run in her debt. The ſame expreſſion occurs in *Blurt Maſter Conſtable*, 1602: "I will commit you, ſignior, to my houſe; but will you *pitch and pay*, or will your worſhip run—?" So, again, in *Herod and Antipater*, 1622:

"—he that will purchaſe this,
"Muſt *pitch and pay*." STEEVENS.

John Florio ſays, "*Pitch and paie*, and goe your waie."

One of the old laws of Blackwell-hall, was, that "a *penny be paid* by the owner of every bale of cloth for *pitching*." FARMER.

There-

Therefore, *caveto* be thy counſellor[8].
Go, clear thy cryſtals[9].—Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France! like horſe-leeches, my boys;
To ſuck, to ſuck, the very blood to ſuck!

Boy. And that is but unwholeſome food, they ſay.

Piſt. Touch her ſoft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewel, hoſteſs. [*kiſſing her.*

Nym. I cannot kiſs, that is the humour of it; but adieu.

Piſt. Let houſewifery appear; keep cloſe[1], I thee command.

Quick. Farewel; adieu. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

France. *A Room in the French king's Palace.*

Enter the French *King, attended; the* Dauphin, *the duke of* BURGUNDY, *the* Conſtable, *and Others.*

Fr. King. Thus come the Engliſh with full power upon us;

And

[8] *Therefore,* caveto *be thy counſellor.*] The old quartos read: *Therefore* Cophetua *be thy councellor.* STEEVENS.
The reading of the text is that of the folio. MALONE.

[9] —*clear thy cryſtals.*—] Dry thine eyes: but I think it may better mean in this place, *waſh thy glaſſes.* JOHNSON.
The firſt explanation is certainly the true one. So, in *A Match at Midnight,* 1633:
" —— ten thouſand Cupids
" Methought ſat playing on that pair of *chryſtals.*"
Again, in *The Double Marriage,* by B. and Fletcher:
" —ſleep, you ſweet glaſſes,
" An everlaſting ſlumber cloſe thoſe *cryſtals!* "
Again, in *Coriolanus,* Act III. ſc. 2:
" ——the *glaſſes* of my ſight."
The old quartos 1600 and 1608, read: *Clear* up *thy chriſtals.* STEEV.

[1] —*keep cloſe,*—] The quartos 1600 and 1608 read:—*keep faſt thy buggle boe*; which certainly is not nonſenſe, as the ſame expreſſion is uſed by Shirley in his *Gentleman of Venice:*
" ——the courtiſans of Venice
" Shall keep their *bugle bowes* for thee, dear uncle."
The reader may ſuppoſe *buggle boe* to be juſt what he pleaſes. STEEV.
Whatever covert ſenſe Piſtol may have annexed to this word, it appears from Cole's Latin Dictionary, 1678, that *bogle-bo* (now corruptly ſounded *bugaboo*

And more than carefully[2] it us concerns,
To anſwer royally in our defences.
Therefore the dukes of Berry, and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant, and of Orleans, ſhall make forth,—
And you, prince Dauphin,—with all ſwift diſpatch,
To line, and new repair, our towns of war,
With men of courage, and with means defendant:
For England his approaches makes as fierce,
As waters to the ſucking of a gulph.
It fits us then, to be as provident
As fear may teach us, out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected Engliſh
Upon our fields.

Dau. My moſt redoubted father,
It is moſt meet we arm us 'gainſt the foe:
For peace itſelf ſhould not ſo dull a kingdom,
(Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in queſtion,)
But that defences, muſters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, aſſembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I ſay, 'tis meet we all go forth,
To view the ſick and feeble parts of France:
And let us do it with no ſhew of fear;
No, with no more, than if we heard that England
Were buſied[3] with a Whitſun morris-dance:
For, my good liege, ſhe is ſo idly king'd[4],
Her ſcepter ſo fantaſtically borne
By a vain, giddy, ſhallow, humourous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, prince Dauphin!

You

bugabow,) ſignified "an ugly wide-mouthed picture, carryed about with May-games." Cole renders it by the Latin words, *manducus, terriculamentum.* The interpretation of the former word has been juſt given. The latter he renders thus: "A terrible ſpectacle; a fearful thing; a *ſcare-crow.*" T. C.

2 *And more than* carefully—] *More than carefully* is *with more than common care*; a phraſe of the ſame kind with *better than well.* JOHNSON.

3 *Were* buſied—] The 4to 1600 reads,—Were *troubled.* STEEVENS.

4 —*ſo idly* king'd,] Shakſpeare is not ſingular in the uſe of this verb *to king.* I find it in Warner's *Albion's England*, B. VIII. chap. xlii:

"——and *king'd* his ſiſter's ſon." STEEVENS.

You are too much miſtaken in this king:
Queſtion your grace the late ambaſſadors,—
With what great ſtate he heard their embaſſy,
How well ſupply'd with noble counſellors,
How modeſt in exception [5], and, withal,
How terrible in conſtant reſolution,—
And you ſhall find, his vanities fore-ſpent
Were but the outſide of the Roman Brutus,
Covering diſcretion with a coat of folly [6];

As

[5] *How modeſt in exception,—*] How diffident and decent in making objections. JOHNSON.

[6] *And you ſhall find, his vanities fore-ſpent*
Were but the outſide of the Roman Brutus,
Covering diſcretion with a coat of folly;] Shakſpeare not having given us, in the Firſt or Second Part of *Henry IV.* or in any other place but this, the remoteſt hint of the circumſtance here alluded to, the compariſon muſt needs be a little obſcure to thoſe who do not know or reflect that ſome hiſtorians have told us, that Henry IV. had entertained a deep jealouſy of his ſon's aſpiring ſuperior genius. Therefore to prevent all umbrage, the prince withdrew from public affairs and amuſed himſelf in conſorting with a diſſolute crew of robbers. It ſeems to me, that Shakſpeare was ignorant of this circumſtance when he wrote the two parts of *Henry IV.* for it might have been ſo managed as to have given new beauties to the character of Hal, and great improvements to the plot. And with regard to theſe matters, Shakſpeare generally tells us all he knew, and as ſoon as he knew it. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton, as uſual, appears to me to refine too much. I believe, Shakſpeare meant no more than that Henry, in his external appearance, was like the elder Brutus, wild and giddy, while in fact his underſtanding was good.

Our author's meaning is ſufficiently explained by the following lines in *The Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

" *Brutus*, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' ſide,
" Seeing ſuch emulation in their woe,
" Began to *clothe his wit* in ſtate and pride,
" Burying in Lucrece' wound his *folly's ſhow*.
" He with the Romans was eſteemed ſo,
" As ſilly-jeering ideots are with kings,
" For ſportive words, and uttering fooliſh things.
" But now he throws that *ſhallow habit* by,
" Wherein deep policy did him diſguiſe;
" And arm'd his long-hid wits adviſedly,
" To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes."

As gardeners do with ordure hide thoſe roots
That ſhall firſt ſpring, and be moſt delicate.

Dau. Well, 'tis not ſo, my lord high conſtable,
But though we think it ſo, it is no matter:
In caſes of defence, 'tis beſt to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he ſeems,
So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
Which, of a weak and niggardly projection[7],
Doth, like a miſer, ſpoil his coat, with ſcanting
A little cloth.

Thomas Otterbourne and the tranſlator of Titus Livius indeed ſay, that Henry the Fourth in his latter days was jealous of his ſon, and apprehended that he would attempt to depoſe him; to remove which ſuſpicion, the prince is ſaid (from the relation of an Earl of Ormond, who was an eye-witneſs of the fact,) to have gone with a great party of his friends to his father, in the twelfth year of his reign, and to have preſented him with a dagger, which he deſired the king to plunge into his breaſt, if he ſtill entertained any doubts of his loyalty: but, I believe, it is no where ſaid, that he threw himſelf into the company of diſſolute perſons to avoid giving umbrage to his father, or betook himſelf to irregular courſes with a political view of quieting his ſuſpicions. MALONE.

[7] *Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,*] This paſſage, as it ſtands, is ſo perplexed, that I formerly ſuſpected it to be corrupt. If *which* be referred to *proportions of defence*, (and I do not ſee to what elſe it can be referred,) the conſtruction will be,—"which *proportions* of defence, of a weak and niggardly projection, ſpoils *his coat*, like a miſer, &c."

If our author had written—

While oft a weak and niggardly projection
Doth, &c.

the reaſoning would then be clear.—In caſes of defence, it is beſt to imagine the enemy more powerful than he ſeems to be; by this means, we make more full and ample preparations to defend ourſelves: whereas on the contrary, a poor and mean idea of the enemy's ſtrength induces us to make but a ſcanty proviſion of forces againſt him; wherein we act as a miſer does, who ſpoils his coat by ſcanting of cloth.

Projection, I believe, is here uſed for *fore-caſt* or *preconception*. It may, however, mean *preparation*.

Mr. Steevens ſays, that *which* may refer to the word *defence*. But would not the ſenſe then be, "which *well prepared* defence, *with all proportions filled*, doth, in conſequence of a *weak* and *niggardly projection*, &c.

Perhaps in Shakſpeare's licentious diction the meaning may be,—"Which proportions of defence, when weakly and niggardly projected, *reſemble a miſer*, *who* ſpoils his coat, &c. The falſe concord is no objection to ſuch a conſtruction; for the ſame inaccuracy is found in almoſt every page of the old copy. MALONE.

Fr.

Fr. King. Think we king Harry ſtrong;
And, princes, look, you ſtrongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been fleſh'd upon us;
And he is bred out of that bloody ſtrain,
That haunted us in our familiar paths [8]:
Witneſs our too much memorable ſhame,
When Creſſy battle fatally was ſtruck [9],
And all our princes captiv'd, by the hand
Of that black name, Edward black prince of Wales;
Whiles that his mountain fire,—on mountain ſtanding [1],
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden ſun [2],—

[8] *That* haunted us—] To *haunt* is a word of the utmoſt horror, which ſhews that they dreaded the Engliſh as goblins and ſpirits. JOHNSON.

[9] *When Creſſy battle fatally was ſtruck,*] So, in *Robert of Glouceſter*:

" —and that fole of Somerſete—
" His come, and *ſmyte a batayle.*"

Again, in the title to one of Sir David Lyndſay's poems: " How king Ninus began the firſt warres and *ſtrake the firſt battell.*" STEEV.

[1] *Whiles that his* mountain *fire,—on mountain ſtanding,*] In a ſubſequent ſcene *Fluellen* is called in contempt, " a *mountain* ſquire;" but here no diſreſpect could have been intended; nor indeed could the epithet in that ſenſe be applied with any propriety to Edward III. who was not born in Wales, though his father Edward II. was. I believe, if the text is not corrupt, Mr. Steevens's explication is the true one. See the extract from Holinſhed, p. 461, n. 7. Mr. Theobald with ſome probability reads—*mounting* fire; i. e. high-minded, aſpiring; but the repetition of the word *mountain* is much in our author's manner, and therefore I believe the old copy is right. MALONE.

Thus, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act IV:

" Whoe'er he was, he ſhew'd a *mounting* mind."

Mr. Theobald's emendation may be right, and yet I believe the poet meant to give an idea of more than human proportion in the figure of the king:

" Quantus Athos, aut quantus Eryx, &c." *Virg.*
" Like Teneriffe or Atlas unremov'd." *Milton.*

So, in Spenſer's *Faerie Queen*, B. I. c. xi:

" Where ſtretch'd he lay upon the ſunny ſide
" Of a great hill, *himſelf like a great hill.*"
—agmen agens, magnique ipſe agminis inſtar.

Mr. Tollet thinks this paſſage may be explained by another in Act I. ſc. ii. " —*his* moſt *mighty* father on a *hill.*" STEEVENS.

[2] *Up in the air, crown'd with the golden ſun,*—] Dr. Warburton calls this " the nonſenſical line of ſome player." The idea, however, might have been taken from Chaucer's *Legend of good Women*:

" His gilt heere was *ycrownid with a ſon.*" STEEVENS.

Saw his heroical ſeed, and ſmil'd to ſee him
Mangle the work of nature, and deface
The patterns that by God and by French fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a ſtem
Of that victorious ſtock; and let us fear
The native mightineſs and fate of him [3].

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Ambaſſadors from Henry King of England
Do crave admittance to your majeſty.

Fr. King. We'll give them preſent audience. Go, and bring them. [*Exeunt* Meſſ. *and certain* Lords.
You ſee, this chaſe is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and ſtop purſuit: for coward dogs
Moſt ſpend their mouths [4], when what they ſeem to threaten,
Runs far before them. Good my ſovereign,
Take up the Engliſh ſhort; and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head:
Self-love, my liege, is not ſo vile a ſin,
As ſelf-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, with EXETER *and Train.*

Fr. King. From our brother England?

Exe. From him; and thus he greets your majeſty.
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you diveſt yourſelf, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories, that, by gift of heaven,
By law of nature, and of nations, 'long
To him, and to his heirs; namely, the crown,
And all wide-ſtretched honours that pertain,
By cuſtom, and the ordinance of times,
Unto the crown of France. That you may know,
'Tis no ſiniſter, nor no aukward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vaniſh'd days,
Nor from the duſt of old oblivion rak'd,

[3] —*fate of him.*] His *fate* is what is allotted him by deſtiny, or what he is fated to perform. JOHNSON.

So Virgil, ſpeaking of the future deeds of the deſcendants of Æneas: "Attollens humeris famamque et *fata* nepotum." STEEVENS.

[4] —*ſpend their mouths,*] That is, *bark*; the ſportſman's term. JOHNSON.

He

He ſends you this moſt memorable line [5], [*gives a paper.*
In every branch truly demonſtrative;
Willing you, overlook this pedigree:
And, when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his moſt fam'd of famous anceſtors,
Edward the third, he bids you then reſign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or elſe what follows?

Exe. Bloody conſtraint; for if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
Therefore in fierce tempeſt is he coming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove;
(That, if requiring fail, he will compel;)
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown; and to take mercy
On the poor ſouls, for whom this hungry war
Opens his vaſty jaws: and on your head
Turns he * the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood [6], the pining maidens' groans,
For huſbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That ſhall be ſwallow'd in this controverſy.
This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my meſſage;
Unleſs the Dauphin be in preſence here,
To whom expreſsly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will conſider of this further:
To-morrow ſhall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother of England.

Dau. For the Dauphin,
I ſtand here for him; What to him from England?

[5] — *memorable line,*] This genealogy; this deduction of his *lineage.* JOHNSON.

* *Turns he*—] Thus the quarto, 1600. The folio reads—*turning* the widows' tears. MALONE.

[6] *The dead men's blood,*—] The diſpoſition of the images were more regular, if we were to read thus:

——*upon your head*
Turning the dead men's blood, the widows' tears,
The orphans' cries, the pining maidens' groans, &c. JOHNSON.

Pining is the reading of the quarto, 1600. The folio has—*privy.* *Blood* is the reading of the folio.—The quarto inſtead of it has—*bones.* MALONE.

Exe. Scorn, and defiance; ſlight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not miſbecome
The mighty ſender, doth he prize you at.
Thus ſays my king: and, if your father's highneſs
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you ſent his majeſty,
He'll call you to ſo hot an anſwer for it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall chide your treſpaſs [7], and return your mock
In ſecond accent of his ordnance [8].

Dau. Say, if my father render fair reply,
It is againſt my will: for I deſire
Nothing but odds with England; to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did preſent him with thoſe Paris balls.

Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre ſhake for it,
Were it the miſtreſs court of mighty Europe:
And, be aſſur'd, you'll find a difference,
(As we, his ſubjects, have in wonder found,)
Between the promiſe of his greener days,
And theſe he maſters now [9]; now he weighs time,
Even to the utmoſt grain; which you ſhall read [1]
In your own loſſes, if he ſtay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow ſhall you know our mind at full.

Exe. Diſpatch us with all ſpeed, leſt that our king

7 *Shall* chide *your treſpaſs,*] To *chide* is to *reſound,* to *echo.* So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream:*

" —— never did I hear
" Such gallant *chiding.*"

So, in *King Henry VIII:*

" As doth a rock againſt the *chiding* flood." STEEVENS.

This interpretation is confirmed by a paſſage in the *Tempeſt:*

" —— the thunder,
" That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
" The name of Proſper; it did *baſs* my *treſpaſs.*" MALONE.

8 — *of his* ordnance.] *Ordnance* is here uſed as a triſyllable; being in our author's time improperly written *ordinance.* MALONE.

9 — *he* maſters *now*;] Thus the folio. The quartos 1600 and 1608, read *muſters.* STEEVENS.

1 — *you ſhall* read—] So the folio. The quarto 1600, has—you ſhall *find.* MALONE.

Come

Come here himſelf to queſtion our delay;
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You ſhall be ſoon diſpatch'd, with fair conditions:
A night is but ſmall breath, and little pauſe,
To anſwer matters of this conſequence. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Thus with imagin'd wing our ſwift ſcene flies,
In motion of no leſs celerity
Than that of thought. Suppoſe, that you have ſeen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty[2]; and his brave fleet
With ſilken ſtreamers the young Phœbus fanning[3].
Play with your fancies; and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle, ſhip-boys climbing:
Hear the ſhrill whiſtle, which doth order give
To ſounds confus'd[4]: behold the threaden ſails,
Borne with the inviſible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd ſea,
Breaſting the lofty ſurge: O, do but think,

[2] *The well-appointed king at* Hampton *pier*
Embark his royalty;] The folio, in which alone the choruſes are found, reads *Dover* pier. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Among the records of the town of Southampton, they have a minute and authentic account (drawn up at that time) of the encampment of Henry the fifth near the town, before this embarkment for France. It is remarkable, that the place where the army was encamped, then a low level plain or a down, is now entirely covered with ſea, and called Weſtport. T. WARTON.

[3] —*Phœbus* fanning,] Old Copy—*fayning*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[4] *Hear the ſhrill* whiſtle, *which doth order give*
To ſounds confus'd:] So in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:
"——the boatſwain *whiſtles*, and
"The maſter calls, and trebles the *confuſion*." MALONE.

You ſtand upon the rivage [5], and behold
A city on the inconſtant billows dancing;
For ſo appears this fleet majeſtical,
Holding due courſe to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
Grapple your minds to ſternage of this navy [6];
And leave your England, as dead midnight, ſtill,
Guarded with grandſires, babies, and old women,
Either paſt, or not arriv'd to, pith and puiſſance:
For who is he, whoſe chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
Theſe cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
Work, work, your thoughts, and therein ſee a ſiege:
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppoſe, the ambaſſador from the French comes back;
Tells Harry—that the king doth offer him
Catharine his daughter; and with her, to dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
With linſtock [7] now the deviliſh cannon touches,
[*Alarum; and chambers go off.*
And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke [8] out our performance with your mind. [*Exit.*

[5] —*rivage*,—] The *bank* or ſhore. JOHNSON.
Rivage: French. So, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. IV. c. i.
"Pactolus with his waters ſhere
"Throws forth upon the *rivage* round about him nere." STEEV.

[6] *Grapple your minds to* ſternage *of this navy*;] The ſtern being the hinder part of the ſhip, the meaning is, let your minds follow cloſe after the navy. STEEVENS.
I ſuſpect, that the author wrote, *ſteerage*. So, in *Pericles*:
"——Think his pilot, thought;
"So with his *ſteerage* ſhall your *thoughts grow on*,
"To fetch his daughter home." MALONE.

[7] —*linſtock*—] The ſtaff to which the match is fixed when ordnance is fired. JOHNSON.

[8] *And* eke—] This word is in the firſt folio written *eech*; as it was, ſometimes at leaſt, pronounced —So, in *Pericles*, 1609:
"And time that is ſo briefly ſpent,
"With your fine fancies quaintly *eech*;
"What's dumb in ſhew I'll plain with *ſpeech*." MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE I.

The ſame. Before Harfleur.

Alarums. Enter King HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, *and ſoldiers, with ſcaling ladders.*

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or cloſe the wall up with our Engliſh dead[9]!
In peace, there's nothing ſo becomes a man,
As modeſt ſtillneſs, and humility:
But when the blaſt of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tyger[1];
Stiffen the ſinews, ſummon up the blood[2],
Diſguiſe fair nature with hard-favour'd rage:
Then lend the eye a terrible aſpect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head[3],
Like the braſs cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully, as doth a galled rock

9 *Or cloſe the wall,* &c.] Here is apparently a chaſm. One line at leaſt is loſt, which contained the other part of a disjunctive propoſition. The king's ſpeech is, *dear friends,* either win the town, *or cloſe up the wall with dead.* The old quarto gives no help. JOHNSON.

1 —*when the blaſt of war blows in our ears,*
Then imitate the action of the tyger,] Sir Tho. Hanmer has obſerved on the following paſſage in *Troilus and Creſſida,* that in *ſtorms and high winds the tyger* roars and rages moſt furiouſly.

" —even ſo
" Doth valour's ſhew and valour's worth divide
" In ſtorms of fortune: for, in her ray and brightneſs,
" The herd hath more annoyance by the brize
" Than by the *tyger:* but when ſplitting winds
" Make flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
" And flies flee under ſhade, why then the thing of courage,
" As rouz'd with rage, with rage doth ſympathize," &c.

STEEVENS.

2 —ſummon *up the blood,*] Old Copy—*Commune,* &c. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

3 —portage *of the head,*] *Portage,* open ſpace, from *port,* a gate. Let the eye appear in the head as cannon through the battlements, or embraſures, of a fortification. JOHNSON.

So we now ſay—the *port-holes* of a ſhip. MASON.

O'er-

O'er-hang and jutty his confounded baſe [4],
Swill'd with the wild and waſteful ocean.
Now ſet the teeth, and ſtretch the noſtril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every ſpirit [5]
To his full height!—On, on, you noble Engliſh *,
Whoſe blood is ſet from fathers of war-proof [6]!
Fathers, that, like ſo many Alexanders,
Have, in theſe parts, from morn till even fought,
And ſheath'd their ſwords for lack of argument [7].
Diſhonour not your mothers; now atteſt,
That thoſe, whom you call'd fathers, did beget you!
Be copy now to men of groſſer blood,
And teach them how to war!—And you, good yeomen,
Whoſe limbs were made in England, ſhew us here
The mettle of your paſture; let us ſwear
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not;
For there is none of you ſo mean and baſe,
That hath not noble luſtre in your eyes.
I ſee you ſtand like greyhounds in the ſlips,
Straining upon the ſtart [8]. The game's afoot;
Follow your ſpirit: and, upon this charge,
Cry—God for Harry! England! and ſaint George!

[*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.*

4 — *his* confounded *baſe,*] His *worn* or *waſted* baſe. JOHNSON.

One of the ſenſes of to *confound*, in our author's time, was, to *deſtroy*. See Minſheu's DICT. in v. MALONE.

5 — *bend up every ſpirit*—] A metaphor from the bow. JOHNSON.

So again, in *Hamlet*: "—they fool me to the top of my *bent*." Again, in *Macbeth*:

"I am ſettled, and *bend up*
"*Each corporal agent* to this terrible feat." MALONE.

* — *you* noble *Engliſh*,] The folio (where alone this ſpeech is found,) has—you *nobliſh* Engliſh. For the preſent correction I am anſwerable. The editor of the ſecond folio reads—*nobleſt*. MALONE.

6 *Whoſe blood is* ſet *from fathers of war-proof!*] Thus the folio 1623, and rightly. So Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. III.

"Whom ſtrange adventure did from Britain *fet*."

Again, in Lord Surrey's tranſlation of the ſecond book of Virgil's *Æneid*:

"And with that winde had *fet* the land of Grece."

The ſacred writings afford many inſtances to the ſame purpoſe. STEEV.

7 — *argument.*] is *matter*, or *ſubject*. JOHNSON.

8 Straining *upon the ſtart.*] The old copy reads *Straying*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE II.

The ſame.

Forces paſs over; then enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, *and* Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

Nym. 'Pray thee, corporal [9], ſtay; the knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a caſe of lives [1]: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-ſong of it.

Piſt. The plain-ſong is moſt juſt; for humours do abound;
Knocks go and come; God's vaſſals drop and die;
And ſword and ſhield,
In bloody field,
Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. 'Would I were in an ale-houſe in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and ſafety.

Piſt. And I:
If wiſhes would prevail with me [2],
My purpoſe ſhould not fail with me,
But thither would I hye.

[9] — *corporal,*] We ſhould read *lieutenant.* It is Bardolph to whom he ſpeaks. STEEVENS.

Though Bardolph is only a corporal in *K. Henry IV.* as our author has in this play, from inadvertence or deſign, made him a lieutenant, I think with Mr. Steevens, that we ſhould read *lieutenant.* See a former note, p. 477. The truth is, I believe, that the variations in his title proceeded merely from Shakſpeare's inattention. MALONE.

[1] — *a caſe of lives:*] A ſet of lives, of which, when one is worn out, another may ſerve. JOHNSON.

Perhaps only *two*; as a *caſe* of piſtols; and in Ben Jonſon, a *caſe* of maſques. WHALLEY.

I believe Mr. Whalley's explanation is the true one. A *caſe* of piſtols, which was the current phraſe for a pair or brace of piſtols, in our author's time, is at this day the term always uſed in Ireland, where much of the language of the age of Elizabeth is yet retained. MALONE.

[2] *If wiſhes,* &c.] This paſſage, I have replaced from the firſt folio, which is the only authentick copy of this play. Theſe lines, which perhaps are part of a ſong, Mr. Pope did not like, and therefore changed them in conformity to the imperfect play in quarto, and was followed by the ſucceeding editors. For *prevail* I ſhould read *avail.* JOHNSON.

Boy.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as bird doth ſing on bough[3].

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Got's plood!—Up to the preaches[4], you raſcals! will you not up to the preaches? [*driving them forward.*

Piſt. Be merciful, great duke[5], to men of mould[6]!
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage!
Abate thy rage, great duke!
Good bawcock, bate thy rage! uſe lenity, ſweet chuck!

Nym. Theſe be good humours!—your honour wins bad humours[7]. [*Exeunt* Nym, Piſtol, *and* Bardolph, *followed by* Fluellen.

Boy.

3 *As duly*, &c.] This ſpeech I have reſtored from the folio. Steev.

4 — *up to the* preaches, &c.] Thus the quarto, with only the difference of *breaches* inſtead of *preaches*. Modern editors have been very liberal of their Welch dialect. The folio reads, *Up to the breach, you dogges; avaunt, you cullions.* Steevens.

5 *Be merciful*, great duke,] That is, great commander. So, in Harrington's *Orlando Furioſo*, 1591:

" And as herſelf the dame of Carthage kill'd,
" When as the Trojan *duke* did her forſake,—."

The Trojan *duke* is only a tranſlation of *dux* Trojanus. So, alſo in many of our old poems, *Duke* Theſeus, *Duke* Hannibal, &c. See Vol. II. p. 441, n. 1. In Piſtol's mouth the word has here peculiar propriety.

The author of Remarks, &c. on the laſt edition of Shakſpeare, ſays, that " in the folio it is the duke of Exeter, and not Fluellen, who enters [here], and to whom Piſtol addreſſes himſelf." It is ſufficient to ſay, that in the only folio of any authority, that of 1623, this is not the caſe. When the king retired before the entry of Bardolph, &c. the duke of Exeter certainly accompanied him, with Bedford, Gloſter, &c. though in the folio the word *Exeunt* is accidentally omitted. In the quarto, before the entry of Bardolph, Fluellen, &c. we find Exit Omnes.

In the quarto, Nym, on Fluellen's treating him ſo roughly, ſays, " abate thy rage, ſweet *knight*." Had theſe words been preſerved, I ſuppoſe this Remarker would have contended, that Nym's addreſs was not to the honeſt Welchman, but to old *Sir* Thomas Erpingham.

I ſhould not have taken the trouble to refute this taſteleſs and unfounded remark, had I not feared that my readers, in conſequence of the above-mentioned miſrepreſentation of the ſtate of the old copy, might be led to ſuppoſe that ſome arbitrary alteration had here been made in the text. Malone.

6 — *to men of mould!*] To men of *earth*, to poor mortal men. Johnson.

So, in *the Counteſs of Pembroke's Yvychurch*: " At length *man was made of mould* by crafty Prometheus." Steevens.

7 — wins *bad humours.*] In a former ſcene Nym ſays, " the king hath *run* bad humours on the knight." We ſhould therefore perhaps read

runs

Boy. As young as I am, I have obſerved theſe three ſwaſhers. I am boy to them all three: but all they three[8], though they would ſerve me, could not be man to me; for, indeed, three ſuch anticks do not amount to a man. For Bardolph,—he is white-liver'd, and red-faced; by the means whereof, 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Piſtol,—he hath a killing tongue, and a quiet ſword; by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym,—he hath heard, that men of few words are the beſt men[9]; and therefore he ſcorns to ſay his prayers, leſt 'a ſhould be thought a coward: but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own; and that was againſt a poſt, when he was drunk. They will ſteal any thing, and call it—purchaſe. Bardolph ſtole a lute-caſe; bore it twelve leagues, and ſold it for three half-pence. Nym, and Bardolph, are ſworn brothers in filching; and in Calais they ſtole a fire-ſhovel: I knew, by that piece of ſervice, the men would carry coals[1]. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets, as their gloves or their handkerchiefs: which makes much againſt my manhood, if I ſhould take from another's pocket, to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I muſt leave them, and ſeek ſome better ſervice: their villainy goes againſt my weak ſtomach, and therefore I muſt caſt it up. [*Exit Boy.*

Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER *following.*

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you muſt come preſently to the mines; the duke of Gloſter would ſpeak with you.

runs here alſo. But there is little certainty in any conjecture concerning the dialect of Nym or Piſtol. MALONE.

[8] —*but all* they *three*,—] We ſhould read, I think,—all *the* three. MALONE.

[9] —*beſt men*;] That is, *braveſt*; ſo in the next lines, *good deeds* are *brave actions*. JOHNSON.

[1] —*the men would carry coals.*] It appears that in Shakſpeare's age, *to carry coals* was, I know not why, *to endure affronts*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, one ſervingman aſks another whether he will *carry coals*. JOHNSON.

Flu. To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not ſo good to come to the mines: For, look you, the mines is not according to the diſciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not ſufficient; for, look you, th' athverſary (you may diſcuſs unto the duke, look you,) is digt himſelf four yards under the countermines[2]: by Cheſhu, I think, 'a will plow up all[3], if there is not better directions.

Gow. The duke of Gloſter, to whom the order of the ſiege is given, is altogether directed by an Iriſhman; a very valiant gentleman, i'faith.

Flu. It is captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think, it be.

Flu. By Cheſhu, he is an aſs, as in the 'orld: I will verify as much in his peard: he has no more directions in the true diſciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman diſciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter MACMORRIS, *and* JAMY, *at a diſtance.*

Gow. Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, captain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition, and knowledge, in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheſhu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the 'orld, in the diſciplines of the priſtine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I ſay, gud-day, captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worſhip, goot captain Jamy.

Gow. How now, captain Macmorris? have you quit the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

Mac. By Chriſh la, tiſh ill done: the work iſh give over, the trumpet ſound the retreat. By my hand, I ſwear, and by my father's ſoul, the work iſh ill done; it iſh give over: I would have blowed up the town, ſo Chriſh ſave

Cant phraſes are the ephemerons of literature. In the quartos 1600 and 1608, the paſſage ſtands thus:

I knew by that *they meant* to carry coals. STEEVENS.

[2] — *is digt himſelf four yards under the countermines:*] Fluellen means, that the enemy had digged himſelf *countermines* four yards under the *mines.* JOHNSON.

[3] — *'a will* plow *up all,*] That is, *he will* blow *up all.* JOHNSON.

me,

me, la, in an hour. O, tiſh ill done, tiſh ill done; by my hand, tiſh ill done!

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I peſeech you now, will you voutſafe me, look you, a few diſputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the diſciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly, to ſatisfy my opinion, and partly, for the ſatisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military diſcipline; that is the point.

Jamy. It ſall be very gud, gud feith, gud captains bath: and I ſall quit you[4] with gud leve, as I may pick occaſion; that ſall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to diſcourſe, ſo Chriſh ſave me: the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes; it is no time to diſcourſe. The town is beſeech'd, and the trumpet calls us to the breach; and we talk, and, by Chriſh, do nothing; 'tis ſhame for us all: ſo God ſa' me, 'tis ſhame to ſtand ſtill; it is ſhame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done, ſo Chriſh ſa' me, la.

Jamy. By the meſs, ere theiſe eyes of mine take themſelves to ſlumber, aile do gude ſervice, or aile ligge i'the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay it as valorouſly as I may, that ſal I ſurely do, that is the breff and the long: Mary, I wad full fain heard ſome queſtion 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

Mac. Of my nation? What iſh my nation? iſh a villain, and a baſtard, and a knave, and a raſcal? What iſh my nation? Who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwiſe than is meant, captain Macmorris, peradventure, I ſhall think you do not uſe me with that affability as in diſcretion you ought to uſe me, look you; being as goot a man as your-

4 — *I ſall quit you*—] That is, I ſhall, with your permiſſion, *requite you*, that is, *anſwer you*, or interpoſe with my arguments, as I ſhall find opportunity. JOHNSON.

ſelf,

ſelf, both in the diſciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you ſo good a man as myſelf: ſo Chriſh ſave me, I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will miſtake each other.

Jamy. Au! that's a foul fault. [*A parley ſounded.*

Gow. The town ſounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be ſo bold as to tell you, I know the diſciplines of war; and there's an end[5].

SCENE III.

The ſame. Before the gates of Harfleur.

The Governour and ſome citizens on the walls; the Engliſh *forces below. Enter King* HENRY *and his Train.*

K. Hen. How yet reſolves the governour of the town?
This is the lateſt parle we will admit:
Therefore, to our beſt mercy give yourſelves;
Or, like to men proud of deſtruction,
Defy us to our worſt: for, as I am a ſoldier,
(A name, that, in my thoughts, becomes me beſt,)
If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-atchieved Harfleur,
Till in her aſhes ſhe lie buried.
The gates of mercy ſhall be all ſhut up[6];
And the fleſh'd ſoldier,—rough and hard of heart,—
In liberty of bloody hand, ſhall range
With conſcience wide as hell; mowing like graſs

5 — *there's an end.*] It were to be wiſhed that the poor merriment of this dialogue had not been purchaſed with ſo much profaneneſs. JOHNS.

6 *The gates of mercy ſhall be all ſhut up*;] Mr. Gray has borrowed this thought in his *Elegy*:

"And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind." STEEVENS.

We again meet with this ſignificant expreſſion in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

"Open thy *gate of mercy*, gracious Lord!"

Sir Francis Bacon uſes the ſame expreſſion in a letter to King James, written a few days after the death of Shakſpeare: "And therefore, in concluſion, we wiſhed him [the Earl of Somerſet,] not to *ſhut the gate of* your majeſties *mercy* againſt himſelf, by being obdurate any longer." MALONE.

Your

Your freſh fair virgins, and your flowering infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war,—
Array'd in flames, like to the prince of fiends,—
Do, with his ſmirch'd complexion, all fell feats
Enlink'd to waſte and deſolation [7]?
What is't to me, when you yourſelves are cauſe,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedneſs,
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may as bootleſs ſpend our vain command
Upon the enraged ſoldiers in their ſpoil,
As ſend precepts to the Leviathan
To come aſhore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town, and of your people,
Whiles yet my ſoldiers are in my command;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'er-blows the filthy and contagious clouds [8]
Of heady murder [9], ſpoil, and villainy.
If not, why, in a moment, look to ſee
The blind and bloody ſoldier with foul hand
Defile the locks [1] of your ſhrill-ſhrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the ſilver beards,
And their moſt reverend heads daſh'd to the walls;
Your naked infants ſpitted upon pikes;
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod's bloody-hunting ſlaughtermen.

[7] — *fell feats*
Enlink'd to waſte and deſolation?] All the ſavage practices naturally concomitant to the ſack of cities. JOHNSON.

[8] *Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace*
O'er-blows the filthy and contagious clouds—] This is a very harſh metaphor. To *over-blow* is to *drive away*, or *to keep off*. JOHNSON.

[9] *Of* heady *murder*—] The folio has *beadly*. The paſſage is not in the quarto. The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. *Heady* muſt mean *headſtrong*. Though *deadly* is an epithet of but little force, applied to murder, I yet ſuſpect it to have been the poet's word. MALONE.

[1] Defile *the locks*—] The folio reads:—*Deſire* the locks. STEEVENS.
The emendation is Mr. Pope's. MALONE.

What ſay you? will you yield, and this avoid?
Or, guilty in defence, be thus deſtroy'd?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dauphin, whom of ſuccour we entreated,
Returns us—that his powers are not yet ready
To raiſe ſo great a ſiege. Therefore, dread king,
We yield our town, and lives, to thy ſoft mercy:
Enter our gates; diſpoſe of us, and ours;
For we no longer are defenſible.

K. Hen. Open your gates.—Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
And fortify it ſtrongly 'gainſt the French:
Uſe mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
The winter coming on, and ſickneſs growing
Upon our ſoldiers,—we'll retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur will we be your gueſt;
To-morrow for the march are we addreſt[2].

[*Flouriſh. The king, &c. enter the town.*

SCENE IV[3].

Rouen. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CATHARINE *and* ALICE.

Cath. *Alice, tu as eſté* [4] *en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le language.*

[2] —*are we* addreſt.] i. e. prepared. So, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:
" clamours from afar,
" Tell us theſe champions are *addreſt* for war." STEEVENS.

[3] This ſcene is mean enough, when it is read; but the grimaces of two French women, and the odd accent with which they uttered the Engliſh, made it divert upon the ſtage. It may be obſerv'd, that there is in it not only the French language, but the French ſpirit. Alice compliments the princeſs upon her knowledge of four words, and tells her that ſhe pronounces like the Engliſh themſelves. The princeſs ſuſpects no deficiency in her inſtructreſs, nor the inſtructreſs in herſelf. Throughout the whole ſcene there may be found French ſervility, and French vanity.

I cannot forbear to tranſcribe the firſt ſentence of this dialogue from the edition of 1608, that the reader who has not looked into the old copies may judge of the ſtrange negligence with which they are printed.
" *Kate.* Alice venecia, vous aves cates en, vou parte fort bon Angloys englatara, coman ſae pall vou la main en francoy." JOHNSON.

Alice.

Alice. *Un peu, madame.*

Cath. *Je te prie, m'enſeignez; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appellez vous la main, en Anglois?*

Alice. *La main? elle eſt appellée*, de hand.

Cath. De hand. *Et les doigts?*

Alice. *Les doigts? may foy, je oublie les doigts; mais je me ſouviendray. Les doigts? je penſe, qu'ils ſont appellé* de fingres; *ouy*, de fingers.

Cath. *La main*, de hand; *les doigts*, de fingres. *Je penſe, que je ſuis le bon eſcolier. J'ay gagné deux mots d'Anglois viſtement. Comment appellez vous les ongles?*

Alice. *Les ongles? les appellons*, de nails.

Cath. De nails. *Eſcoutez; dites moy, ſi je parle bien:* de hand, de fingres, de nails.

Alice. *C'eſt bien dit, madame; il eſt fort bon Anglois.*

Cath. *Dites moy en Anglois, le bras.*

Alice. De arm, *madame.*

Cath. *Et le coude.*

Alice. De elbow.

Cath. De elbow. *Je m'en faitz la repetition de tous les mots, que vous m'avez appris dès a preſent.*

4 Cath. *Alice, tu as eſté*—] I have regulated ſeveral ſpeeches in this French ſcene; ſome whereof were given to Alice, and yet evidently belonged to Catharine: and ſo, *vice verſa*. It is not material to diſtinguiſh the particular tranſpoſitions I have made. Mr. Gildon has left no bad remark, I think, with regard to our poet's conduct in the character of this princeſs: "For why he ſhould not allow her," ſays he, "to ſpeak in Engliſh as well as all the other French, I cannot imagine: ſince it adds no beauty, but gives a patch'd and pye-bald dialogue of no beauty or force." THEOBALD.

In the collection of *Cheſter Whitſun Myſteries*, among the *Harleian MSS.* No. 1013, I find French ſpeeches introduced. In the *Vintner's Play*, p. 65, the three kings who come to worſhip our infant Saviour, addreſs themſelves to Herod in that language, and Herod very politely anſwers them in the ſame. At firſt, I ſuppoſed the author to have appropriated a foreign tongue to them, becauſe they were ſtrangers; but in the *Skynner's Play*, p. 144, I found Pilate talking French, when no ſuch reaſon could be offered to juſtify a change of language. Theſe myſteries are ſaid to have been written in 1328. It is hardly neceſſary to mention that in this MS. the French is as much corrupted as in the paſſage quoted by Dr. Johnſon from the 4to edition of *King Henry V.*

STEEVENS.

Alice. *Il eſt trop difficile, madame, comme je penſe.*

Cath. *Excuſez moy, Alice; eſcoutez:* De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.

Alice. De elbow, *madame.*

Cath. *O Seigneur Dieu! je m'en oublie;* De elbow. *Comment appellez vous le col?*

Alice. De neck, *madame.*

Cath. De neck: *Et le menton?*

Alice. De chin.

Cath. De ſin. *Le col,* de neck: *le menton,* de ſin.

Alice. *Ouy. Sauf voſtre honneur; en verité, vous prononces les mots auſſi droict que les natifs d' Angleterre.*

Cath. *Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grace de Dieu; et en peu de temps.*

Alice. *N'avez vous pas deja oublié ce que je vous ay enſeignée?*

Cath. *Non, je reciteray à vous promptement.* De hand, de fingre, de mails,—

Alice. De nails, *madame.*

Cath. De nails, de arme, de ilbow.

Alice. *Sauf voſtre honneur,* de elbow.

Cath. *Ainſi dis je;* de elbow, de neck, *et* de ſin: *Comment appellez vous le pieds et la robe?*

Alice. De foot, *madame; et* de con.[5]

Cath. De foot, *et* de con? *O Seigneur Dieu! ces ſont mots de ſon mauvais, corruptible, groſſe, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'uſer: Je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les Seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde. Il faut* de foot, *&* de con, *neant-moins. Je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon enſemble:* De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de neck, de ſin, de foot, de con.

Alice. *Excellent, madame!*

Cath. *C'eſt aſſez pour une fois; allons nous a diſner.*

[*Exeunt.*

[5] *De foot, madame, et de* con.] *Alice* pronounces all the other words rightly, and why ſhould ſhe be ſuppoſed not to know theſe? We ſhould read—De foot, Madame, et de *gown.* WHYTE.

SCENE

SCENE V.

The ſame. Another Room in the ſame.

Enter the French King, the DAUPHIN, *duke of* BOURBON, *the Conſtable of* France, *and Others.*

Fr. King. 'Tis certain he hath paſs'd the river Some.
Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.
Dau. *O Dieu vivant!* ſhall a few ſprays of us,—
The emptying of our fathers' luxury[6],
Our ſcions, put in wild and ſavage ſtock[7],
Spirt up ſo ſuddenly into the clouds,
And over-look their grafters?
Bour. Normans, but baſtard Normans, Norman baſtards!
Mort de ma vie! if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will ſell my dukedom,
To buy a ſlobbery and a dirty farm
In that nook-ſhotten iſle of Albion[8].
Con. *Dieu de batailles!* where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in deſpight, the ſun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can ſodden water,
A drench for ſur-rein'd jades[9], their barley broth,
Decoct their cold blood to ſuch valiant heat?

And

[6] —*luxury*,] in this place, as in others, means *luſt*. JOHNSON.

[7] —*ſavage*—] is here uſed in the French original ſenſe, for *ſilvan, uncultivated*, the ſame with *wild*. JOHNSON.

[8] *In that* nook-ſhotten *iſle of Albion.*] *Shotten* ſignifies any thing *projected*: ſo *nook-ſhotten iſle*, is an iſle that ſhoots out into capes, promontories, and necks of land, the very figure of Great Britain. WARBURTON.

[9] —*Can ſodden water,*
A drench for ſur-rein'd *jades*,—] The exact meaning of *ſur-rein'd* I do not know. It is common to give horſes over-ridden or feveriſh, ground malt and hot water mixed, which is called a *maſh*. To this he alludes. JOHNSON.

I ſuppoſe, *ſur-rein'd* means *over-ridden*; horſes on whom the rein has remained too long. MALONE.

And ſhall our quick blood, ſpirited with wine,
Seem froſty? O, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houſes' thatch [1], whiles a more froſty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth [2] in our rich fields;
Poor—we may call them [3], in their native lords.

Dau. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us; and plainly ſay,
Our mettle is bred out; and they will give
Their bodies to the luſt of Engliſh youth,
To new-ſtore France with baſtard warriors.

Bour. They bid us—to the Engliſh dancing-ſchools,
And teach lavoltas high [4], and ſwift corantos;
Saying, our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are moſt lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjóy, the herald? ſpeed him hence;
Let him greet England with our ſharp defiance.—
Up, princes; and, with ſpirit of honour edg'd,
More ſharper than your ſwords, hie to the field:
Charles De-la-bret [5], high conſtable of France;

You

The word *fur-rein'd* occurs more than once in the old plays. So, in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1601:

"Writes he not a good cordial ſappy ſtile?—
"A *fur-rein'd* jaded wit, but he rubs on."

It ſhould be obſerved that the quartos 1600 and 1608 read:

—A drench for *ſwolne* jades. STEEVENS.

[1] —*upon our houſes'* thatch.] Thus the folio. The quarto has—our houſes' *tops*. MALONE.

[2] —*drops of gallant youth*—] This is the reading of the folio. The quarto reads—drops of *youthful blood*. MALONE.

[3] —*we* may *call them*,—] *May*, which is wanting in the old copy, was added by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[4] —lavoltas *high*,] Hanmer obſerves that in this dance there was much turning and much capering. Shakſpeare mentions it more than once, but never ſo particularly as the author of *Muleaſſes the Turk*, a tragedy, 1610:

"Be pleas'd, ye powers of night, and 'bout me ſkip
"Your antick meaſures; like to coal-black Moors
"Dancing their high *lavoltoes* to the ſun,
"Circle me round." STEEVENS.

[5] *Charles De-la-bret*,—] Milton ſomewhere bids the Engliſh take no rice how their names are miſpelt by foreigners, and ſeems to think

that

You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
Jaques Chatillion, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpré, Rouſſi, and Fauconberg,
Foix, Leſtrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights[6],
For your great ſeats, now quit you of great ſhames.
Bar Harry England, that ſweeps through our land
With pennons[7] painted in the blood of Harfleur:
Ruſh on his hoſt, as doth the melted ſnow *

that we may lawfully treat foreign names in return with the ſame neglect. This privilege ſeems to be exerciſed in this catalogue of French names, which, ſince the ſenſe of the author is not affected, I have left as I found it. JOHNSON.

I have changed the ſpelling; for I know not why we ſhould leave blunders or antiquated orthography in the proper names, when we have been ſo careful to remove them both from all other parts of the text. Inſtead of *Charles De-la-bret*, we ſhould read *Charles D' Albret*; but the metre will not allow of it. STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare followed Holinſhed's Chronicle, in which the Conſtable is called *Delabreth*, as he here is in the folio. MALONE.

6 —*and* knights,] The old copy reads *kings*. The emendation is Mr. Theobald's. It is confirmed by a line in the laſt ſcene of the fourth act: "—princes, barons, lords, *knights*,—". MALONE.

7 *With* pennons—] *Pennons* armorial were ſmall flags, on which the arms, device and motto of a knight were painted. *Pennon* is the ſame as *pendant*. So, in *The Stately Moral of the Three Lords of London*, 1590:

"With curious *pendants* on their launces fix'd."

Again, in Chaucer's *Knyghtes Tale*, v. 980. late edit.

"And by his banner borne is his *penon*
"Of gold ful riche, in which there was ybete
"The Minotaure which that he ſlew in Crete."

In MS. *Harl.* No. 2413, is the following note.

"A *penon* muſt bee tow yardes and a half longe, made round att the end, and conteyneth the armes of the owner, and ſervith for the conduct of fiftie men."

"Everye knight may have his *pennon* if hee bee cheefe captaine, and in it ſett his armes: and if hee bee made bannerett, the kinge or the lieftenant ſhall make a ſlitt in the end of the *pennon*, and the heralds ſhall raiſe it out.

"*Pencells* or flagges for horſemen muſt bee a yarde and a halfe longe, with the croſſes of St. George," &c. STEEVENS.

* —*melted ſnow*—] The poet has here defeated himſelf by paſſing too ſoon from one image to another. To bid the French ruſh upon the Engliſh as the torrents formed from melted ſnow ſtream from the Alps, was at once vehement and proper, but its force is deſtroyed by the groſſneſs of the thought in the next line. JOHNSON.

Upon the vallies; whoſe low vaſſal ſeat
The Alps doth ſpit and void his rheum upon[8]:
Go down upon him,—you have power enough,—
And in a captive chariot, into Roüen
Bring him our priſoner.

Con. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I, his numbers, are ſo few,
His ſoldiers ſick, and famiſh'd in their march;
For, I am ſure, when he ſhall ſee our army,
He'll drop his heart into the ſink of fear,
And, for atchievement, offer us his ranſom[9].

Fr. King. Therefore, lord conſtable, haſte on Montjóy;
And let him ſay to England, that we ſend
To know what willing ranſom he will give.—
Prince Dauphin, you ſhall ſtay with us in Roüen*.

Dau. Not ſo, I do beſeech your majeſty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you ſhall remain with us.—
Now, forth, lord conſtable, and princes all;
And quickly bring us word of England's fall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The Engliſh *Camp in* Picardy.

Enter GOWER, *and* FLUELLEN.

Gow. How now, captain Fluellen? come you from the bridge?

Flu. I aſſure you, there is very excellent ſervice committed at the pridge.

Gow. Is the duke of Exeter ſafe?

Flu. The duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my ſoul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my livings, and my uttermoſt powers: he is not, (God be praiſed and pleſſed!) any hurt in the 'orld; but keeps

[8] *The Alps doth ſpit and void his rheum upon:*]
" Jupiter hybernas canâ nive *conſpuit* Alpes."
Fur. Bibac. ap Hor. STEEVENS.

[9] *And, for atchievement, offer us his ranſom.*] That is, *inſtead* of atchieving a victory over us, make a propoſal to us to pay a certain ſum, as a ranſom. See Vol. IV. p. 296, n. 4. MALONE.

* — *in* Roüen.] Here and a little higher we have in the old copy *Roan*, which was in Shakſpeare's time the mode of ſpelling *Roüen* in Normandy. He probably pronounced the word as a monoſyllable, *Roan*; as indeed moſt Engliſhmen do at this day. MALONE.

the

the pridge moſt valiantly[1], with excellent diſcipline. There is an enſign * at the pridge,—I think, in my very conſcience, he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no eſtimation in the 'orld; but I did ſee him do gallant ſervice.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is call'd—ancient Piſtol.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter PISTOL.

Flu. Do you not know him? Here comes the man.

Piſt. Captain, I thee beſeech to do me favours:
The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praiſe Got; and I have merited ſome love at his hands.

Piſt. Bardolph, a ſoldier, firm and ſound of heart,
Of buxom valour[2], hath,—by cruel fate,
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddeſs blind,
That ſtands upon the rolling reſtleſs ſtone[3],—

Flu. By your patience, ancient Piſtol[4]. Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler before her eyes, to ſignify to you, that fortune is plind[4]: And ſhe is painted alſo with

[1] —*but keeps the* pridge *moſt valiantly,*] This is not an imaginary circumſtance, but founded on an hiſtorical fact. After Henry had paſſed the Some, the French endeavoured to intercept him in his paſſage to Calais; and for that purpoſe attempted to break down the only bridge that there was over the ſmall river of Ternois at Blangi, over which it was neceſſary for Henry to paſs. But Henry having notice of their deſign, ſent a part of his troops before him, who attacking and putting the French to flight, preſerved the bridge, till the whole Engliſh army arrived, and paſſed over it. MALONE.

* —*there is an* enſign —] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—there is an *ancient lieutenant.* Piſtol was not a lieutenant. MALONE.

[2] *Of* buxom *valour,*] i. e. valour under good command, obedient to its ſuperiours. So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen:*

" Love tyrannizeth in the bitter ſmarts
" Of them that to him are *buxom* and prone." STEEVENS.

[3] *That goddeſs blind,*
That ſtands upon the reſtleſs rolling ſtone,—] Fortune is deſcribed by Cebes, and by Pacuvius in the fragments of Latin authors, p. 60, and the firſt book of the Pieces to Herennnius, preciſely in theſe words of our poet. It is unneceſſary to quote them. S. W.

[4] *Fortune is painted* plind, *with a muffler before her eyes, to ſignify*

with a wheel; to ſignify to you, which is the moral of it, that ſhe is turning, and inconſtant, and variation, and mutabilities: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a ſperical ſtone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls;—In good truth,[5] the poet is make a moſt excellent deſcription of fortune: fortune, look you, is an excellent moral.

Piſt. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath ſtol'n a *pix*[6], and hanged muſt 'a be.
A damned death!

Let

nify to you that fortune is plind:] Fluellen could never have ſaid that *Fortune was painted plind, to ſignify ſhe was plind.* We ſhould therefore ſtrike out the firſt *plind*, and read: *Fortune is painted with a muffler*, &c. WARBURTON.

The old reading is the true one. *Fortune, the Goddeſs*, is repreſented blind, to ſhew that *fortune*, or *the chance of life*, is without diſcernment. A *muffler* appears to have been part of a lady's dreſs. STEEV.

Minſheu in his DICTIONARY 1617, explains "a woman's *muffler*," by the French word *cachenez*, which Cotgrave defines "a kind of maſk for the face;" yet, I believe, it was made of linen, and that Minſheu only means to *compare* it to a maſk, becauſe they both might conceal part of the face. It was, I believe, a kind of hood, of the ſame form as the riding-hood now ſometimes worn by men, that covered the ſhoulders, and a great part of the face. This agrees with the only other paſſage in which the word occurs in theſe plays: "—I ſpy a great beard under her *muffler*." *Merry Wives of Windſor.* See alſo the verſes cited in Vol. II. p. 240:

"Now is ſhe barefaſt to be ſeene, ſtraight on her *muffler* goes;
"Now is ſhe huſſt up to the crowne, ſtraight *nuzled to the noſe.*"
MALONE.

The picture of *Fortune* is taken from the old hiſtory of *Fortunatus*; where ſhe is deſcribed to be a fair woman, *muffled over the eyes.* FARMER.

[5] *In good truth, &c.*] The reading here is made out of two copies, the quarto, and the firſt folio. MALONE.

[6] —*he hath ſtol'n a* pix,] The old copies have *pax*, which was a piece of board on which was the image of Chriſt on the croſs; which the people uſed to kiſs after the ſervice was ended. I have adopted Mr. Theobald's emendation for the reaſon that he aſſigns. MALONE.

It was an ancient cuſtom, at the celebration of maſs, that when the prieſt pronounced theſe words, *Pax Domini ſit ſemper vobiſcum!* both clergy and people kiſs'd one another. And this was called *Oſculum Pacis*, the Kiſs of *Peace*. But that cuſtom being abrogated, a certain image is now preſented to be kiſſed, which is called a *Pax*. But it was not this image which Bardolph ſtole; it was a *pix*, or little cheſt (from the Latin word, *pixis*, a box); in which the conſecrated

hoſt

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
And let not hemp his wind-pipe ſuffocate:
But Exeter hath given the doom of death,
For *pix* of little price.
Therefore, go ſpeak, the duke will hear thy voice;
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny-cord, and vile reproach:
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Ancient Piſtol, I do partly underſtand your meaning.

Piſt. Why then rejoice therefore[7].

Flu. Certainly, ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at: for if, look you, he were my brother, I would deſire the duke to uſe his goot pleaſure, and put him to executions; for diſciplines ought to be uſed.

Piſt. Die and be damn'd; and *figo* for thy friendſhip!

Flu. It is well.

Piſt. The fig of Spain[8]! [*Exit* PISTOL.

Flu.

boſt was uſed to be kept. "A fooliſh ſoldier," ſays Hall expreſsly, and Holinſhed after him, "ſtole a *pix* out of a church, and unreverently did eat the holy hoſtes within the ſame contained." THEOBALD.

Holinſhed (whom our author followed,) ſays, "a fooliſh ſoldier ſtole a *pixe* out of a church, for which cauſe he was apprehended, and the king would not once remove till the *box* was reſtored, and the offender *ſtrangled*." MALONE.

[7] *Why then rejoice therefore.*] This paſſage, with ſeveral others, in the character of Piſtol, is ridiculed by Ben Jonſon, in *The Poetaſter*, as follows:

"Why then lament therefore; damn'd be thy guts
"Unto king Pluto's hell, and princely Erebus;
"For ſparrows muſt have food." STEEVENS.

The former part of this paſſage in the *Poetaſter* ſeems rather to be a parody on one of Piſtol's in *King Henry IV.* P. II. p. 428. "Why then *lament* therefore." Perhaps in that before us our author had in his thoughts a very contemptible play of Marlowe's,—*The Maſſacre of Paris*:

"The Guiſe is dead, and *I rejoice therefore*." MALONE.

[8] *The fig of Spain!*] This is no alluſion to the *fico* already explained in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. but to the cuſtom of giving poiſon'd figs to thoſe who were the objects either of Spaniſh or Italian revenge. The quartos 1600 and 1608 read: "The fig of Spain *within thy jaw*;" and afterwards: "The fig *within thy bowels and thy dirty maw*." So, in one of Gaſcoigne' *Poems*:

"It

Flu. Very good[9].

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit raſcal; I remember him now; a bawd; a cut-purſe.

Flu. I'll aſſure you 'a utter'd as prave 'ords at the pridge, as you ſhall ſee in a ſummer's day: But it is very well; what he has ſpoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is ſerve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue; that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himſelf, at his return into London, under the form of a ſoldier. And ſuch fellows are perfect in great commanders' names: and they will learn you by rote, where ſervices were done;—at ſuch and ſuch a ſconce[1], at ſuch a breach, at ſuch a convoy; who came off bravely, who was ſhot, who diſgraced, what terms the enemy ſtood on; and this they con perfectly in the phraſe of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: And what a beard of the general's cut[2], and a horrid ſuit of the camp[3], will do among foaming

" It may fall out that thou ſhalt be entic'd
" To ſup ſometimes with a magnifico,
" And have a *fico* foiſted in thy diſh," &c.

Again, in *The Noble Soldier*, 1634:

"—Is it [poiſon] ſpeeding?—
" As all our *Spaniſh figs* are." STEEVENS.

The quarto ſhews, I think, that Mr. Steevens is right. Mr. Reed is of opinion that "the fig of Spain is here only a term of contempt. In the old tranſlation of *Galateo of manners and behaviour*, we have,

" She gave *the Spaniſh figge*
" With both her thumbes at once."

See p. 429, n. 9. MALONE.

9 *Very good.*] Inſtead of theſe two words, the quartos read: "Captain Gower, cannot you hear it lighten and thunder?" STEEVENS.

1 —*a ſconce,*] appears to have been ſome haſty, rude, inconſiderable kind of fortification. STEEVENS.

So, Falſtaff, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*: "I will *enſconce*, [i.e. entrench] myſelf behind the arras." BLACKSTONE.

2 —*a beard of the* general's cut,—] It appears from an old ballad inſerted in a Miſcellany, entitled *Le Prince d'Amour*, 8vo. 1660, that our anceſtors were very curious in the faſhion of their beards, and that a certain *cut* or form was appropriated to the ſoldier, the biſhop, the judge, the clown, &c. The *ſpade*-beard, and perhaps the *ſtiletto*-beard alſo, was appropriated to the firſt of theſe characters. It is obſervable that our author's patron, Henry Earl of Southampton, who ſpent much of his time in camps, is drawn with the latter of theſe beards; and his unfortunate friend, Lord Eſſex, is conſtantly repreſented with

ſoaming bottles, and ale-waſh'd wits, is wonderful to be thought on! but you muſt learn to know ſuch ſlanders of the age[4], or elſe you may be marvellouſly miſtook.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain Gower;—I do perceive, he is not the man that he would gladly make ſhew to the 'orld he is; if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the king is coming; and I muſt ſpeak with him from the pridge[5].

Enter

with the former. In the ballad above mentioned the various forms of this fantaſtick ornament are thus deſcribed:

" Now of beards there be,
" Such a companie,
" Of faſhions ſuch a throng,
" That it is very hard
" To treat of the beard,
" Though it be ne'er ſo long.
* * *
" The *ſteeletto* beard,
" O, it makes me afeard,
" It is ſo ſharp beneath;
" For he that doth place
" A dagger in his face,
" What wears he in his ſheath?
* * *
" The *ſoldiers* beard
" Doth match in this herd,
" In figure like a *ſpade*;
" With which he will make
" His enemies quake,
" To think their grave is made.
" Next the *clown* doth out-ruſh,
" With the beard of the buſh," &c. MALONE.

3 —*a horrid* ſuit *of the camp*,] Thus the folio. The quartos 1600, &c. read—a horrid *ſhout* of the camp. STEEVENS.

Suit, I have no doubt, is the true reading. Soldiers *ſhout* in a *field of battle*, but not in a *camp*. *Suit* in our author's time appears to have been pronounced *ſhoot*: (See Vol. II. p. 363, n. 8.) hence probably the corrupt reading of the quarto. MALONE.

4 —*ſuch ſlanders of the age*,] This was a character very troubleſome to wiſe men in our author's time. " It is the practice with him," ſays Aſcham, " to be warlike, though he never looked enemy in the face; yet ſome warlike ſign muſt be uſed, as a ſlovenly buſkin, or an over-ſtaring frowned head, as though out of every hair's top ſhould ſuddenly ſtart a good big oath." JOHNSON.

5 *I muſt ſpeak with him* from the pridge.] " *Speak with him from the pridge*, Mr. Pope tells us, is added to the latter editions; but that it

is

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, *and ſoldiers*[6].

Flu. Got pleſs your majeſty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen? cameſt thou from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, ſo pleaſe your majeſty. The duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintain'd the pridge: the French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and moſt prave paſſages: Marry, th'athverſary was have poſſeſſion of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the duke of Exeter is maſter of the pridge: I can tell your majeſty, the duke is a prave man.

K. Hen. What men have you loſt, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th'athverſary hath been very great, very reaſonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath loſt never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majeſty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs[7], and flames of fire; and his lips

is plain from the ſequel, that the ſcene here continues, and the affair of the bridge is over." This is a moſt inaccurate criticiſm. Though the affair of the bridge be over, is that a reaſon, that the king muſt receive no intelligence from thence? Fluellen, who comes from the bridge, wants to acquaint the king with the tranſactions that had happened there. This he calls *ſpeaking to the king from the pridge*. THEOBALD.

With this Dr. Warburton concurs. JOHNSON.

The words, *from the bridge*, are in the folio, 1623, but not in the quarto; and I ſuſpect that they were caught by the compoſitor from King Henry's firſt ſpeech on his entrance. MALONE.

6 —*and ſoldiers.*] The direction in the folio is—"Enter the king and his *poor* ſoldiers." This was, I ſuppoſe, inſerted, that their appearance might correſpond with the ſubſequent deſcription in the chorus of Act IV. "The *poor* condemned Engliſh," &c. MALONE.

7 —*and* whelks, *and* knobs,] So, in Chaucer's character of a *Sompnour*, from which, perhaps, Shakſpeare took ſome hints for his deſcription of Bardolph's face:

"A *Sompnour* was ther with us in that place,
"That hadde a *fire-red* cherubinnes face, &c.
" ——— ——— ——— ———
"Ther na's quickſilver, litarge, ne brimſton,
"Boras, ceruſe, ne oile of tartre non,
"Ne oinement that wolde clenſe or bite,
"That might him helpen of his *whelkes* white,
"Ne of the *knobbes* ſitting on his chekes."

See the Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, late edit. v. 628, &c. STEEV.

plows

plows at his noſe, and it is like a coal of fire, ſometimes plue, and ſometimes red; but his noſe is executed [8], and his fire's out [9].

K. Hen. We would have all ſuch offenders ſo cut off:—and we give expreſs charge, that, in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for; none of the French upbraided, or abuſed in diſdainful language; For when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gameſter is the ſooneſt winner.

Tucket ſounds. Enter MONTJOY [1].

Mont. You know me by my habit [2].

K. Hen. Well then, I know thee; What ſhall I know of thee?

Mont. My maſter's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus ſays my king:—Say thou to Harry of England, Though we ſeemed dead, we did but ſleep; Advantage is a better ſoldier, than raſhneſs. Tell him, we could have rebuked him at Harfleur; but that we thought not good to bruiſe an injury, till it were full ripe:—now

[8] —*but his noſe* is *executed*, &c.] I once thought that theſe words were inconſiſtent with the foregoing,—"one that is *like to be* executed"; but Fluellen's language muſt not be too ſtrictly examined. He means, I ſuppoſe, that the fate which hung over Bardolph, had extinguiſhed the flame of his face: it no longer glowed as it formerly did. It appears from what Piſtol has juſt ſaid to Fluellen, that Bardolph was *not* yet executed; or at leaſt, that Fluellen did not know that he was executed. MALONE.

[9] —*his fire's out.*] This is the laſt time that any ſport can be made with the red face of Bardolph, which, to confeſs the truth, ſeems to have taken more hold on Shakſpeare's imagination than any other. The conception is very cold to the ſolitary reader, though it may be ſomewhat invigorated by the exhibition on the ſtage. This poet is always more careful about the preſent than the future, about his audience than his readers. JOHNSON.

[1] *Enter Montjoy.*] *Montjoie* is the title of the firſt king at arms in France, as *Garter* is in our own country. STEEVENS.

[2] —*by my habit.*] That is, by his herald's coat. The perſon of a herald being inviolable, was diſtinguiſhed in thoſe times of formality by a peculiar dreſs, which is likewiſe yet worn on particular occaſions. JOHNSON.

we ſpeak upon our cue[3], and our voice is imperial: England ſhall repent his folly, ſee his weakneſs, and admire our ſufferance. Bid him, therefore, conſider of his ranſom; which muſt proportion the loſſes we have borne, the ſubjects we have loſt, the diſgrace we have digeſted; which, in weight to re-anſwer, his pettineſs would bow under. For our loſſes, his exchequer is too poor; for the effuſion of our blood, the muſter of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our diſgrace, his own perſon, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthleſs ſatisfaction. To this add—defiance: and tell him, for concluſion, he hath betrayed his followers, whoſe condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and maſter; ſo much my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou doſt thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy king,—I do not ſeek him now;
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment[4]: for, to ſay the ſooth,
(Though 'tis no wiſdom to confeſs ſo much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,)
My people are with ſickneſs much enfeebled;
My numbers leſſen'd; and thoſe few I have,
Almoſt no better than ſo many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought, upon one pair of Engliſh legs
Did march three Frenchmen,—Yet, forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus!—this your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me; I muſt repent.
Go, therefore, tell thy maſter, here I am;
My ranſom, is this frail and worthleſs trunk;
My army, but a weak and ſickly guard;
Yet, God before[5], tell him we will come on,

Though

3 —*upon our* cue,] In our turn. This phraſe the author learned among players, and has imparted it to kings. JOHNSON.

4 *Without* impeachment.] i. e. hindrance. *Empechement*, French. STEEVENS.

5 —*God before*,] This was an expreſſion in that age for *God being my guide*, or when uſed to another, *God be thy guide*. So, in an old dialogue

Though France himſelf, and ſuch another neighbour,
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.
Go, bid thy maſter well adviſe himſelf:
If we may paſs, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We ſhall your tawny ground with your red blood
Diſcolour [6]: and ſo, Montjoy, fare you well.
The ſum of all our anſwer is but this:
We would not ſeek a battle, as we are;
Nor, as we are, we ſay, we will not ſhun it;
So tell your maſter.

Mont. I ſhall deliver ſo. Thanks to your highneſs.
[*Exit* MONTJOY.

Glo. I hope, they will not come upon us now.

K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.
March to the bridge; it now draws toward night:—
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourſelves;
And on to-morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The French Camp near Agincourt.

Enter the Conſtable *of* France, *the Lord* RAMBURES, *the Duke of* ORLEANS, DAUPHIN, *and Others.*

Con. Tut! I have the beſt armour of the world.—
'Would, it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let my horſe have his due.

Con. It is the beſt horſe of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

logue between a herdſman and a maiden going on pilgrimage to Walſingham, the herdſman takes his leave in theſe words:

"*Now, go thy ways, and* God before."

To *prevent* was uſed in the ſame ſenſe. JOHNSON.

[6] *There's for thy labour, Montjoy.*
Go, bid thy maſter well adviſe *himſelf:—*
We ſhall your tawny ground *with your* red blood
Diſcolour:] From Holinſhed: "My deſire is, that none of you be ſo *unadviſed*, as to be the occaſion that I in my defence ſhall *colour* and make *red your tawny ground* with the effuſion of chriſtian *bloud*. When he [Henry] had thus anſwered the herauld, he gave him *a greate rewarde*, and licenſed him to depart." MALONE.

It appears from many ancient books that it was always cuſtomary to reward a herald, whether he brought defiance or congratulation. STEEV.

Dau. My lord of Orleans, and my lord high conſtable, you talk of horſe and armour,—

Orl. You are as well provided of both, as any prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this!—I will not change my horſe with any that treads but on four paſterns. *Ca, ha!* He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs[7]; *le cheval volant*, the Pegaſus, *qui a les narines de feu!* When I beſtride him, I ſoar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth ſings when he touches it; the baſeſt horn of his hoof is more muſical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beaſt for Perſeus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him[8], but only in patient ſtillneſs, while his rider mounts him: he is, indeed, a horſe; and all other jades you may call— beaſts[9].

Con.

7 *He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs;*] Alluding to the bounding of tennis-balls, which were ſtuffed with hair, as appears from *Much Ado about Nothing*:—"and the old ornament of his cheek hath already ſtuff'd tennis-balls." WARBURTON.

8 —*he is pure* air *and* fire; *and the dull elements of* earth *and* water *never appear in him,*] Thus Cleopatra, ſpeaking of herſelf:

"I am *air* and *fire*; my other elements
"I give to baſer life." STEEVENS.

So, in our author's 44th Sonnet:

"—ſo much of *earth* and *water* wrought,
"I muſt attend time's leiſure with my moan."

Again in *Twelfth Night*: "Do not our lives conſiſt of the *four elements*?" MALONE.

9 —*and all other jades you may call*—beaſts,] *Beaſt* is always employed as a contemptuous diſtinction. So, in *Macbeth*:

"———what *beaſt* was't then,
"That made you break this enterprize to me?

Again, in *Timon*: "—what a wicked *beaſt* was I to diſfurniſh myſelf againſt ſo good a time?" STEEVENS.

Mr. Maſon has mentioned a paſſage in *Hamlet*, in which the word *beaſt* is not uſed as a contemptuous diſtinction:

"—and to ſuch wond'rous doing brought his horſe,
"As he had been incorps'd and deminatur'd
"With the brave *beaſt*."

I do

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a moſt abſolute and excellent horſe.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, couſin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from the riſing of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deſerved praiſe on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the ſea; turn the ſands into eloquent tongues, and my horſe is argument for them all: 'tis a ſubject for a ſovereign to reaſon on, and for a ſovereign's ſovereign to ride on; and for the world (familiar to us, and unknown) to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a ſonnet in his praiſe, and began thus: *Wonder of nature*[1],—

Orl. I have heard a ſonnet begin ſo to one's miſtreſs.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I compoſed to my courſer; for my horſe is my miſtreſs.

Orl. Your miſtreſs bears well.

Dau. Me well; which is the preſcript praiſe and perfection of a good and particular miſtreſs.

Con. Ma foy! the other day, methought, your miſtreſs ſhrewdly ſhook your back.

Dau. So, perhaps, did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O! then, belike, ſhe was old and gentle; and you rode, like a kerne of Ireland, your French hoſe off, and in your ſtrait troſſers[2].

Con.

I do not however think there is any ground for the tranſpoſition propoſed by Dr. Warburton, who would make *jades* and *beaſts* change places. Words under the hand of either a tranſcriber or compoſitor, never thus leap out of their places. The dauphin evidently means, that no other horſe has ſo good a title as his, to the appellation peculiarly appropriated to that fine and uſeful animal. The *general* term for *quadrupeds* may ſuffice for all other horſes. MALONE.

[1] —*Wonder of nature,*] Here, I ſuppoſe, ſome fooliſh poem of our author's time is ridiculed; which indeed partly appears from the anſwer. WARBURTON.

[2] —*like a kerne of Ireland, your French hoſe off, and in your ſtrait troſſers.*] *Troſſers* appear to have been tight breeches.—The kerns of

Con. You have good judgment in horſemanſhip.

Dau. Be warn'd by me then: they that ride ſo, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs; I had rather have my horſe to my miſtreſs.

Con. I had as lief have my miſtreſs a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, conſtable, my miſtreſs wears her own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boaſt as that, if I had a ſow to my miſtreſs.

Dau. Le chien eſt retournè à ſon propre vomiſſement, et la truie lavée au bourbier: thou makeſt uſe of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not uſe my horſe for my miſtreſs; or any ſuch proverb, ſo little kin to the purpoſe.

Ram. My lord conſtable, the armour, that I ſaw in your tent to-night, are thoſe ſtars, or ſuns, upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Ireland anciently rode without breeches, and therefore *ſtrait troſſers*, I believe, means only in their naked ſkin, which fits cloſe to them. The word is ſtill preſerved, but now written *trowſers*. STEEVENS.

"*Trowſes*," ſays the explanatory Index to *Cox's Hiſtory of Ireland*, "are breeches and ſtockings made to fit as cloſe to the body as can be." Several of the morris-dancers repreſented upon the print of my window, have ſuch hoſe or ſtrait trowſers; but the poet ſeems by the waggiſh context to have a further meaning. TOLLET.

The old copy reads—*ſtroſſers*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald; who obſerves, that "by ſtrait troſſers the poet means *femoribus denudatis*, for the kerns of Ireland wore no breeches, any more than the Scotch Highlanders." The explication is, I think, right; but that the kerns of Ireland *univerſally* rode without breeches, may be doubted. It is clear from Mr. Tollet's note, and from many paſſages in books of our author's age, that the *Iriſh ſtrait troſſers* or *trowſers* were not merely *figurative*; though, in conſequence of their being made extremely tight, Shakſpeare has here employed the words in an equivocal ſenſe. "Bumbaſted and paned hoſe, ſays Bulwer in his *Artificial Changeling*, 1653, were, ſince I can remember, in faſhion, but now our hoſe are made ſo cloſe to our breeches, that, like *Iriſh trowſers*, they too manifeſtly diſcover the dimenſion of every part." The quotation is Mr. Collins's.—When Sir John Perrot, Lord Deputy of Ireland in 1585, inſiſted on the Iriſh nobility wearing the Engliſh dreſs, and appearing in parliament in robes, one of them, being very loth to change his old habit, requeſted that the deputy would order his chaplain to walk through the ſtreets with him in *trowſers*, "for then, (ſaid he,) the boys will laugh at him as well as me." MALONE.

Con.

Con. And yet my ſky ſhall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many ſuperfluouſly; and 'twere more honour, ſome were away.

Con. Even as your horſe bears your praiſes; who would trot as well, were ſome of your brags diſmounted.

Dau. 'Would I were able to load him with his deſert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way ſhall be paved with Engliſh faces.

Con. I will not ſay ſo, for fear I ſhould be faced out of my way: But I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the Engliſh.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty Engliſh priſoners[3]?

Con. You muſt firſt go yourſelf to hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis midnight, I'll go arm myſelf. [*Exit.*

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the Engliſh.

Con. I think, he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that ſhe may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is, ſimply, the moſt active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity: and he will ſtill be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow; he will keep that good name ſtill.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me ſo himſelf; and he ſaid, he cared not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

[3] *Who will go to hazard with me for twenty Engliſh priſoners?*] So, in the old anonymous *Henry V:*

"Come and you ſee what me tro at the king's drummer and fife."

"Faith, me will tro at the earl of Northumberland; and now I will tro at the king himſelf," &c.

This incident, however, might have been furniſhed by the chronicle. STEEVENS.

See p. 537, n. 7. MALONE.

Con. By my faith, ſir, but it is; never any body ſaw it, but his lacquey[4]: 'tis a hooded valour; and, when it appears, it will bate[5].

Orl. Ill will never ſaid well.

Con. I will cap that proverb [6] with—There is flattery in friendſhip.

Orl. And I will take up that with—Give the devil his due.

Con. Well placed; there ſtands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb, with—A pox of the devil[7].

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much—A fool's bolt is ſoon ſhot.

Con. You have ſhot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the firſt time you were over-ſhot.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My lord high conſtable, the Engliſh lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tent.

Con. Who hath meaſured the ground?

Meſſ. The lord Grandpré.

Con. A valiant and moſt expert gentleman.—Would it were day!—Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning, as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peeviſh[8] fellow is this king

4 —*his lacquey:*] He has beaten nobody yet but his footboy. JOHNSON.

5 —*'tis a* hooded *valour, and when it appears, it will* bate.] This is ſaid with alluſion to falcons, which are kept *hooded* when they are not to fly at game, and as ſoon as the hood is off, *bait* or flap the wing. The meaning is, the Dauphin's valour has never been let looſe upon an enemy, yet, when he makes his firſt eſſay, we ſhall ſee how he will flutter. JOHNSON.

See Vol. III. p. 317, n. * MALONE.

6 *I will cap that proverb*—] Alluding to the practice of capping verſes. JOHNSON.

7 —*with—A* pox *of the devil!*] The quartos 1600, and 1608 read, —*with a* jogge *of the devil.* STEEVENS.

8 —*peeviſh*—] in ancient language, ſignified—fooliſh, ſilly. Many examples of this are given in a note on *Cymbeline*, Act I. ſc. 7:—He's ſtrange and *peeviſh*." STEEVENS.

See alſo Vol. II. p. 174, n. 1; and p. 187, n. 7. MALONE.

of

of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers ſo far out of his knowledge!

Con. If the Engliſh had any apprehenſion, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear ſuch heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That iſland of England breeds very valiant creatures; their maſtiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Fooliſh curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Ruſſian bear, and have their heads cruſh'd like rotten apples: You may as well ſay,—that's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfaſt on the lip of a lion.

Con. Juſt, juſt; and the men do ſympathiſe with the maſtiffs, in robuſtious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef[9], and iron and ſteel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but theſe Engliſh are ſhrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then we ſhall find to-morrow—they have only ſtomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm; Come, ſhall we about it?

Orl. It is now two o'clock: but, let me ſee,—by ten, We ſhall have each a hundred Engliſhmen.

ACT IV.

Enter CHORUS.

Chorus. Now entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,
Fills the wide veſſel of the univerſe[1].

From

[9] —*give them great meals of beef,*] So, in *K. Edward III.* 1596:
" ——but ſcant them of their *chines of beef,*
" And take away their downy featherbed," &c. STEEVENS.
Our author had the chronicle in his thoughts: " :—keep an Engliſh man one month from his warm bed, *fat beef*, ſtale drink," &c. MALONE.

[1] —*of the univerſe.*] *Univerſe* for *horizon:* for we are not to think Shakſpeare ſo ignorant as to imagine it was night over the whole globe at once. WARBURTON.

From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army ſtilly ſounds,
That the fix'd centinels almoſt receive
The ſecret whiſpers of each other's watch [2]:
Fire anſwers fire [3]; and through their paly flames
Each battle ſees the other's umber'd face [4]:
Steed threatens ſteed, in high and boaſtful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents [5],
The

There is a proof that Shakſpeare knew the order of night and day, in *Macbeth*:

" — *Now o'er the* one half *world*
" *Nature ſeems dead.*"

But there was no great need of any juſtification. The *univerſe* in its original ſenſe, no more means this globe ſingly than the circuit of the horizon; but, however large in its philoſophical ſenſe, it may be poetically uſed for as much as of the world as falls under obſervation. Let me remark further, that ignorance cannot be certainly inferred from inaccuracy. Knowledge is not always preſent. JOHNSON.

[2] *The ſecret whiſpers of each other's watch:*] Holinſhed ſays, that the diſtance between the two armies was but two hundred and fifty paces. MALONE.

[3] *Fire anſwers fire;*] This circumſtance is alſo taken from Holinſhed: —but at their coming into the village, *fires* were made (by the Engliſh,) to give light on every ſide, as there likewiſe were in the French hoſte." MALONE.

[4] —*the other's* umber'd *face:*] *Umber'd* certainly means here *diſcoloured* by the gleam of the fires. *Umber* is a dark yellow earth brought from Umbria in Italy, which being mixed with water produces ſuch a duſky yellow colour as the gleam of fire by night gives to the countenance.—Our author's profeſſion probably furniſhed him with this epithet; for from an old manuſcript play in my poſſeſſion, entitled *The Tell-tale*, it appears that *umber* was uſed in the ſtage-exhibitions of his time. In that piece one of the marginal directions is, " He *umbers* her face." See alſo Vol. III. p. 141, n. 6. MALONE.

Of this epithet uſed by Shakſpeare in his deſcription of fires reflected by night, Mr. Pope knew the value, and has tranſplanted it into the *Iliad* on a like occaſion:

" Whoſe *umber'd* arms by turns thick flaſhes ſend."

Umber is a brown colour. So, in *As you like it*:

" And with a kind of *umber* ſmirch my face."

The diſtant viſages of the ſoldiers would certainly appear of this hue when beheld through the light of midnight fires. STEEVENS.

[5] — *and from the tents*, &c.] See the preparation for the battle between Palamon and Arcite in *Chaucer*:

" And on the morwe, whan the day 'gan ſpring,
" Of horſ and harneis noiſe and clattering

" There

The armourers, accompliſhing the knights,
With buſy hammers cloſing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll;
And the third hour of drowſy morning name[6].
Proud of their numbers, and ſecure in ſoul,
The confident and over-luſty French
Do the low-rated Engliſh play at dice[7];
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediouſly away. The poor condemned Engliſh,
Like ſacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their geſture ſad,
Inveſting lank-lean cheeks[8], and war-worn coats,
Preſenteth them unto the gazing moon[9]

Preſenteth

" There was in the hoſtelries all aboute: —
" The fomy ſtedes on the golden bridel
" Gnawing, and *faſt the armureres alſo*
" *With file and hammer priking to and fro.*" T. WARTON.

[6] —*of drowſy morning* name.] The old copy reads—*nam'd*. The emendation is Mr. Tyrwhitt's. Sir T. Hanmer, with almoſt equal probability, reads,

And the third hour of drowſy morning's nam'd. MALONE.

[7] *Do the low-rated Engliſh play at dice*;] i. e. do play them away at dice. WARBURTON.

From Holinſhed: " The Frenchmen in the mean while, as though they had been ſure of victory, made great triumphe, for the captaines had determined before how to divide the ſpoil, and the *ſouldiers the night before had plaid the Engliſhmen at dice.*" MALONE.

[8] Inveſting *lank-lean cheeks*,—] I fancy Shakſpeare might have written—In *faſting*, lank-lean-cheeks,—&c. HEATH.

Change is unneceſſary. The harſhneſs of the metaphor is what offends, which means only, that their looks are inveſted in mournful geſtures. Such another harſh metaphor occurs in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

" For my part, I am ſo *attir'd* in wonder,
" I know not what to ſay." STEEVENS.

Geſture only relates to their *cheeks*, after which word there ſhould be a comma, as in the firſt folio. In the ſecond ſong of Sidney's *Aſtrophel and Stella*:

" Anger *inveſts* the face with lovely grace." TOLLET.

[9] *Preſenteth* them—] The old copy has—*preſented*. The emendation, which in my opinion needs no juſtification, was propoſed by Mr.

So many horrid ghoſts. O, now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry—Praiſe and glory on his head!
For forth he goes, and viſits all his hoſt;
Bids them good morrow, with a modeſt ſmile;
And calls them—brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note,
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night:
But freſhly looks, and over-bears attaint,
With cheerful ſemblance, and ſweet majeſty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
A largeſs univerſal, like the ſun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear. Then, mean and gentle all[1],
Behold, as may unworthineſs define,
A little touch of Harry in the night:
And ſo our ſcene muſt to the battle fly;
Where, (O for pity!) we ſhall much diſgrace—
With four or five moſt vile and ragged foils,
Right ill dispos'd, in brawl ridiculous,—
The name of Agincourt: Yet, ſit and ſee;
Minding true things[2], by what their mockeries be. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

The Engliſh *Camp at* Agincourt.

Enter King HENRY, BEDFORD, *and* GLOSTER.

K. Hen. Gloſter, 'tis true, that we are in great danger;
The greater therefore ſhould our courage be.—

Mr. Steevens. The falſe concord is found in every page of the old editions. Here it cannot be corrected. MALONE.

[1] Then, *mean*, &c.] Old Copy—*That* mean. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[2] *Minding true things*—] To *mind* is the ſame as *to call to remembrance*. JOHNSON.

Good morrow, brother Bedford.—God Almighty!
There is ſome ſoul of goodneſs in things evil,
Would men obſervingly diſtil it out;
For our bad neighbour makes us early ſtirrers,
Which is both healthful, and good huſbandry:
Beſides, they are our outward conſciences,
And preachers to us all; admoniſhing,
That we ſhould 'dreſs us fairly for our end [3].
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himſelf.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham [4]:
A good ſoft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churliſh turf of France.

Erp. Not ſo, my liege; this lodging likes me better,
Since I may ſay—now lie I like a king.

K. Hen. 'Tis good for men to love their preſent pains,
Upon example; ſo the ſpirit is eaſed:
And, when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowſy grave, and newly move
With caſted ſlough and freſh legerity [5].
Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas.—Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp;
Do my good morrow to them; and, anon,

3 *That we ſhould* 'dreſs *us fairly for our end.*] *Dreſs us*, I believe here means *addreſs* us, i. e. prepare ourſelves; and I have printed the word accordingly. So before, in this play:

"To-morrow for the march are we addreſs'd." MALONE.

Dreſs, in its common acceptation, is the true reading. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

"They come like ſacrifices *in their trim.*" STEEVENS.

4 —*old Sir Thomas Erpingham:*] Sir Thomas Erpingham came over with Bolingbroke from Bretagne, and was one of the commiſſioners to receive king Richard's abdication. EDWARD's MS.

Sir Thomas Erpingham was in Henry V's time warden of Dover caſtle. His arms are ſtill viſible on one ſide of the Roman pharos. STEEVENS.

5 *Which caſted ſlough*—] *Slough* is the ſkin which the ſerpent annually throws off, and by the change of which he is ſuppoſed to regain new vigour and freſh youth. *Legerity* is lightneſs, nimbleneſs. JOHNSON.

Legerity is a word uſed by Ben Jonſon in *Every Man out of his Humour.* STEEVENS.

Deſire

Deſire them all to my pavilion.

Glo. We ſhall, my liege.

[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* BEDFORD.

Erp. Shall I attend your grace?

K. Hen. No, my good knight;
Go with my brothers to my lords of England:
I and my boſom muſt debate awhile,
And then I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in heaven bleſs thee, noble Harry!

[*Exit* ERPINGHAM.

K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou ſpeak'ſt cheerfully.

Enter PISTOL.

Piſt. *Qui va là?*

K. Hen. A friend.

Piſt. Diſcuſs unto me; Art thou officer?
Or art thou baſe, common, and popular?

K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.

Piſt. Trail'ſt thou the puiſſant pike?

K. Hen. Even ſo: What are you?

Piſt. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

K. Hen. Then you are a better than the king.

Piſt. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold;
A lad of life, an imp of fame[6];
Of parents good, of fiſt moſt valiant:
I kiſs his dirty ſhoe, and from my heart-ſtrings
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

K. Hen. Harry *le Roy*.

Piſt. Le Roy! a Corniſh name: art thou of Corniſh crew?

K. Hen. No, I am a Welſhman.

Piſt. Know'ſt thou Fluellen?

K. Hen. Yes.

Piſt. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate,
Upon Saint Davy's day.

[6] —*an* imp *of fame*;] An *imp* is a *ſhoot* in its primitive ſenſe, but means a *ſon* in Shakſpeare. In Holinſhed, p. 951, the laſt words of lord Cromwell are preſerved, who ſays, "—and after him that his ſonne prince Edward, that goodlie *impe*, may long reigne over you."
STEEVENS.

K. Hen.

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, leſt he knock that about yours.

Piſt. Art thou his friend?

K. Hen. And his kinſman too.

Piſt. The *figo* for thee then!

K. Hen. I thank you: God be with you!

Piſt. My name is Piſtol call'd. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. It ſorts[7] well with your fierceneſs.

Enter FLUELEN, *and* GOWER, *ſeverally.*

Gow. Captain Fluellen!

Flu. So! in the name of Cheſhu Chriſt, ſpeak lower[8]. It is the greateſt admiration in the univerſal 'orld, when the true and auncient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the great, you ſhall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle, nor pibble pabble, in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you ſhall find the cere-

7 *It* ſorts—] i. e. it agrees. So, in Chapman's verſion of the 17th book of the *Odyſſey:*

"His faire long lance well *ſorting* with his hand." STEEV.

8 —*ſpeak* lower.] The earlieſt of the quartos reads—ſpeak *lewer*, which in that of 1608 is made *lower*. The alterations made in the ſeveral quartos, and in all the folios that ſucceeded the firſt, by the various printers or correctors through whoſe hands they paſſed, carry with them no authority whatſoever; yet here the correction *happens*, I think, to be right. The editors of the folio read—ſpeak *fewer*. I I have no doubt that in their Mſ. (for this play they evidently printed from a Mſ. which was not the caſe in ſome others,) the word by the careleſſneſs of the tranſcriber was *lewer*, (as in that copy from which the quarto was printed,) and that, in order to obtain ſome ſenſe, they changed this to *fewer*. Fluellen could not with any propriety call on Gower to ſpeak *fewer*, he not having uttered a word except "Captain Fluellen." Meeting Fluellen late at night, and not being certain who he was, he merely pronounced his name. Having addreſſed him in too high a key, the Welchman reprimands him; and Gower juſtifies himſelf by ſaying that the enemy ſpoke ſo *loud*, that the Engliſh could hear them all night. But what he ſays as he is going out, puts, I think, the emendation that I have adopted, beyond doubt. I will do as you deſire; "I will ſpeak *lower*."

Shakſpeare has here as uſual followed Holinſhed: "Order was taken by commandement from the king, after the army was firſt ſet in battayle array, that *no noiſe or clamour ſhould be made in the hoſte*."

MALONE.

monies

monies of the wars[9], and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the ſobriety of it, and the modeſty of it, to be otherwiſe.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you heard him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an aſs and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we ſhould alſo, look you, be an aſs, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb; in your own conſcience now?

Gow. I will ſpeak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beſeech you, that you will.

[*Exeunt* GOWER *and* FLUELLEN.

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of faſhion,
There is much care and valour in this Welſhman.

Enter BATES, COURT, *and* WILLIAMS.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be: but we have no great cauſe to deſire the approach of day-

Will. We ſee yonder the beginning of the day, but, I think, we ſhall never ſee the end of it.—Who goes there?

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain ſerve you?

K. Hen. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander, and a moſt kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our eſtate?

K. Hen. Even as men wreck'd upon a ſand, that look to be waſh'd off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?

K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he ſhould. For, though I ſpeak it to you, I think, the king is but a man, as I am: the violet ſmells to him, as it doth to me; the element ſhews to him, as it doth to me; all his ſenſes have but human conditions[1]: his ceremonies laid by, in his

9 *I warrant you, you ſhall find the ceremonies of the wars,* &c.] Amongſt the laws and ordinances militarie ſet down by Robert Earl of Leiceſter in the Low countries, and printed at Leyden, 1586, one is, that "no man ſhall make any outcrie or noiſe in any watch, ward, ambuſh, or any other place where *ſilence is requiſite*, and neceſſarie, upon paine of loſſe of life or limb at the general's diſcretion." REED.

1 —*conditions*:] are *qualities*. The meaning is, that objects are repreſented

his nakedneſs he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they ſtoop, they ſtoop with the like wing*; therefore when he ſees reaſon of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the ſame reliſh as ours are; Yet, in reaſon, no man ſhould poſſeſs him with any appearance of fear, leſt he, by ſhewing it, ſhould dishearten his army.

Bates. He may ſhew what outward courage he will: but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wiſh himſelf in the Thames up to the neck; and ſo I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, ſo we were quit here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will ſpeak my conſcience of the king; I think, he would not wiſh himſelf any where but where he is.

Bates. Then, 'would he were here alone; ſo ſhould he be ſure to be ranſom'd, and a many poor men's lives ſaved.

K. Hen. I dare ſay, you love him not ſo ill, to wiſh him here alone; howſoever you ſpeak this, to feel other men's minds: Methinks, I could not die any where ſo contented, as in the king's company; his cauſe being juſt, and his quarrel honourable[2].

Will. That's more than we know.

preſented by his ſenſes to him, as to other men by theirs. What is danger to another is danger likewiſe to him, and when he feels *fear* it is like the fear of meaner mortals. JOHNSON.

* —*though his affections are higher* mounted *than ours, yet, when they* ſtoop, *they ſtoop with the like wing:*] This paſſage alludes to the ancient ſport of falconry. When the hawk, after ſoaring aloft, or *mounting* high, deſcended in its flight, it was ſaid to *ſtoop*. So, in an old ſong on falconry in my Mſ. of old ſongs, p. 480:

" She flyeth at one
" Her marke jumpe upon,
" And *mounteth* the welkin cleare;
" Then right ſhe *ſtoopes*,
" When the falkner he whoopes,
" Triumphing in her chaunticleare." PERCY.

[2] —*his* cauſe *being* juſt *and his* quarrel *honourable.*] So Holinſhed: —" calling his capitaines and his ſouldiers aboute him, he [Henry V.] made to them a right harty oration, requiring them to play the men, that they might obtaine a glorious victorie, as there was good hope they ſhould, if they would remember the *juſt cauſe and quarrel* for the whiche they fought." MALONE.

Bates.

Bates. Ay, or more [3] than we ſhould ſeek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's ſubjects: if his cauſe be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But, if the cauſe be not good, the king himſelf hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all thoſe legs, and arms, and heads, chopp'd off in a battle, ſhall join together at the latter day, and cry all—We died at ſuch a place; ſome, ſwearing; ſome, crying for a ſurgeon; ſome, upon their wives left poor behind them; ſome, upon the debts they owe; ſome, upon their children rawly left [4]. I am afeard there are few die well, that die in a battle; for how can they charitably diſpoſe of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if theſe men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to diſobey, were againſt all proportion of ſubjection.

K. Hen. So, if a ſon, that is by his father ſent about merchandiſe, do ſinfully miſcarry upon the ſea, the imputation of his wickedneſs, by your rule, ſhould be impoſed upon his father that ſent him: or if a ſervant, under his maſter's command, tranſporting a ſum of money, be aſſail'd by robbers, and die in many irreconcil'd iniquities, you may call the buſineſs of the maſter the author of the ſervant's damnation:—But this is not ſo: the king is not bound to anſwer the particular endings of his ſoldiers, the father of his ſon, nor the maſter of his ſervant; for they purpoſe not their death, when they purpoſe their ſervices. Beſides, there is no king, be his cauſe never ſo ſpotleſs, if it come to the arbitrement of ſwords, can try it out with all unſpotted ſoldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; ſome, of beguiling virgins with

[3] Bates. *Ay, or more, &c.*] This ſentiment does not correſpond with what Bates has juſt before ſaid. The ſpeech, I believe, ſhould be given to *Court.* See 545, n. 7. MALONE.

[4] — *their children rawly left.*] That is, *without preparation, haſtily, ſuddenly.* What is not *matured* is *raw.* So, in *Macbeth:*

"Why in this *rawneſs* left he wife and children." JOHNSON.

the

the broken ſeals of perjury; ſome, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle boſom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if theſe men have defeated the law, and out-run native puniſhment [5], though they can out-ſtrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle, war is his vengeance; ſo that here men are puniſh'd, for before-breach of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel: where they fear-ed the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be ſafe, they periſh: Then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of thoſe impieties for the which they are now viſited. Every ſubject's duty is the king's [6]; but every ſubject's ſoul is his own. Therefore ſhould every ſoldier in the wars do as every ſick man in his bed, waſh every mote * out of his conſcience: and dying ſo, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was bleſſedly loſt, wherein ſuch preparation was gained: and, in him that eſcapes, it were not ſin to think, that, making God ſo free an offer, he let him out-live that day to ſee his greatneſs, and to teach others how they ſhould prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain [7], every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head, the king is not to anſwer for it.

5 —native *puniſhment,*] That is, puniſhment in their native country. HEATH.

So, in a ſubſequent ſcene:

" A many of our bodies ſhall, no doubt,
" Find *native* graves." MALONE.

Native puniſhment is ſuch as they are born to, if they offend. STEEV.

6 *Every ſubject's duty*, &c.] This is a very juſt diſtinction, and the whole argument is well followed, and properly concluded. JOHNSON.

* —*every* mote—] Old Copy—*moth*, which was only the ancient ſpelling of *mote*. I ſuſpected, but did not know, this to be the caſe, when I propoſed the true reading of a paſſage in *K. John*. See Vol. IV. p. 526, n. 7. MALONE.

7 Will. *Tis certain, &c.*] In the quarto this little ſpeech is not given to the ſame ſoldier who endeavours to prove that the king was anſwerable for the miſchiefs of war; and who afterwards gives his glove to Henry. The perſons are indeed there only diſtinguiſhed by figures, 1, 2, 3.—But this circumſtance, as well as the tenour of the preſent ſpeech, ſhews, that it does not belong to Williams, who has juſt been maintaining the contrary doctrine. It might with propriety be tranſferred to *Court*, who is on the ſcene, and ſays ſcarcely a word. MALONE.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the king say, he would not be ransom'd.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully; but, when our throats are cut, he may be ransom'd, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. 'Mass, you'll pay him then [8]! That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun [9], that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice, with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round; I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrrel between us, if you live.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou dareſt acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, *This is my glove*, by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dareſt as well be hang'd.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends; we have French quarrels enough, if you could tell how to reckon.

[8] *'Mass, you'll* pay *him then!*] To *pay* in old language meant to *thrash* or *beat*; and here signifies to bring to account, to punish. See p. 173, n. 4. The text is here made out from the folio and quarto. MALONE.

[9] — *that's a perilous shot out of an elder gun,* —] In the old play [the quarto 1600,] the thought is more opened. *It is a great displeasure that an elder gun can do againſt a cannon,* or a subject against a monarch. JOHNSON.

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns [1] to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their ſhoulders: But it is no Engliſh treaſon, to cut French crowns; and, to-morrow, the king himſelf will be a clipper. [*Exeunt* Soldiers.

Upon the king! let us our lives, our ſouls [2],
Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and
Our ſins, lay on the king;—we muſt bear all.
O hard condition! twin-born with greatneſs,
Subject to the breath of every fool,
Whoſe ſenſe no more can feel but his own wringing!
What infinite heart's eaſe muſt kings neglect,
That private men enjoy?
And what have kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, ſave general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that ſuffer'ſt more
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worſhippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
O ceremony, ſhew me but thy worth!
What is the ſoul of adoration [3]?
Art thou aught elſe but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men? Where-

[1] —*may lay twenty French crowns, &c.*] There is ſurely no neceſſity for ſuppoſing [with Dr. Johnſon] any alluſion *in this paſſage* to the venereal diſeaſe. The conceit here ſeems to turn merely upon the equivocal ſenſe of *crown*, which ſignifies either *a coin*, or *a head*. TYRWHITT.

[2] *Upon the king!* &c.] There is ſomething very ſtriking and ſolemn in this ſoliloquy, into which the king breaks immediately as ſoon as he is left alone. Something like this, on leſs occaſions, every breaſt has felt. Reflection and ſerioufneſs ruſh upon the mind upon the ſeparation of a gay company, and eſpecially after forced and unwilling merriment. JOHNSON.

[3] *What is* the *ſoul of adoration?*] i. e. What is the real worth and intrinſick value of adoration?—The folio (for this paſſage is not in the quarto,) reads—What is *thy* ſoul of odoration. The latter word was corrected in the ſecond folio. For the other emendation, now made, the preſent editor is anſwerable. *Thy*, *the*, and *they*, are frequently confounded in the old copies. In many of our author's plays we find ſimilar expreſſions: in *Troilus and Creſſida*,—"my very *ſoul of* counſel;" in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.—"the *ſoul of* hope;" and in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*, "the *ſoul of* love." Again, in the play before us:

Wherein thou art leſs happy being fear'd,
Than they in fearing.
What drink'ſt thou oft, inſtead of homage ſweet,
But poiſon'd flattery? O, be ſick, great greatneſs,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
Think'ſt thou, the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canſt thou, when thou command'ſt the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'ſt ſo ſubtly with a king's repoſe;
I am a king, that find thee; and I know,
'Tis not the balm, the ſcepter, and the ball,
The ſword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The enter-tiſſued robe of gold and pearl,
The farſed title[4] running 'fore the king,
The throne he ſits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high ſhore of this world,
No, not all theſe, thrice gorgeous ceremony,
Not all theſe, laid in bed majeſtical,
Can ſleep ſo ſoundly[5] as the wretched ſlave;
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to reſt, cramm'd with diſtreſsful bread;
Never ſees horrid night, the child of hell;
But, like a lacquey, from the riſe to ſet,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elyſium; next day, after dawn,
Doth riſe, and help Hyperion to his horſe;

"There is ſome *ſoul* of *goodneſs* in things evil."
Dr. Johnſon reads—

What is thy ſoul, O adoration?

But the miſtake appears to me more likely to have happened in the word *thy* than in *of*; and the examples that I have produced ſupport that opinion. MALONE.

4 *The* farſed *title*—] *Farſed* is *ſtuffed*. The tumid puffy titles with which a king's name is always introduced. This, I think, is the ſenſe. JOHNSON.

So, in *All for Money*, by T. Lupton, 1578:

"And like a greedy cormorant with belly full *farced*." STEEV.

5 *Can ſleep ſo ſoundly*, &c.] Theſe lines are exquiſitely pleaſing. *To ſweat in the eye of Phœbus*, and *to ſleep in Elyſium*, are expreſſions very poetical. JOHNSON.

And

And follows ſo the ever-running year
With profitable labour, to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, ſuch a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with ſleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The ſlave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in groſs brain little wots,
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whoſe hours the peaſant beſt advantages.

Enter ERPINGHAM,

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your abſence,
Seek through your camp to find you.

K. Hen. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent:
I'll be before thee.

Erp. I ſhall do't, my lord. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. O God of battles! ſteel my ſoldiers' hearts!
Poſſeſs them not with fear; take from them now
The ſenſe of reckoning, if the oppoſed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them[6]!—Not to-day, O Lord,
O not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compaſſing the crown!

I Richard's

[6] —if *the oppoſed numbers*
Pluck their hearts from them?] The folio reads—*of* the oppoſed numbers. The very happy emendation now adopted, is Mr. Tyrwhitt's. In *King John*, edit. 1632, theſe words have again been confounded:

" Lord of our preſence, Angiers, and *if* you,"

inſtead of—*of* you. The ſame miſtake has, I think, happened alſo in *Twelfth Night* folio, 1623:

" For, ſuch as we are made *if* ſuch we be."

where we ſhould certainly read—

" For, ſuch as we are made *of*, ſuch we be."

In the ſubſequent ſcene we have again the ſame thought. The Conſtable of France after exhorting his countrymen to take horſe, adds,

" Do but behold yon poor and ſtarved band,
" And your fair ſhew ſhall *ſuck away their ſouls*,
" Leaving them but the ſhales and huſks of men."

In Hall's *Chronicle*, HENRY IV. fol. 23, we find a *kindred* expreſſion to that in the text: " Henry encouraged his part ſo, that *they took their hearts to them*, and manly fought with their enemies."

A paſſage in the ſpeech which the ſame chronicler has put into Henry's mouth, before the battle of Agincourt, may alſo throw ſome light on

I Richard's body have interred new;
And on it have beſtow'd more contrite tears,
Than from it iſſu'd forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries[7], where the ſad and ſolemn prieſts
Sing ſtill for Richard's ſoul. More will I do:
Though all that I can do, is nothing worth;
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon[8].

Enter

that before us, and ſerve to ſupport the emendation that has been made: "Therefore putting your only truſt in him, let not *their multitude fear your heartes*, nor their *great number abate your courage*."

The paſſage ſtands thus in the quarto, 1600:

"Take from them now the ſenſe of reckoning,
"That the *oppoſed numbers* which ſtand before them,
"*May not appal their courage*."

This fully refutes the notion of an anonymous *remarker*, who underſtands the word *pluck* as optative, and ſuppoſes that Henry calls on the God of battles to deprive his ſoldiers of their hearts; that is, of their *courage*, for ſuch is evidently the meaning of the expreſſion;—(ſo in the common phraſe, "have a good *heart*,"—and in the paſſage juſt quoted from Hall;) though this commentator chooſes to underſtand by the word—*ſenſe* and *paſſions*.

Mr. Theobald reads—*leſt* the oppoſed numbers, &c. He and ſome other commentators ſeem indeed to think that *any* word may be ſubſtituted for another, if thereby ſenſe may be obtained; but a word ought rarely to be ſubſtituted in the room of another, unleſs either the emendation bears ſuch an affinity to the corrupted reading, as that the error might have ariſen from the miſtake of the eye or the ear of the compoſitor or tranſcriber; or a word has been caught inadvertently by the compoſitor from a preceding or ſubſequent line. MALONE.

Theobald's alteration certainly makes a very good ſenſe; but, I think, we might read, with leſs deviation from the preſent text,—*if* the oppoſed numbers, &c.

In conjectural criticiſm, as in mechanics, the perfection of the art, I apprehend, conſiſts in producing a given effect with the leaſt poſſible force. TYRWHITT.

[7] *Two chantries,*] One of theſe monaſteries was for Carthuſian monks, and was called *Bethlehem*; the other was for religious men and women of the order of Saint Bridget, and was named *Sion*. They were on oppoſite ſides of the Thames, and adjoined the royal manor of *Sheene*, now called *Richmond*. MALONE.

[8] *Since that my penitence comes after* all,
Imploring pardon.] *I do all this*, ſays the king, *though all that I can*

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. My liege!

K. Hen. My brother Gloſter's voice?—Ay;
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:—
The day, my friends, and all things ſtay for me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The French *Camp.*

Enter Dauphin, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, *and Others.*

Orl. The ſun doth gild our armour; up, my lords.
Dau. Montez a cheval:—My horſe! *valet! lacquay!* ha!
Orl. O brave ſpirit!
Dau. Via!—les eaux et la terre[9]—
Orl. Rien puis? l'air et le feu—
Dau. Ciel! couſin Orleans.—

can do is nothing worth, is ſo far from being an adequate expiation of the crime, *that penitence comes after all, imploring pardon* both for the crime and the expiation. JOHNSON.

Mr. Heath's explication appears to me more correct. "I am ſenſible that every thing of this kind, (works of piety and charity,) which I have done or can do, will avail nothing towards the remiſſion of this ſin; ſince I well know that after all this is done, true penitence, and imploring pardon, are previouſly and indiſpenſably neceſſary towards my obtaining it." MALONE.

9 *Via!—les eaux et la terre—*] *Via* is an old hortatory exclamation, as *allons!* JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon is right. So, in *King Edward III.* 1596:

"Then *Via!* for the ſpacious bounds of France!"

Again, in Marſton's *What you Will*, 1607:

"Tut, *Via!* let all run glib and ſquare!" STEEVENS.

See Vol. I. p. 273, n. 3.

This dialogue will be beſt explained by referring to the ſeventh ſcene of the preceding act, in which the Dauphin, ſpeaking in admiration of his horſe, ſays, "When I beſtride him, I ſoar, I am a hawk: he trots the air:—It is a beaſt for Perſeus; he is pure *air* and *fire*, and the dull elements of *earth and water* never appear in him." He now, ſeeing his horſe at a diſtance, attempts to ſay the ſame thing in French: "*Les eaux et la terre*," the waters and the earth—*have no ſhare in my horſe's compoſition*, he was going to have ſaid; but is prevented by the duke of Orleans, who replies,—Can you add nothing more? Is he not air and fire? Yes, ſays the Dauphin, and even heaven itſelf. He had in the former ſcene called his horſe *Wonder of nature*. The words, however, may admit of a different interpretation. He may mean to boaſt, that, when on horſeback, he can bound over *all the elements*, and even ſoar to *heaven* itſelf. MALONE.

Enter Conſtable.

Now, my lord Conſtable!

Con. Hark, how our ſteeds for preſent ſervice neigh.

Dau. Mount them, and make inciſion in their hides;
That their hot blood may ſpin in Engliſh eyes,
And dout them [8] with ſuperfluous courage: Ha!

Ram. What, will you have them weep our horſes' blood?
How ſhall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. The Engliſh are embattled, you French peers.

Con. To horſe, you gallant princes! ſtraight to horſe!
Do but behold yon poor and ſtarved band,
And your fair ſhew ſhall ſuck away their ſouls,
Leaving them but the ſhales and huſks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their ſickly veins,
To give each naked curtle-ax a ſtain,
That our French gallants ſhall to-day draw out,
And ſheath for lack of ſport: let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'Tis poſitive 'gainſt all exceptions, lords,
That our ſuperfluous lacqueys, and our peaſants,—
Who, in unneceſſary action, ſwarm
About our ſquares of battle,—were enough
To purge this field of ſuch a hilding foe [9];
Though we, upon this mountain's baſis by *
Took ſtand for idle ſpeculation:

[8] *And* dout *them*—] In the folio, where alone this paſſage is found, the word is written *doubt*. To *dout*, for to *do out*, is a common phraſe at this day in Devonſhire and the other weſtern counties; where they often ſay, *dout* the fire, that is, *put out* the fire. Many other words of the ſame ſtructure are uſed by our author; as, to *don*, i. e. to *do on*, to *doff*, i. e. to *do off*, &c. In *Hamlet* he has uſed the ſame phraſe:

"—— the dram of baſe
"Doth all the noble ſubſtance of worth *dout*," &c.

The word being provincial, the ſame miſtake has happened in both places; *doubt* being printed in *Hamlet* inſtead of *dout*.

Mr. Pope for *doubt* ſubſtituted *daunt*, which was adopted in the ſubſequent editions. For the emendation now made I imagined I ſhould have been anſwerable; but on looking into Mr. Rowe's edition I find he has anticipated me, and has printed the word as it is now exhibited in the text. MALONE.

[9] —*a* hilding *foe*;] See Vol. III. p. 279, n. 1. MALONE.

* —*upon this* mountain's baſis by —] See Henry's ſpeech, ſc. vii:

"—— Take a trumpet, herald;
"Ride thou unto the horſemen on *yon hill*." MALONE.

But

But that our honours muſt not. What's to ſay?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then let the trumpets ſound
The tucket-ſonuance[2], and the note to mount:
For our approach ſhall ſo much dare the field,
That England ſhall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter GRANDPRE[1].

Grand. Why do you ſtay ſo long, my lords of France?
Yon iſland carrions[3], deſperate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains[4] poorly are let looſe,
And our air ſhakes them paſſing ſcornfully.
Big Mars ſeems bankrupt in their beggar'd hoſt,
And faintly through a ruſty beaver peeps.
Their horſemen ſit like fixed candleſticks,
With torch-ſtaves in their hand[5]: and their poor jades

[2] *The tucket-ſonuance*, &c.] He uſes terms of the field, as if they were going out only to the chaſe for ſport. *To dare the field* is a phraſe in falconry. Birds are dared when by the falcon in the air they are terrified from riſing, ſo that they will be ſometimes taken by the hand. Such an eaſy capture the lords expected to make of the Engliſh. JOHNSON.

The *tucket-ſonuance* was, I believe, the name of an introductory flouriſh on the trumpet, as *toccata* in Italian is the prelude of a ſonata on the harpſichord, and *toccar la tromba*, is to blow the trumpet.

Sonance is a word uſed by Heywood, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:

" Or, if he chance to endure our tongues ſo much
" As but to hear their *ſonance*,—." STEEVENS.

[3] *Yon iſland carrions*, &c.] This and the preceding deſcription of the Engliſh is founded on the melancholy account given by our hiſtorians, of Henry's army, immediately before the battle of Agincourt:

" The Engliſhmen were brought into great miſery in this journey [from Harfleur to Agincourt]; their victual was in manner ſpent, and new could they get none:—reſt could they none take, for their enemies were ever at hand to give them alarmes: daily it rained, and nightly it freezed; of fewel there was great ſcarcity, but of fluxes great plenty; money they had enough, but wares to beſtowe it upon, for their relief or comforte, had they little or none." *Holinſhed.* MALONE.

[4] *Their* ragged curtains—] That is, their colours. MASON.

[5] *Their horſemen ſit like fixed candleſticks,*
With torch-ſtaves in their hand;] Grandpré alludes to the form of the ancient candleſticks, which frequently repreſented human figures holding the ſockets for the lights in their extended hands.—A ſimilar image occurs in *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612: "—he ſhew'd like a pewter *candleſtick*, faſhioned like a man in armour, holding a tilting ſtaff in his hand little bigger than a candle." STEEVENS.

Lob

Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips;
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes;
And in their pale dull mouths the [6] gimmal bit
Lies foul with chew'd graſs, ſtill and motionleſs;
And their executors, the knaviſh crows [7],
Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.
Deſcription cannot ſuit itſelf in words,
To démonſtrate the life of ſuch a battle
In life ſo lifeleſs as it ſhews itſelf.

Con. They have ſaid their prayers, and they ſtay for death.

Dau. Shall we go ſend them dinners, and freſh ſuits,
And give their faſting horſes provender,
And after fight with them?

Con. I ſtay but for my guard [8]; On, to the field:
I will

[6] —gimmal *bit*—] *Gimmal* is in the weſtern counties, a *ring*; a *gimmal bit* is therefore a *bit* of which the parts play'd one within another. JOHNSON.

"A *gimmal* or gemmow ring, (ſays Minſhew, DICT. 1617,) from the Gal. *gemeau*, Lat. *gemellus*, double, or twinnes, becauſe they be rings with two or more links." MALONE.

7 —*their executors, the knaviſh crows,*] The crows who are ſaid to have the diſpoſal of what they ſhall leave, their hides and their fleſh. JOHNSON.

[8] *I ſtay but for my* guard; &c.] Dr. Johnſon and Mr. Steevens are of opinion that "*guard* in this place means rather ſomething of ornament, or of diſtinction, than a body of attendants." But from the following paſſage in Holinſhed, p. 554, which our author certainly had in his thoughts, it is clear, in my apprehenſion, that *guard* is here uſed in its ordinary ſenſe: "When the meſſenger was come backe to the Frenche hoſte, the men of warre put on their helmettes, and cauſed their trumpets to blow to the battaile. They thought themſelves ſo ſure of victory, that diverſe of the noble men made ſuch haſte toward the battaile, that they left many of their ſervants and *men of warre* behind them, and ſome of them would not once *ſtay* for their *ſtandards*; as amongſt other the Duke of Brabant, when his *ſtandard* was not come, cauſed a *banner* to be taken from a *trumpet*, and faſtened to a ſpeare, the which he commanded to be borne before him, inſtead of a ſtandard." The latter part only of this paſſage was quoted by Mr. Steevens; but the whole conſidered together proves, in my apprehenſion, that *guard* means here nothing more than the *men of war* whoſe duty it was to attend on the Conſtable of France, and among thoſe his *ſtandard*, that is, his ſtandard-bearer. In a preceding paſſage Holinſhed mentions, that "the Conſtable

I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And uſe it for my haſte. Come, come away!
The ſun is high, and we out-wear the day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Engliſh *Camp.*

Enter the Engliſh *hoſt*; GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, SALISBURY *and* WESTMORELAND.

Glo. Where is the king?
Bed. The king himſelf is rode to view their battle.
Weſt. Of fighting men they have full threeſcore thouſand.
Exe. There's five to one; beſides, they all are freſh.
Sal. God's arm ſtrike with us? 'tis a fearful odds.
God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:
If we no more meet, till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully,—my noble lord of Bedford,—
My dear lord Gloſter,—and my good lord Exeter,—
And my kind kinſman,—warriors all, adieu!
Bed. Farewel, good Saliſbury; and good luck go with thee!
Exe. Farewel, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day[9]:
And yet I do thee wrong, to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour. [*Exit* SAL.

Conſtable of France, the Marſhal, &c. and other of the French nobility, came and pitched down their *ſtandards* and *banners* in the county of St. Paule." Again: "Thus the French men being ordered under their ſtandards and banners, made a great ſhew;"—or as Hall has it; "Thus the French men were *every man under his banner*, only waiting," &c. It appears from both theſe hiſtorians, that all the princes and nobles in the French army bore banners, and of theſe one hundred and twenty-ſix were killed in this battel.

In a ſubſequent part of the deſcription of this memorable victory, Holinſhed mentions that "Henry having felled the Duke of Alanſon, the *king's guard*, contrary to his mind, outrageouſly ſlew him." The Conſtable, being the principal leader of the French army, had, without doubt, like Henry, his *guard* alſo, one of whom bore before him, as we may collect from Hall, the *banner-royal* of France. MALONE.

9 *Farewell, kind lord, fight valiantly to-day.*] This line, which in the folio is printed after the two lines that now ſucceed it, was properly tranſpoſed by Mr. Theobald. The regulation (as Mr. Steevens has obſerved,) is ſupported by the quarto. MALONE.

Bed.

Bed. He is as full of valour, as of kindneſs;
Princely in both.

Weſt. O that we now had here[1]

Enter King HENRY.

But one ten thouſand of thoſe men in England,
That do no work to-day!

K. Hen. What's he, that wiſhes ſo?
My couſin Weſtmoreland?—No, my fair couſin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enough
To do our country loſs; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater ſhare of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wiſh not one man more.
By Jove[2], I am not covetous for gold;
Nor care I, who doth feed upon my coſt;
It yerns me not, if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my deſires:
But, if it be a ſin to covet honour,
I am the moſt offending ſoul alive.
No, 'faith, my coz, wiſh not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not loſe ſo great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would ſhare from me,
For the beſt hope I have. O, do not wiſh one more:
Rather proclaim it, Weſtmoreland, through my hoſt,
That he, which hath no ſtomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his paſſport ſhall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purſe:
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowſhip to die with us.

[1] *O that we now had here*, &c.] From *Holinſhed*: "It is ſaid alſo, that he ſhould heare one of the hoſte utter his wiſhe to another, that ſtood next to him, in this wiſe: I would to God there were preſent here with us this day ſo many good ſouldiers as are at this hour within the realme of England; whereupon the kyng anſwered: I would not wiſhe a man more here than I have," &c. MALONE.

[2] *By Jove,*—] The king prays like a chriſtian, and ſwears like a heathen. JOHNSON.

I believe the player-editors alone are anſwerable for this monſtrous incongruity. In conſequence of the Stat. 3 James I. c. 21, againſt introducing the ſacred name on the ſtage, &c. they omitted it where they could; and in verſe, (where the metre would not allow omiſſion,) they ſubſtituted ſome other word in its place. The author, I have not the leaſt doubt, wrote here—By *heaven*—. MALONE.

This

This day is call'd—the feaſt of Criſpian [3]:
He, that out-lives this day, and comes ſafe home,
Will ſtand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouze him at the name of Criſpian.
He, that ſhall live this day, and ſee old age [4],
Will yearly on the vigil feaſt his friends,
And ſay—to-morrow is ſaint Criſpian:
Then will he ſtrip his ſleeve, and ſhew his ſcars,
And ſay, theſe wounds I had on Criſpin's day *.
Old men forget; yet all ſhall be forgot [5];
But he'll remember, with advantages [6],
What feats he did that day: Then ſhall our names,
Familiar in their mouths [7] as houſhold words,—
Harry the king, Bedford, and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Saliſbury and Gloſter,—
Be in their flowing cups freſhly remember'd:

3 —*of Criſpian*:—] The battle of Agincourt was fought upon the 25th of October, St. Criſpin's day. The legend upon which this is founded, follows. "Criſpinus and Criſpianus were bretheren, born at Rome; from whence they travelled to Soiſſons in France, about the year 303, to propagate the chriſtian religion; but becauſe they would not be chargeable to others for their maintenance, they exerciſed the trade of ſhoemakers; but the governor of the town diſcovering them to be chriſtians, ordered them to be beheaded about the year 303. From which time, the ſhoemakers made choice of them for their tutelar ſaints." *Wheatley's Rational Illuſtration*, folio edit. p. 76. GREY.

4 *He that ſhall* live *this day and ſee old age*,] The folio reads:

He that ſhall *ſee* this day and *live* old age.

The tranſpoſition (which is ſupported by the quarto,) was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

* *And ſay, theſe wounds I had on Criſpin's day.*] This line I have reſtored from the quarto, 1600. The preceding line appears to me abrupt and imperfect without it. MALONE.

5 —yet *all*—] I believe, we ſhould read,—*yea*, all, &c. MALONE.

6 —*with advantages*,—] Old men, notwithſtanding the natural forgetfulneſs of age, ſhall remember *their feats of this day*, and remember to tell them *with advantage*. Age is commonly boaſtful, and inclined to magnify paſt acts and paſt times. JOHNSON.

7 *Familiar in* their mouths—] i. e. in the mouths of the old man ("who has outlived the battle and come ſafe home,") and "his friends." This is the reading of the quarto, which I have preferred to that of the folio,—*his mouth*; becauſe *their* cups, the reading of the folio in the ſubſequent line, would otherwiſe appear, if not ungrammatical, extremely awkward. The quarto reads—in their flowing *bowls*; and there are other conſiderable variations in the two copies. MALONE.

This

This ſtory ſhall the good man teach his ſon;
And Criſpin Criſpian ſhall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world [8],
But we in it ſhall be remembered:
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he, to-day that ſheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er ſo vile,
This day ſhall gentle his condition [9]:
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themſelves accurs'd, they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any ſpeaks,
That fought with us upon ſaint Criſpin's day [1].

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. My ſovereign lord, beſtow yourſelf with ſpeed:
The French are bravely [2] in their battles ſet,
And will with all expedience [3] charge on us.

K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be ſo.

Weſt. Periſh the man, whoſe mind is backward now!

K. Hen. Thou doſt not wiſh more help from England, couſin?

Weſt. God's will, my liege, 'would you and I alone,
Without more help, might fight this battle out [*]!

[8] *From this day to the ending*—] It may be obſerved that we are apt to promiſe to ourſelves a more laſting memory than the changing ſtate of human things admits. This prediction is not verified; the feaſt of Criſpin paſſes by without any mention of Agincourt. Late events obliterate the former: the civil wars have left in this nation ſcarcely any tradition of more ancient hiſtory. JOHNSON.

9 —*gentle his condition*:] This day ſhall advance him to the rank of a gentleman. JOHNSON.

King Henry V. inhibited any perſon but ſuch as had a right by inheritance, or grant, to aſſume coats of arms, except thoſe who fought with him at the battle of Agincourt; and, I think, theſe laſt were allowed the chief ſeats of honour at all feaſts and public meetings. TOLLET.

[1] —*upon ſaint Criſpin's day.*] This ſpeech, like many others of the declamatory kind, is too long. Had it been contracted to about half the number of lines, it might have gained force, and loſt none of the ſentiments. JOHNSON.

[2] — *bravely* —] is *ſplendidly, oſtentatiouſly*. JOHNSON.

[3] — *expedience* —] i. e. expedition. STEEVENS.

[*] — might *fight this battle* out.] Thus the quarto. The folio reads:—— could fight this *royal* battle. MALONE.

K. Hen.

K. Hen. Why, now thou haſt unwiſh'd five thouſand men[4];
Which likes me better, than to wiſh us one.—
You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, king Harry,
If for thy ranſom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy moſt aſſured overthrow:
For, certainly, thou art ſo near the gulf,
Thou needs muſt be englutted. Beſides, in mercy,
The Conſtable deſires thee—thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their ſouls
May make a peaceful and a ſweet retire

4 — *thou haſt unwiſh'd five thouſand men*;—] By wiſhing only thyſelf and me, thou haſt wiſhed five thouſand men away. Shakſpeare never thinks on ſuch trifles as numbers. In the laſt ſcene the French are ſaid to be *full threeſcore thouſand*, which Exeter declares to be *five to one*; but, by the king's account they are twelve to one. JOHNSON.

Holinſhed makes the Engliſh army conſiſt of 15,000, and the French of 60,000 horſe, beſides foot, &c. in all 100,000; while Walſingham and Harding repreſent the Engliſh as but 9000; and other authors ſay that the number of French amounted to 150,000. STEEVENS.

Fabian ſays the French were 40,000, and the Engliſh only 7000.

Dr. Johnſon, however, I apprehend, miſunderſtood the king's words. He ſuppoſes that Henry means to ſay, that Weſtmoreland, wiſhing himſelf and Henry alone to fight the battle out with the French, had *wiſhed away* the *whole Engliſh army*, conſiſting of *five thouſand* men. But Henry's meaning was, I conceive, very different. Weſtmoreland had before expreſſed a wiſh that *ten thouſand* of thoſe who were idle at that moment in England were added to the king's army; a wiſh, for which when it was uttered, Henry, whether from policy or ſpirit, reprimanded him. Weſtmoreland now ſays, he ſhould be glad that he and the king alone, without any other aid whatſoever, were to fight the battle out againſt the French. "Bravely ſaid, (replies Henry;) you have now *half* atoned for your former timid wiſh for *ten* thouſand additional troops. You have *unwiſhed* half of what you wiſh'd before." The king is ſpeaking figuratively, and Dr. Johnſon underſtood him literally. —Shakſpeare therefore, though often inattentive to "ſuch trifles as numbers," is here not inaccurate. He undoubtedly meant to repreſent the Engliſh army, (according to Exeter's ſtate of it,) as conſiſting of about *twelve thouſand* men; and according to the beſt accounts this was nearly the number that Henry had in the field. Hardyng, who was himſelf at the battle of Agincourt, ſays that the French army conſiſted of one hundred thouſand; but the account is probably exaggerated. MALONE.

From

From off theſe fields, where (wretches) their poor bodies
Muſt lie and feſter.

K. Hen. Who hath ſent thee now?

Mont. The Conſtable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former anſwer back;
Bid them atcheive me, and then ſell my bones.
Good God! why ſhould they mock poor fellows thus?
The man, that once did ſell the lion's ſkin
While the beaſt liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many of our bodies ſhall, no doubt,
Find native graves; upon the which, I truſt,
Shall witneſs live in braſs of this day's work:
And thoſe that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They ſhall be fam'd; for there the ſun ſhall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The ſmell whereof ſhall breed a plague in France.
Mark then abounding valour in our Engliſh [5];
That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a ſecond courſe of miſchief,
Killing in relapſe of mortality [6].

Let

[5] *Mark then* abounding *valour in our Engliſh*;] Thus the folio. The quarto has *abundant*. Mr. Theobald reads—*a bounding* valour; conceiving that "the revival of the Engliſh valour was compared to the *rebounding* of a cannon ball;" and probably miſled by the idle notion that our author's imagery muſt be round and correſponding on every ſide, and that this line was intended to be in uniſon with the next. This was ſo far from being an object of Shakſpeare's attention, that he ſeems to delight in paſſing haſtily from one idea to another. To ſupport his emendation, Mr. Theobald miſrepreſented the reading of the quarto, which he ſaid was *aboundant*. It is, as has been already ſtated, *abundant*; and proves in my apprehenſion deciſively that the reading of the folio is not formed by any accidental union of different words; for though *abounding* may according to Mr. Theobald's idea be made two words, by what analyſis can *abundant* be ſeparated?

We have had already in this play—"*ſuperfluous* courage," an expreſſion of nearly the ſame import "as *abounding* valour."

Mr. Theobald's emendation, however, has been adopted in all the modern editions. MALONE.

[6] *Killing in relapſe of mortality.*] What it is *to kill in relapſe of mortality*, I do not know. I ſuſpect that it ſhould be read:

Ki lling

Let me ſpeak proudly;—Tell the conſtable,
We are but warriors for the working-day[7]:
Our gayneſs, and our gilt[8], are all beſmirch'd
With

Killing in reliques *of mortality.*

That is, continuing to *kill* when they are the *reliques* that *death* has left behind it.

That the alluſion is, as Mr. Theobald thinks, *exceedingly beautiful*, I am afraid few readers will diſcover. The *valour* of a putrid body, that deſtroys by the ſtench, is one of the thoughts that do no great honour to the poet. Perhaps from this putrid valour Dryden might borrow the poſthumous empire of Don Sebaſtian, who was to reign whereſoever his atoms ſhould be ſcattered. JOHNSON.

By this phraſe, however uncouth, Shakſpeare ſeems to mean the ſame as in the preceding line. *Mortality* is death. So, in *K. Henry VI.* Part I:

" —— I beg *mortality*
" Rather than life.

Relapſe may be uſed for *rebound.* Shakſpeare has given *mind of honour*, for *honourable mind*; and by the ſame rule might write *relapſe of mortality* for fatal or *mortal rebound*; or by *relapſe of mortality*, he may mean—after they had *relapſed into inanimation.*

This *putrid valour* is common to the deſcriptions of other poets as well as Shakſpeare and Dryden, and is predicated to be no leſs victorious by Lucan, lib. vii. v. 821.

" Quid fugis hanc cladem, quid olentes deſeris agros?
" Has trahe, Cæſar, aquas; hoc, ſi potes, utere cœlo.
" Sed tibi tabentes populi Pharſalica rura
" Eripiunt, campoſque tenent victore fugato."

Corneille has imitated this paſſage in the firſt ſpeech in his *Pompée*:

" ——de chars,
" Sur ſes champs empeſtés confuſément épars,
" Ces montagnes de morts privés d'honneurs ſuprêmes,
" Que la nature force à ſe venger eux-mêmes,
" Et de leurs troncs pourris exhale dans les vents
" De quoi faire la guerre au reſte des vivans."

Voltaire, in his letter to the academy of Belles Lettres at Paris, oppoſes the preceding part of this ſpeech to a quotation from Shakſpeare. The Frenchman, however, very prudently ſtopped before he came to the lines which are here quoted. STEEVENS.

The ruggedneſs of this line, which is rendered by the word *relapſe* (at leaſt as we now accent it,) ſcarcely metre, induces me to think, with Dr. Johnſon, that word corrupt. MALONE.

[7] —*warriors for the working day:*] We are ſoldiers but coarſely dreſſed; we have not on our holiday apparel. JOHNSON.

[8] —*our* gilt,] i. e. golden ſhow, ſuperficial gilding. Obſolete. So, in *Timon of Athens:*

With rainy marching in the painful field;
There's not a piece of feather in our hoſt,
(Good argument, I hope, we ſhall not fly,)
And time hath worn us into ſlovenry:
But, by the maſs, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poor ſoldiers tell me—yet ere night
They'll be in freſher robes; or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French ſoldiers' heads,
And turn them out of ſervice. If they do this,
(As, if God pleaſe, they ſhall,) my ranſom then
Will ſoon be levy'd. Herald, ſave thou thy labour;
Come thou no more for ranſom, gentle herald;
They ſhall have none, I ſwear, but theſe my joints:
Which if they have as I will leave 'em to them,
Shall yield them little, tell the conſtable.

Mont. I ſhall, king Harry. And ſo fare thee well:
Thou never ſhalt hear Herald any more. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. I fear, thou'lt once more come again for ranſom.

Enter the Duke of YORK[9].

York. My lord, moſt humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.

K. Hen. Take it, brave York,—Now, ſoldiers, march away:—
And how thou pleaſeſt, God, diſpoſe the day! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The field of battle.

Alarums; Excurſions. Enter French *ſoldier,* PISTOL, *and* Boy.

Piſt. Yield, cur.

Fr. Sol. *Je penſe, que vous eſtes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.*

Piſt.

"When thou waſt in thy *gilt* and thy perfume, &c."
Again, in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1592:
"And now the rain hath beaten off thy *gilt*." STEEVENS.

[9] — *the Duke of York.*] This perſonage is the ſame, who appears in our author's *K. Richard II.* by the title of *Duke of Aumerle.* His chriſtian name was Edward. He was the eldeſt ſon of Edmond of Langley, Duke of York, who is introduced in the ſame play, and who was the fifth

Piſt. Quality, call you me?—Conſtrue me[1], art thou a gentleman? What is thy name? diſcuſs[2].

Fr. Sol. *O ſeigneur Dieu!*

Piſt. O, ſignieur Dew ſhould be a gentleman[3]:—
Perpend my words, O ſignieur Dew, and mark;—
O ſignieur Dew, thou dy'ſt on point of fox[4],
Except, O ſignieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ranſom.

Fr. Sol. O, *prennez miſericorde! ayez pitié de moy!*

Piſt. Moy ſhall not ſerve, I will have forty moys;
For I will fetch thy rim[5] out at thy throat,
In drops of crimſon blood.

Fr. Sol.

fifth ſon of King Edward III. Richard Earl of Cambridge, who appears in the ſecond act of this play, was younger brother to this Edward Duke of York. MALONE.

[1] *Quality*, call you me? *Conſtrue me*,—] The folio, where alone theſe words are found, reads—qualitee *calmie cuſture* me—. Dr. Warburton changed *cuſture* to *conſtrue*, and Mr. Edwards in his Mſ. notes propoſed the correction of *calmie*. MALONE.

[2] —diſcuſs.] This affected word is uſed by Lylly in his *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

"But firſt I muſt *diſcuſs* this heavenly cloud." STEEVENS.

[3] —ſignieur Dew *ſhould be a* gentleman:] I cannot help thinking, that Shakſpeare intended here a ſtroke at a paſſage in a famous old book, call'd, *The Gentlemans Academie in Hawking, Hunting, and Armorie*, written originally by Juliana Barnes, and re-publiſhed by Gervaſe Markham, 1595. The firſt chapter of the *Booke of Armorie*, is, "The difference 'twixt *Churles* and *Gentlemen*;" and it ends thus: "From the of-ſpring of *gentlemanly Japhet* came *Abraham*, *Moyſes*, *Aaron*, and the Prophets; and alſo the king of the right line of *Mary*, of whom that *only abſolute gentleman*, *Jeſus*, was borne:—*gentleman*, by his mother *Mary*, princeſſe of coat armor." FARMER.

[4] —*on point of* fox,] *Fox* is an old cant word for a ſword. So, in *The two angry women of Abington*, 1599: "I had a ſword, ay the flower of Smithfield for a ſword, a right *fox* i'faith." Again, in *The Life and Death of Captain Thomas Stukeley*, 1605: "—old hack'd ſwords, *foxes*, bilbos, and horn-buckles." STEEVENS.

[5] —*thy* rim—] It appears, from ſir Arthur Gorges's *Tranſlation of Lucan*, 1614, that ſome part of the inteſtines was anciently called the *rimme*. Lucan. B. i:

"The ſlender *rimme*, too weake to part
"The boyling liver from the heart—".
"—*parvuſque ſecat vitalia limes*. L. 623.

"*Parvus limes* (ſays one of the ſcholiaſts) præcordia indicat; membrana

Fr. Sol. *Eſt il impoſſible d'eſchapper la force de ton bras?*
Piſt. Braſs, cur[6]!

Thou

brana illa quæ cor et pulmones a jecore et liene dirimit." I believe it is now called the *diaphragm* in human creatures, and the ſkirt or midriff in beaſts; but ſtill in ſome places, the *rim*. Phil. Holland, in his tranſlation of Pliny's *Nat. Hiſt.* ſeveral times mentions the *rim* of the paunch. See B. XXVIII. ch. ix. p. 321, &c. STEEVENS.

Cole in his DICTIONARY, 1678, deſcribes it as the caul in which the bowels are wrapped. MALONE.

[6] *Braſs, cur!*] Either Shakſpeare had very little knowledge in the French language, or his over-fondneſs for punning led him in this place, contrary to his own judgment, into an error. Almoſt every one knows that the French word *bras* is pronounced *brau*; and what reſemblance of ſound does this bear to *braſs*, that Piſtol ſhould reply *Braſs, cur?* The joke would appear to a reader, but could ſcarce be diſcovered in the performance of the play. Sir W. RAWLINSON.

If the pronunciation of the French language be not changed ſince Shakſpeare's time, which is not unlikely, it may be ſuſpected ſome other man wrote the French ſcenes. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon makes a doubt, whether the pronunciation of the French language may not be changed ſince Shakſpeare's time; "if not," ſays he, "it may be ſuſpected that ſome other man wrote the French ſcenes": but this does not appear to be the caſe, at leaſt in this termination, from the rules of the grammarians, or the practice of the poets. I am certain of the former from the French *Alphabeth* of De la Mothe, and the *Orthoepia Gallica* of John Eliot; and of the latter from the rhymes of Marot, Ronſard, and Du Bartas.—Connections of this kind were very common. Shakſpeare himſelf aſſiſted Ben Jonſon in his *Sejanus*, as it was originally written; and Fletcher in his *Two Noble Kinſmen*. FARMER.

The word *moy* proves in my apprehenſion deciſively, that Shakſpeare, or whoever furniſhed him with his French, (if indeed he was aſſiſted by any one,) was unacquainted with the true pronunciation of that language. *Moy* he has in *K. Richard II.* made a rhime to *deſtroy*, ſo that it is clear that he ſuppoſed it was pronounced exactly as it is ſpelled, as he here ſuppoſes *bras* to be pronounced:

"Speak it in French, king; ſay, pardonnez *moy*.
"Doſt thou teach pardon pardon to *deſtroy*?"

The word *bras* was without doubt pronounced in the laſt age by the French, and by the Engliſh who underſtood French, as at preſent, *braw*. So, as Dr. Farmer obſerves to me, in the prologue to *The Firſt Day's Entertainment at Rutland Houſe*, by Sir W. D'Avenant:

"And could the walls to ſuch a wideneſs *draw*,
"That all might ſit at eaſe in *chaiſe a bras*."

Drummond of Hawthornden tells us that Ben Jonſon did not underſtand French. It does not, I own, therefore follow that Shakſpeare

was

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat[7],
Offer'ſt me braſs?

Fr. Sol. *O, pardonnez moy!*

Piſt. Say'ſt thou me ſo? is that a ton of moys[8]?—
Come hither, boy; Aſk me this ſlave in French,
What is his name.

Boy. *Eſcoutez; Comment eſtes vous appellé?*

Fr. Sol. *Monſieur le Fer.*

Boy. He ſays, his name is—maſter Fer.

Piſt. Maſter Fer! I'll fer him, and firk him[9], and ferrit him:—diſcuſs the ſame in French unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firk.

Piſt. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. *Que dit-il, monſieur?*

Boy. *Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites vous preſt; car ce ſoldat icy eſt diſpoſé tout à cette heure de couper voſtre gorge.*

Piſt. Ouy, couper gorge, par ma foy, peſant,
Unleſs thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangled ſhalt thou be by this my ſword.

Fr. Sol. *O, je vous ſupplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner! Je ſuis gentilhomme de bonne maiſon; gardez ma vie, & je vous donneray deux cents eſcus.*

was alſo unacquainted with that language; but I think it highly probable that that was the caſe; or at leaſt that his knowledge of it was very ſlight. MALONE.

7 — *luxurious* mountain goat,] *Luxurious* means *laſcivious*. See p. 517, n. 6. STEEVENS.

8 — *a ton of moys?*] *Moys* is a piece of money; whence *moi d'or*, or *moi* of gold. JOHNSON.

9 — *and* firk *him*,] The work *firk* is ſo variouſly uſed by the old writers, that it is almoſt impoſſible to aſcertain its preciſe meaning. On this occaſion it may mean to *chaſtiſe*. So, in *Ram-Alley*, 1611:

" —— nay, I will *firk*
" My ſilly novice, as he was never *firk'd*
" Since midwives bound his noddle."

In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Rule a Wife*, &c. it means to collect by low and diſhoneſt induſtry:

" — theſe five years ſhe has *firk'd*
" A pretty living."

In the *Alchemiſt*, it is obſcenely uſed. STEEVENS.

Piſt. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to ſave his life: he is a gentleman of a good houſe; and, for his ranſom, he will give you two hundred crowns.

Piſt. Tell him,—my fury ſhall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. *Petit monſieur, que dit-il?*

Boy. *Encore qu'il eſt contre ſon jurement, de pardonner aucun priſonnier; neantmoins, pour les eſcus que vous l'avez promis, il eſt content de vous donner la liberté, le franchiſement.*

Fr. Sol. *Sur mez genoux, je vous donne mille remerciemens: & je m'eſtime heureux que je ſuis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je penſe, le plus brave, valiant, & tres diſtingué ſeigneur d' Angleterre.*

Piſt. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thouſand thanks: and he eſteems himſelf happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one, (as he thinks) the moſt brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy ſignieur of England.

Piſt. As I ſuck blood, I will ſome mercy ſhew.—
Follow me, cur. [*Exit* PISTOL.

Boy. *Suivez vous le grand capitaine.*

[*Exit* French *Soldier.*

I did never know ſo full a voice iſſue from ſo empty a heart: but the ſaying is true,—The empty veſſel makes the greateſt ſound. Bardolph, and Nym, had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i'the old play[1], that every

[1] — *this* roaring devil *i' the old play,*] In modern puppet-ſhows, which ſeem to be copied from the old farces, *punch* ſometimes fights the devil, and always overcomes him. I ſuppoſe the *vice* of the old farce, to whom *punch* ſucceeds, uſed to fight the devil with a wooden dagger. JOHNSON.

The devil, in the old myſteries, is as turbulent and vainglorious as Piſtol. So, in one of the *Coventry Whitſun Plays*, preſerved in the Britiſh Muſeum. *Veſpaſian.* D. VIII. p. 136:

" I am your lord Lucifer that out of helle cam,
" Prince of this world, and gret duke of helle;
" Wherfore my name is clepyd ſer Satan,
" Whech aperyth among you a mater to ſpelle."

And perhaps the character was always performed in the moſt clamorous manner.

In

every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hang'd; and ſo would this be, if he durſt ſteal any thing advent'rouſly. I muſt ſtay with the lacqueys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it, but boys. [*Exit.*

In the ancient *Tragedy*, or rather *Morality*, called *All for Money*, by T. Lupton, 1578, *Sin* ſays:

" I knew I would make him ſoon change his note,
" I will make him ſing the Black Sanctus, I hold him a groat,
" [Here *Satan* ſhall *cry and roar.*"

Again, a little after:

" Here he *roareth and crieth.*"

Of the kind of wit current through theſe productions, a better ſpecimen can hardly be found than the following:

" *Satan.* Whatever thou wilt have, I will not thee denie.
" *Sinne.* Then give me a piece of thy tayle to make a flappe for a flie.
" For if I had a piece thereof, I do verily believe
" The humble bees ſtinging ſhould never me grieve.
" *Satan.* No, my friend, no, my tayle I cannot ſpare,
" But aſke what thou wilt beſides, and I will it prepare.
" *Sinne.* Then your noſe I would have to ſtop my tayle behind,
" For I am combred with collike and letting out of winde:
" And if it be too little to make thereof a caſe,
" Then I would be ſo bolde to borrowe your face."

Such were the entertainments, of which our maiden queen ſat ſpectatreſs in the earlier part of her reign. STEEVENS.

In the old Moralities the devil was always attacked by the *Vice*, who belaboured him with his lath, and ſent him roaring off the ſtage. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

" In a trice,
" Like to the old *vice*,
" Who, with *dagger of lath*,
" In his rage and his wrath,
" Cries ah! ha! to the *devil.*"

And in *The* old *Taming of a Shrew*, one of the players ſays, "my lord, we muſt have—a little vinegar to make our *devil roar.*"—"It was a pretty part in the old church-plays, (ſays Harſnett, in his *Detection of Popiſh Impoſtures*, quarto, 1603,) when the nimble Vice would ſkip up nimbly like a jacke an apes into the devil's necke, and ride the devill a courſe, and belabour him with his *wooden dagger*, till he made him *roare*, whereat the people would laugh to ſee the devill ſo vice-haunted."

The reaſon of the Vice's endeavouring to entertain the audience by attempting to pair the devil's nails, has been already aſſigned in a note on *Twelfth Night*, Vol. IV. p. 96. n. 9. MALONE.

SCENE V.

Another part of the field of battle.

Alarums. Enter Dauphin, Orleans, Bourbon, Conſtable, Rambures, *and Others.*

Con. *O diable!*

Orl. *O ſeigneur!—le jour eſt perdu, tout eſt perdu!*

Dau. *Mort de ma vie!* all is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlaſting ſhame
Sits mocking in our plumes.—*O meſchante fortune!*—
Do not run away. [*A ſhort alarum.*

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. O perdurable ſhame[2]!—let's ſtab ourſelves.
Be theſe the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

Orl Is this the king we ſent to for his ranſom?

Bour. Shame, and eternal ſhame, nothing but ſhame!
Let us die in fight[3]: Once more back again;

2 *O* perdurable *ſhame!—*] *Perdurable* is laſting, long to continue. So in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, &c.:

"Triumphant arcs of *perdurable* might." Steevens.

3 *Let us die in* fight:] For the inſertion of the word *fight*, which (as I obſerved in my *Second Appendix*, 8vo. 1783,) appears to have been omitted by the negligence of the tranſcriber or compoſitor, I am anſwerable. So Bourbon ſays afterwards: "I'll to the throng; Let life be ſhort." Macbeth utters the ſame ſentiment:

"At leaſt we'll die with harneſs on our backs."

Mr. Theobald corrected the text by reading *inſtant* inſtead of *in*; but (as I have already remarked,) it is highly improbable that a printer ſhould omit *half* a word; nor indeed does the word *inſtant* ſuit the context. Bourbon probably did not wiſh to die more than other men; but if we are conquered, (ſays he,) if we are to die, let us bravely die *in combat with our foes*, and make their victory as dear to them as we can.

The editor of the ſecond folio, who always cuts a knot inſtead of untying it, ſubſtituted *fly* for *die*, and abſurdly reads, Let us *fly* in; leaving the metre, which was deſtroyed by the omiſſion of a word, ſtill imperfect, and at the ſame time rendering the paſſage nonſenſe. The lines ſtand thus in the quarto, 1600:

"*Con.* We are enough yet living in the field
"To ſmother up the Engliſh,
"If any order might be thought upon."
"*Bour.* A plague of order! once more to the field;
"And he that will not follow," &c. Malone.

And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence, and, with his cap in hand,
Like a baſe pander, hold the chamber-door,
Whilſt by a ſlave, no gentler * than my dog,
His faireſt daughter is contaminate [4].

Con. Diſorder, that hath ſpoil'd us, friend us now!
Let us, in heaps, go offer up our lives
Unto theſe Engliſh, or elſe die with fame [5].

Orl. We are enough, yet living in the field,
To ſmother up the Engliſh in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now! I'll to the throng;
Let life be ſhort; elſe, ſhame will be too long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Another part of the field.

Alarums. Enter King HENRY *and forces*; EXETER, *and Others.*

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen:
But all's not done, yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The duke of York commends him to your majeſty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle? thrice, within this hour,
I ſaw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;
From helmet to the ſpur, all blood he was.

Exe. In which array, (brave ſoldier,) doth he lie,
Larding the plain: and by his bloody ſide,
(Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,)
The noble earl of Suffolk alſo lies.

* — *no* gentler —] Who has no more *gentility*. MALONE.

4 — *is* contaminate.] The quarto has—*contamuracke*, which corrupted word, however, is ſufficient to lead us to the true reading now inſerted in the text: It is alſo ſupported by the metre and the uſage of our author and his contemporaries. We have had in this play "hearts *create*," for hearts *created*: ſo, elſewhere, *combinate*, for *combin'd*; *conſummate*, for *conſummated*, &c. The folio reads—*contaminated*. MALONE.

5 *Unto theſe Engliſh, or elſe die with fame.*] This line I have reſtored from the quarto 1600. The conſtable of France is throughout the play repreſented as a brave and generous enemy, and therefore we ſhould not deprive him of a reſolution which agrees ſo well with his character. STEEVENS.

Suffolk

Suffolk firſt dy'd: and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay inſteep'd,
And takes him by the beard; kiſſes the gaſhes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;
And cries aloud,—*Tarry, dear couſin Suffolk!*
My ſoul ſhall thine keep company to heaven:
Tarry, ſweet ſoul, for mine, then fly a-breaſt;
As, in this glorious and well-foughten field,
We kept together in our chivalry!
Upon theſe words I came, and cheer'd him up:
He ſmil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, ſays,—*Dear my lord,*
Commend my ſervice to my ſovereign.
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiſs'd his lips;
And ſo, eſpous'd to death, with blood he ſeal'd
A teſtament of noble-ending love[6].
The pretty and ſweet manner of it forc'd
Thoſe waters from me, which I would have ſtopp'd;
But I had not ſo much of man in me,
But all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears[7].

K. Hen. I blame you not;
For, hearing this, I muſt perforce compound
With miſtful eyes[8], or they will iſſue too.— [*Alarum,*

[6] *A* teſtament *of* noble-*ending love.*] So the folio. The quarto reads: An *argument* of *never* ending love. MALONE.

[7] But *all my mother came into mine eyes,*
And gave me up to tears.] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—*And* all, &c. *But* has here the force of – But *that*. MALONE.

This thought is apparently copied by Milton, *Par. Loſt*, b. xi:

"—— compaſſion quell'd
"His beſt of man, *and gave him up to tears.*" STEEVENS.

Dryden alſo in *All for Love*, A. I. has the ſame expreſſion:

"I have not wept this forty year; but now
"*My mother comes afreſh into my eyes*;
"I cannot help her ſoftneſs." REED.

[8] —with *miſtful*—] Folio—*mixtful*. Corrected by Dr. Warburton. The paſſage is not in the quarto. MALONE.

This word the poet took from his obſervation of nature, for juſt before the burſting out of tears the eyes grow dim as if in a miſt. WARBURTON.

But,

But, hark! what new alarum is this ſame[9]?—
The French have re-inforc'd their ſcatter'd men:—
Then every ſoldier kill his priſoners;
Give the word through[1]. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Another part of the field.

Alarums. Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage[2]! 'tis expreſsly againſt the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery,

9 —*what new alarum is this ſame?*] The alarum on which Henry ordered the priſoners to be ſlain, was ſounded by the affrighted runaways from his own camp, who brought intelligence that the French had got behind him, and had pillaged it. See a ſubſequent note. Not knowing the extent of his danger, he gave the order here mentioned, that every ſoldiers ſhould kill his priſoners.

After Henry ſpeaks theſe words, "what new alarum is this ſame?" Shakſpeare probably intended that a meſſenger ſhould enter, and ſecretly communicate this intelligence to him; though by ſome negligence no ſuch marginal direction appears. MALONE.

1 *Give the word through.*] Here the quartos 1600 and 1608 add: Piſt. *Couper gorge.* STEEVENS.

Here in the folio the fourth act begins. The preſent regulation was made by Mr. Pope, and has been adopted by all the ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

2 *Kill the poys and the luggage!*] The baggage, during the battle (as king Henry had no men to ſpare) was guarded only by boys and lacqueys; which ſome French runaways getting notice of, they came down upon the Engliſh camp-boys, whom they kill'd, and plundered, and burn'd the baggage: in reſentment of which villainy it was, that the king, contrary to his wonted lenity, order'd all priſoners' throats to be cut. And to this villainy of the French runaways Fluellen is alluding, when he ſays, *Kill the poys and the luggage!* The fact is ſet out both by Hall and Holinſhed. THEOBALD.

Unhappily the king gives one reaſon for his order to kill the priſoners, and Gower another. The king killed his priſoners becauſe he expected another battle, and he had not men ſufficient to guard one army and fight another. Gower declares that the *gallant king* has *worthily* ordered the priſoners to be deſtroyed, becauſe the luggage was plundered, and the boys were ſlain. JOHNSON.

Our author has here, as in all his hiſtorical plays, followed Holinſhed; in whoſe Chronicle *both* theſe reaſons are aſſigned for Henry's conduct. Shakſpeare therefore has not departed from hiſtory; though he has choſen to make Henry himſelf mention one of the reaſons which actuated him, and Gower mention the other. See p. 573, n. 6. MALONE.

mark

mark you now, as can be offer'd, in the 'orld: In your conſcience now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly raſcals, that ran from the battle, have done this ſlaughter: beſides, they have burn'd and carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king, moſt worthily, hath cauſed every ſoldier to cut his priſoner's throat. O, 'tis a gallant king!

Flu. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, captain Gower: What call you the town's name, where Alexander the pig was born?

Gow. Alexander the great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, ſave the phraſe is a little variations.

Gow. I think, Alexander the great was born in Macedon; his father was called—Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think, it is in Macedon, where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain,—If you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant, you ſhall find, in the compariſons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the ſituations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is alſo moreover a river at Monmouth: it is call'd Wye, at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis ſo like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is ſalmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander (God knows, and you know,) in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his diſpleaſures, and his indignations, and alſo being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his peſt friend, Clytus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that; he never kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made an end and finiſh'd. I

ſpeak

ſpeak but in the figures and compariſons of it: As Alexander is kill his friend Clytus [3], being in his ales and his cups; ſo alſo Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his goot judgments, is turn away the fat knight [4] with the great pelly-doublet: he was full of jeſts, and gypes, and knaveries, and mocks; I am forget his name.

Gow. Sir John Falſtaff.

Flu. That is he: I can tell you, there is goot men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majeſty.

Alarum. Enter King HENRY, *with a part of the* Engliſh *forces*; WARWICK, GLOSTER, EXETER, *and Others.*

K. Hen. I was not angry ſince I came to France,
Until this inſtant.—Take a trumpet, herald;
Ride thou unto the horſemen on yon hill;
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our ſight:
If they'll do neither, we will come to them;
And make them ſkir away [5], as ſwift as ſtones
Enforced from the old Aſſyrian ſlings:
Beſides, we'll cut the throats of thoſe we have [6];

And

[3] *As Alexander*, &c.] I ſhould ſuſpect that Shakſpeare, who was well read in Sir Thomas North's tranſlation of *Plutarch*, meant theſe ſpeeches of Fluellen as a ridicule on the parallels of the Greek author, in which, circumſtances common to all men are aſſembled in oppoſition, and one great action is forced into compariſon with another, though as totally different in themſelves, as was the behaviour of Harry Monmouth, from that of Alexander the Great. STEEVENS.

[4] — *the fat knight*—] This is the laſt time that Falſtaff can make ſport. The poet was loath to part with him, and has continued his memory as long as he could. JOHNSON.

[5] *And make them* ſkir *away*,—] I meet with this word in Ben Jonſon's *News from the Moon*, a Maſque:—"blow him afore him as far as he can ſee him; or *ſkir* over him with his bat's wings," &c. The word has already occurred in *Macbeth*. STEEVENS.

[6] *Beſides, we'll cut the throats of thoſe we have*;] Dr. Johnſon obſerves that "the king is in a very bloody diſpoſition. He has already cut the throats of his priſoners, and threatens now to cut them again." To remove the abſurdity, (of which he thinks the author could not have been guilty, "this play, as it now appears, being not written in haſte, but a *ſecond draught*",) he propoſes to place theſe lines at the beginning of the preſent ſcene.

The

And not a man of them, that we ſhall take,
Shall taſte our mercy:—Go, and tell them ſo.

Enter

The order of the ſcenes is the ſame (as Dr. Johnſon owns,) in the quarto and the folio; and the ſuppoſition of a *ſecond* draught is, I am perſuaded, a miſtake, originating from Mr. Pope, whoſe reſearches on theſe ſubjects were by no means profound. The quarto copy of this play is manifeſtly an imperfect tranſcript procured by ſome fraud, and not a firſt draught or haſty ſketch of Shakſpeare's. The choruſes, which are wanting in it, and which muſt have been written in 1599, before the quarto was printed, prove this. Yet Mr. Pope aſſerts that theſe choruſes, and all the other paſſages not found in the quarto, were *added* by the author after the year 1600.

With reſpect however to the incongruity objected to, if it be one, Holinſhed, and not our poet, is anſwerable for it. For thus the matter is ſtated by him. While the battle was yet going on, about ſix hundred French horſemen, who were the firſt that had fled, hearing that the Engliſh tents were a good way diſtant from the army, without a ſufficient guard, entered and *pillaged the king's camp*. "When the outcry of the *lackies and boys*, which *ran away for fear of the Frenchmen*, thus ſpoiling the camp, came to the kings ears, he, doubting leſt his enemies ſhould gather together again and begin a newe fielde, and miſtruſting further that the *priſoners* would either be an aide to his enemies, or very enemies to their takers indeed, if they were ſuffered to live, contrary to his accuſtomed gentleneſs, commanded by ſounde of trumpet, that *every man upon pain of death ſhould incontinently ſlea his priſoner*."—Here then we have the firſt tranſaction relative to the killing of the priſoners, in conſequence of the ſpoiling of the camp, to which Fluellen alludes in the beginning of this ſcene, when he complains of the French having "killed the boys and the luggage": and we ſee, the order for killing the priſoners aroſe partly from that outrage, and partly from Henry's apprehenſion that his enemies might renew the battle, and that his forces "were not ſufficient to guard one army, and fight another."

What follows will ſerve to explain the king's threat in the ſpeech now before us, at leaſt will ſhew that it is not out of its place.—"When (proceeds the Chronicler,) this lamentable ſlaughter [of the priſoners] was ended, the Engliſhmen diſpoſed themſelves in order of battayle, ready to abide a newe fielde, and alſo to invade and newly ſet on their enemies.—Some write, that the King *perceiving his enemies in one parte to aſſemble together*, as though they meant to give a new battaile for preſervation of the priſoners, *ſent to them a herault, commaunding them either to depart out of his ſight, or elſe to come forward at once, and give battaile*; *promiſing herewith, that* IF THEY DID OFFER TO FIGHT AGAYNE, NOT ONLY THOSE PRISONERS WHICH HIS PEOPLE ALREADY HAD TAKEN, BUT ALSO SO MANY OF THEM AS IN THIS NEW CONFLICTE, WHICH THEY THUS ATTEMPTED, SHOULD FALL INTO HIS HANDS, SHOULD DIE THE DEATH WITHOUT REDEMPTION."

The

Enter MONTJOY.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.
Glo. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.
K. Hen. How now! what means this herald? know'ſt thou not,
That I have fin'd theſe bones of mine for ranſom?
Com'ſt thou again for ranſom?
Mont. No, great king:
I come to thee for charitable licence,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,

The fact was, that notwithſtanding the firſt order concerning the priſoners, they were not all put to death, as appears from a ſubſequent paſſage, (which aſcertains what our author's conception was,) and from the moſt authentick accounts of the battle of Agincourt. "When the king ſat at his refection, he was ſerved at his boorde of thoſe *great lords and princes that were taken in the field.*" According to Fabian, the Duke of Orleans, who was among the captives, on hearing the proclamation for putting the priſoners to death, was ſo alarmed, that he immediately ſent a meſſage to the newly aſſembled French troops, who thereupon diſperſed. Hardyng, who was himſelf at the battle of Agincourt, ſays, the priſoners were put to death, "*ſave dukes and earles.*" Speed, on the authority of *Monſtrelet*, ſays, "King Henry, contrary to his wonted generous nature, gave preſent commandment that every man ſhould kill his priſoner, which was immediately performed, *certain principal men excepted*;" who, as another Chronicler tells us, were tied back to back, and left unguarded. With this account correſponds that of Stowe; who tells us, that "on that night, when the king ſat at his refection, he was ſerved at his boorde of *thoſe great lords and princes that were taken in the fielde.*" So alſo Polydore Virgil: "Poſtquam *bonam partem* captivorum occiderunt, &c. And laſtly Mr. Hume, on the authority of various ancient hiſtorians, ſays that Henry, on diſcovering that his danger was not ſo great as he at firſt apprehended from the attack on his camp, "ſtopped the ſlaughter, and was ſtill able *to ſave a great number.*"

But though this fact were not eſtabliſhed by the teſtimony of ſo many hiſtorians, and though *every one* of the priſoners had been put to death, according to the original order, it was certainly policy in Henry to conceal that circumſtance, and to *threaten* to kill them, as if they were living; for the motive that induced the French to rally was, (we are told,) to ſave theſe priſoners; and if they had been informed that they were already executed, they might have been rendered deſperate; at leaſt would have had leſs inducement to lay down their arms. This however is a diſquiſition which is not neceſſary to our author's vindication. He followed the chronicle juſt as he found it. MALONE.

To

To book our dead, and then to bury them;
To ſort our nobles from our common men;
For many of our princes (woe the while!)
Lie drown'd and ſoak'd in mercenary blood;
(So do our vulgar drench their peaſant limbs
In blood of princes;) and their wounded ſteeds[7]
Fret fetlock deep in gore, and, with wild rage,
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead maſters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,
To view the field in ſafety, and diſpoſe
Of their dead bodies.

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not, if the day be ours, or no;
For yet a many of your horſemen peer,
And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours.

K. Hen. Praiſed be God, and not our ſtrength, for it!—
What is this caſtle call'd, that ſtands hard by?

Mont. They call it—Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this—the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Criſpin Criſpianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't pleaſe your majeſty, and your great-uncle Edward the plack prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a moſt prave pattle here in France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majeſty ſays very true: If your majeſties is remember'd of it, the Welſhmen did goot ſervice in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps[8]; which, your majeſty knows, to this hour

[7] — *and* their *wounded ſteeds.*] The old copy reads—*and* with [illegible], &c.; the compoſitor's eye having probably glanced on the line beneath. Mr. Pope unneceſſarily rejected both words, reading—*while* their wounded ſteeds," in which he was followed by the ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

[8] — *in their* Monmouth *caps*;] *Monmouth caps* were formerly much worn. From the following ſtanza in an old ballad of *The Caps*, printed in *The Antidote againſt Melancholy*, 1661, p. 31, it appears they were particularly worn by ſoldiers:

" The ſoldiers that the *Monmouth* wear,
" On caſtle's tops their enſigns rear.

" The

hour is an honourable padge of the ſervice: and, I do believe, your majeſty takes no ſcorn to wear the leek upon ſaint Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honour:
For I am Welſh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot waſh your majeſty's Welſh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: Got pleſs it and preſerve it, as long as it pleaſes his grace, and his majeſty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Cheſhu, I am your majeſty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confeſs it to all the 'orld: I need not to be aſhamed of your majeſty, praiſed be God, ſo long as your majeſty is an honeſt man.

K. Hen. God keep me ſo!—Our heralds go with him;
Bring me juſt notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to* Williams. *Exeunt* Montjoy *and Others.*

Exe. Soldier, you muſt come to the king.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wear'ſt thou that glove in thy cap?

Will. An't pleaſe your majeſty, 'tis the gage of one that I ſhould fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Engliſhman?

Will. An't pleaſe your majeſty, a raſcal, that ſwagger'd with me laſt night: who, if 'a live, and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have ſworn to take him a box o'the ear: or, if I can ſee my glove in his cap, (which, he ſwore, as he was a ſoldier, he would wear, if alive,) I will ſtrike it out ſoundly.

K. Hen. What think you, captain Fluellen? is it fit this ſoldier keep his oath?

" The ſeaman with the thrumb doth ſtand
" On higher parts then all the land." REED.

" The beſt caps, (ſays Fuller in his *Worthies of Wales*, p. 50,) were formerly made at Monmouth, where the *Capper's* chapel doth ſtill remain.—If (he adds) at this day [1660] the phraſe of *wearing a Monmouth cap* be taken in a bad acception, I hope the inhabitants of that town will endeavour to diſprove the occaſion thereof." MALONE.

Flu. He is a craven and a villain elſe, an't pleaſe your majeſty, in my conſcience.

K. Hen. It may be, his enemy is a gentleman of great ſort[9], quite from the anſwer of his degree[1].

Flu. Though he be as goot a gentleman as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himſelf, it is neceſſary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjured, ſee you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain, and a Jack-ſauce*, as ever his plack ſhoe trod upon Got's ground and his earth, in my conſcience, la.

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, ſirrah, when thou meet'ſt the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who ſerveſt thou under?

Will. Under captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a goot captain; and is good knowledge and literature in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, ſoldier.

Will. I will, my liege. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. Here Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me, and ſtick it in thy cap: When Alençon and myſelf were down together[2], I pluck'd this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon and an enemy to our perſon; if thou encounter any ſuch, apprehend him, an thou doſt love me.

Flu. Your grace does me as great honours, as can be deſired in the hearts of his ſubjects: I would fain ſee the

9 — *great ſort,*] High rank. So, in the ballad of *Jane Shore:*
" Lords and ladies of *great ſort.*" JOHNSON.
The quartos 1600 and 1608 read:
——*his enemy may be a gentleman* of worth. STEEVENS.

1 — *quite from the anſwer of his degree.*] A man of ſuch ſtation as is not bound to hazard his perſon to *anſwer* to a challenge from one of the ſoldier's *low degree.* JOHNSON.

* — *a* Jack-ſauce,] That is, a ſaucy Jack. See Vol. II. p. 214, n. 5. MALONE.

2 *When Alençon and myſelf were down together,*] This circumſtance is not an invention of Shakſpeare's. Henry was felled to the ground at the battle of Agincourt, by the Duke of Alençon, but recovered and ſlew two of the Duke's attendants. Afterwards Alençon was killed by the king's guard, contrary to Henry's intention, who wiſhed to have ſaved him. MALONE.

man, that has but two legs, that ſhall find himſelf aggrief'd at this glove, that is all; but I would fain ſee it once; an pleaſe Got of his grace, that I might ſee it.

K. Hen. Know'ſt thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an pleaſe you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go ſeek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick,—and my brother Gloſter,
Follow Fluellen cloſely at the heels:
The glove, which I have given him for a favour,
May, haply, purchaſe him a box o'the ear;
It is the ſoldier's; I, by bargain, ſhould
Wear it myſelf. Follow, good couſin Warwick:
If that the ſoldier ſtrike him, (as, I judge
By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word,)
Some ſudden miſchief may ariſe of it;
For I do know Fluellen valiant,
And, touch'd with choler, hot as gun-powder,
And quickly will return an injury:
Follow, and ſee there be no harm between them.—
Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Before King Henry's *Pavilion.*

Enter GOWER *and* WILLIAMS.

Will. I warrant, it is to knight you, captain.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Got's will and his pleaſure, captain, I peſeech you now, come apace to the king: there is more goot toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove? I know, the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this; and thus I challenge it. [*Strikes him.*

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant traitor, as any's in the univerſal 'orld, or in France, or in England.

Gow. How now, ſir? you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forſworn?

Flu. Stand away, captain Gower; I will give treaſon his payment into plows[3], I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you in his majeſty's name, apprehend him; he's a friend of the duke Alençon's.

Enter WARWICK, *and* GLOSTER.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu. My lord of Warwick, here is (praiſed be Got for it) a moſt contagious treaſon come to light, look you, as you ſhall deſire in a ſummer's day. Here is his majeſty.

Enter King HENRY, *and* EXETER.

K. Hen. How now! what's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has ſtruck the glove which your majeſty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it: and he, that I gave it to in change, promiſed to wear it in his cap; I promiſed to ſtrike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majeſty hear now, (ſaving your majeſty's manhood,) what an arrant, raſcally, beggarly, lowſy knave it is: I hope, your majeſty is pear me teſtimony, and witneſs and avouchments, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majeſty is give me, in your conſcience now.

K. Hen. Give me thy glove[4], ſoldier; Look, here is the fellow of it. 'Twas I, indeed, thou promiſed'ſt to ſtrike; and thou haſt given me moſt bitter terms.

[3] —into *plows*,—] The *Reviſal* reads, very plauſibly:
"—*in two plows*." JOHNSON.
The quarto reads, *I will give treaſon his* due *preſently*. We might therefore read—*in due* plows, i. e. in the beating that is ſo well his *due*. Fuller in his *Church Hiſtory*, p. 139, ſpeaks of the taſk-maſters of Iſrael, "on whoſe back the numbers of bricks wanting were only *ſcored in blows*." STEEVENS.

[4] *Give me* thy *glove*,] Dr. Johnſon would read *my* glove; but the text is certainly right. By "*thy* glove," the king means—the glove that thou haſt now in *thy* cap; i. e. Henry's glove, which he had given to Williams, (ſee Act. IV. ſc. 1.) and of which he had himſelf retained the fellow. MALONE.

Flu.

Flu. An pleaſe your majeſty, let his neck anſwer for it, if there is any martial law in the 'orld.

K. Hen. How canſt thou make me ſatisfaction?

Will. All offences, my liege, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your majeſty.

K. Hen. It was ourſelf thou didſt abuſe.

Will. Your majeſty came not like yourſelf: you appear'd to me but as a common man; witneſs the night, your garments, your lowlineſs; and what your highneſs ſuffer'd under that ſhape, I beſeech you, take it for your own fault, and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beſeech your highneſs, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow;
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,
Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns:—
And, captain, you muſt needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly:—Hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to ſerve Got, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and diſſenſions, and, I warrant you, it is the petter for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a goot will; I can tell you, it will ſerve you to mend your ſhoes: Come, wherefore ſhould you be ſo paſhful? your ſhoes is not ſo goot *: 'tis a goot ſilling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an Engliſh Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald; are the dead number'd?

Her. Here is the number of the ſlaughter'd French.
[*delivers a paper.*

K. Hen. What priſoners of good ſort are taken, uncle?

Exe. Charles duke of Orleans[5], nephew to the king;

* —*your* ſhoes *is not ſo goot:*] In the moſt minute particulars we find Shakſpeare as obſervant as in matters of the higheſt moment. *Shoes* are, above any other article of dreſs, an object of attention to the common ſoldier, and moſt liable to be worn out. MALONE.

[5] *Charles Duke of Orleans, &c.*] This liſt is taken from Holinſhed. MALONE.

John duke of Bourbon, and lord Bouciqualt:
Of other lords, and barons, knights, and 'ſquires,
Full fifteen hundred, beſides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thouſand French,
That in the field lie ſlain: of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-ſix: added to theſe,
Of knights, eſquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thouſand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yeſterday dubb'd knights:
So that, in theſe ten thouſand they have loſt,
There are but ſixteen hundred mercenaries[6];
The reſt are—princes, barons, lords, knights, 'ſquires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of thoſe their nobles that lie dead,—
Charles De-la-bret[7], high conſtable of France;
Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France;
The maſter of the croſs-bows, lord Rambures;
Great-maſter of France, the brave Sir Guiſchard Dauphin;
John duke of Alençon; Anthony duke of Brabant,
The brother to the duke of Burgundy;
And Edward duke of Bar: of luſty earls,
Grandpré, and Rouſſi, Fauconberg, and Foix,
Beaumont, and Marle, Vaudemont, and Leſtrale.
Here was a royal fellowſhip of death!—
Where is the number of our Engliſh dead?

[*Herald preſents another paper.*

Edward the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam eſquire:
None elſe of name; and, of all other men,
But five and twenty. O, God thy arm was here,
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Aſcribe we all.—When, without ſtratagem,

[6] —*ſixteen hundred mercenaries*;] *Mercenaries* are in this place *common ſoldiers*, or *hired ſoldiers*. The gentlemen ſerved at their own charge in conſequence of their tenures. JOHNSON.

[7] *Charles* De-la-bret,] *De-la-bret*, as is already obſerved, ſhould be Charles *D'Albret*, would the meaſure permit of ſuch a change. Holinſhed ſometimes apologizes for the omiſſion of foreign names, on account of his inability to ſpell them, but always calls this nobleman "the lord *de la Breth*, conſtable of France." See p. 549, and p. 555. STEEV.

But

But in plain ſhock and even play of battle,
Was ever known ſo great and little loſs,
On one part and on the other?—Take it, God,
For it is only thine!

Exe. 'Tis wonderful!

K. Hen. Come, go we in proceſſion to the village:
And be it death proclaimed through our hoſt,
To boaſt of this, or take that praiſe from God,
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an pleaſe your majeſty, to tell how many is kill'd?

K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgment,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conſcience, he did us great goot.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites;
Let there be ſung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*[8].
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,
We'll then to Calais; and to England then;
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Vouchſafe, to thoſe that have not read the ſtory,
That I may prompt them: and of ſuch as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the excuſe
Of time, of numbers, and due courſe of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here preſented. Now we bear the king

[8] *Let there be ſung* Non nobis, &c.] "The king (ſays Holinſhed,) when he ſaw no appearance of enemies, cauſed the retreat to be blowen, and gathering his army together, gave thanks to Almighty God for ſo happy a victory, cauſing his prelates and chapeleins to ſing this pſalme, *In exitu Iſrael de Egypto*; and commaunding every man to kneele downe, on the grounde at this verſe—*Non nobis, domine, non nobis, ſed nomini tuo da gloriam:* which done, he cauſed *Te Deum* and certain anthems to be ſung, giving laud and praiſe to God, and not boaſting of his owne force, or any humaine power." MALONE.

Toward Calais: grant him there; there ſeen[9],
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
Athwart the ſea: Behold, the Engliſh beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives[1], and boys,
Whoſe ſhouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd ſea,
Which, like a mighty whiffler[2] 'fore the king,
Seems to prepare his way: ſo let him land;
And, ſolemnly, ſee him ſet on to London.
So ſwift a pace hath thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Black-heath:
Where that his lords deſire him, to have borne[3]
His bruiſed helmet, and his bended ſword,
Before him, through the city: he forbids it,
Being free from vainneſs and ſelf-glorious pride;
Giving full trophy[4], ſignal, and oſtent,
Quite from himſelf, to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and workinghouſe of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens!
The mayor, and all his breth'ren, in beſt ſort,—
Like to the ſenators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians ſwarming at their heels,—
Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæſar in:

9 — *grant him* there; there *ſeen*,] If *Toward* be not abbreviated, our author with his accuſtomed licence uſes one of theſe words as a diſſyllable, while to the other he aſſigns only its due length. See Vol. III. p. 54, n. 7. MALONE.

1 — with *wives*, —] *With*, which is wanting in the old copy, was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

2 — *a mighty whiffler* —] An officer who walks firſt in proceſſions, or before perſons in high ſtations, on occaſions of ceremony. The name is ſtill retained in London, and there is an officer ſo called that walks before their companies at times of public ſolemnity. It ſeems a corruption from the French word *huiſſier*. HANMER.

See Mr. Warton's note to the tragedy of *Othello*, Act III. ſc. ii. In the play of *Clyomon, Knight of the Golden Shield*, &c. 1599, a *whiffler* makes his appearance at a tournament, clearing the way before the king. STEEVENS.

3 — *to* have *borne*, &c.] The conſtruction is, to have his bruiſed helmet &c. borne before him through the city: i. e. to order it to be borne. This circumſtance alſo our author found in Holinſhed. MALONE.

4 *Giving full trophy*,—] Transferring all the honours of conqueſt, all trophies, tokens, and ſhews, from himſelf to God. JOHNSON.

As

As, by a lower but by loving likelihood[5],
Were now the general of our gracious empreſs[6]
(As, in good time, he may,) from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his ſword[7],
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him? much more, and much more cauſe,
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;

5 — *likelihood*,] Likelihood for ſimilitude. WARBURTON.

The later editors, in hope of mending the meaſure of this line, have injured the ſenſe. The folio reads as I have printed; but all the books, ſince reviſal became faſhionable, and editors have been more diligent to diſplay themſelves than to illuſtrate their author, have given the line thus:

As by a low, *but loving likelihood.*

Thus they have deſtroyed the praiſe which the poet deſigned for Eſſex; for who would think himſelf honoured by the epithet *low?* The poet, deſirous to celebrate that great man, whoſe popularity was then his boaſt, and afterwards his deſtruction, compares him to king Harry; but being afraid to offend the rival courtiers, or perhaps the queen herſelf, he confeſſes that he *is lower* than a king, but would never have repreſented him abſolutely as *low*. JOHNSON.

Mr. Pope made this improper alteration; as well as a thouſand others equally reprehenſible.—Our author had the beſt grounds for ſuppoſing that Lord Eſſex on his return from Ireland would be attended with a numerous concourſe of well-wiſhers; for, on his ſetting out for that country in the ſpring of the year in which this play was written, "he took horſe (ſays the continuator of Stowe's Chronicle,) in Seeding lane, and from thence being accompanied with diverſe noblemen and many others, himſelfe very plainly attired, roade through Grace-church ſtreet, Cornhill, Cheapſide, and other high ſtreets, in all which places and in the fields, the people preſſed exceedingly to behold him, eſpecially in the high way for more than foure miles ſpace, crying, and ſaying, God bleſſe your Lordſhip, God preſerve your honour, &c. and ſome followed him till the evening, only to behold him." "Such and ſo great (adds the ſame writer,) was the hearty love and deep affection of the people towards him, by reaſon of his bounty, liberalitie, affabilitie and mild behaviour, that as well ſchollars, ſouldiers, citizens, ſaylers, &c. proteſtants, papiſts, ſectaries and atheiſts, yea, women and children which never ſaw him, that it was held in them a happineſs to follow the worſt of his fortunes." That ſuch a man ſhould have fallen a ſacrifice to the caprice of a fantaſtick woman, and the machinations of the deteſtable Cecil, muſt ever be lamented.—His return from Ireland, however, was very different from what our poet predicted. See a curious account of it in the Sydney Papers. Vol. II. p. 127. MALONE.

6 — *the general of our gracious empreſs*—] The earl of Eſſex in the reign of queen Elizabeth. POPE.

7 *Bringing rebellion broached*—] Spitted, tranſfixed. JOHNSON.

(As

(As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the king of England's ſtay at home:
The emperor's coming[8] in behalf of France,
To order peace between them;) and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
Till Harry's back-return again to France;
There muſt we bring him; and myſelf have play'd
The interim, by rembering you—'tis paſt.
Then brook abridgement; and your eyes advance
After your thoughts, ſtraight back again to France. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

France. *An* Engliſh *Court of guard.*

Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER[9].

Gow. Nay, that's right; But why wear you your leek to-day? ſaint Davy's day is paſt.

Flu. There is occaſions and cauſes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you, as my friend, captain Gower; The raſcally, ſcald, beggarly, lowſy, pragging knave, Piſtol,—which you and yourſelf, and all the 'orld, know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits,—he is come to me, and prings me pread and ſalt yeſterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek: it was in

[8] *The emperor's coming*—] The emperor Sigiſmond, who was married to Henry's ſecond couſin. If the text be right, I ſuppoſe the meaning is,—The emperor *is* coming; &c. but I ſuſpect ſome corruption, for the chorus ſpeaks of the emperor's viſit as now *paſt*. I believe, a line has been loſt before "The emperor's," &c.—If we tranſpoſe the words *and omit*, we have a very unmetrical line, but better ſenſe. "Omit the emperor's coming,—and all the occurrences which happened till Harry's return to France." Perhaps this was the author's meaning, even as the words ſtand. If ſo, the mark of parentheſis ſhould be placed after the word *home*, and a comma after *them*. MALONE.

[9] *Enter Fluellen, and Gower.*] This ſcene ought, in my opinion, to conclude the fourth act, and be placed before the laſt chorus. There is no Engliſh camp in this act; the quarrel apparently happened before the return of the army to England, and not after ſo long an interval as the chorus has ſupplied. JOHNSON.

Fluellen preſently ſays that he wore his leek in conſequence of an affront he had received but the day before from Piſtol. Their preſent quarrel has therefore no reference to that begun in the ſixth ſcene of the third act. STEEVENS.

a place

a place where I could not breed no contentions with him; but I will be ſo pold as to wear it in my cap till I ſee him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my deſires.

Enter PISTOL.

Gow. Why, here he comes, ſwelling like a turkey-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his ſwellings, nor his turkey-cocks.—Got pleſs you, ancient Piſtol! you ſcurvy, lowſy knave, Got pleſs you!

Piſt. Ha! art thou Bedlam? doſt thou thirſt, baſe Trojan, To have me fold up Parca's fatal web[1]? Hence! I am qualmiſh at the ſmell of leek.

Flu. I peſeech you heartily, ſcurvy lowſy knave, at my deſires, and my requeſts, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek; becauſe, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digeſtions, does not agree with it, I would deſire you to eat it.

Piſt. Not for Cadwallader, and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. [*ſtrikes him.*] Will you be ſo goot, ſcald knave, as eat it?

Piſt. Baſe Trojan, thou ſhalt die.

Flu. You ſay very true, ſcald knave, when Got's will is: I will deſire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals; come, there is ſauce for it. [*ſtriking him again.*] You call'd me yeſterday, mountain-ſquire; but I will make you to-day a ſquire of low degree[2]. I pray you, fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain; you have aſtoniſh'd him[3].

[1] *To have me fold up*, &c.] Doſt thou deſire to have me put thee to death? JOHNSON.

[2] — *ſquire of low degree.*] That is, *I will bring thee to the ground.* JOHNSON.

The ſquire of Low Degree is the title of an old romance, enumerated among other books in a letter concerning *Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenelworth.* STEEVENS.

This metrical romance was burleſqued by Chaucer in his rhime of *Sir Thopas*, and begins thus:

" It was a *ſquyre of lowe degre*,
" That loved the kings daughter of Hungré."

See *Reliques of Engliſh Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 30. 2d edit. PERCY.

[3] — *aſtoniſh'd him.*] That is, you have ſtunned him with the blow. JOHNSON.

Flu.

Flu. I ſay, I will make him eat ſome part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days:—Pite, I pray you; it is goot for your green wound, and your ploody coxcomb.

Piſt. Muſt I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly; and out of doubt, and out of queſtions too, and ambiguities.

Piſt. By this leek, I will moſt horribly revenge; I eat, and eat, I ſwear [4].

Flu. Eat, I pray you: Will you have ſome more ſauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to ſwear by.

Piſt. Quiet thy cudgel; thou doſt ſee, I eat.

Flu. Much goot do you, ſcald knave, heartily. Nay, 'pray you, throw none away; the ſkin is goot for your proken coxcomb. When you take occaſions to ſee leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at them; that is all.

Piſt. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is goot:—Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Piſt. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily, and in truth, you ſhall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you ſhall eat.

Piſt. I take thy groat, in earneſt of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels; you ſhall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*

Piſt. All hell ſhall ſtir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition,—begun upon an honourable reſpect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceas'd valour,—and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have ſeen you gleeking [5] and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, becauſe he could not ſpeak Engliſh in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an Engliſh cudgel: you find it otherwiſe; and, henceforth, let a Welſh correction teach you a good

[4] *I eat, and eat, I ſwear.*] Thus the firſt folio, for which the later editors have put, *I eat and ſwear.* We ſhould read, I ſuppoſe, in the frigid tumour of Piſtol's dialect,—*I eat, and* eke *I ſwear.* JOHNSON.

[5] —*gleeking*—] i. e. ſcoffing, ſneering. STEEVENS.

a good Engliſh condition *. Fare ye well. [*Exit.*

Piſt. Doth fortune play the huſwife [6] with me now?
News have I, that my Nell is dead [7] i'the 'ſpital
Of malady of France;
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd will I turn,
And ſomething lean to cut-purſe of quick hand.
To England will I ſteal, and there I'll ſteal:
And patches will I get unto theſe ſcars,
And ſwear, I got them in the Gallia wars [8]. [*Exit.*

* — *a good Engliſh* condition.] That is, a good Engliſh temper or diſpoſition. See p. 600, n. 3. MALONE.

[6] *Doth fortune play the* huſwife—] That is, the *jilt*. *Huſwife* is here in an ill ſenſe. JOHNSON.

[7] *News have I, that my* Nell *is dead*—] The folio reads, that my *Doll* is dead. The correction was made by Dr. Johnſon. In a former ſcene Piſtol ſays,

"Nor ſhall my *Nell* keep lodgers." MALONE.

Dol Tearſheet was ſo little the favourite of Piſtol that he offered her in contempt to Nym. Nor would her death have *cut off his rendezvous*; that is, *deprived him of a home*. Perhaps the poet forgot his plan.

In the quartos 1600, and 1608, the lines are read thus:

"Doth fortune playe the huſwye with me now?
"Is honour cudgel'd from my warlike lines [loins]?
"Well, France farewell. News have I certainly,
"That Doll is ſick one [on] mallydie of France.
"The warres affordeth nought; home will I trug,
"Bawd will I turne, and uſe the ſlyte of hand;
"To England will I ſteal, and there I'll ſteal;
"And patches will I get unto theſe ſkarres,
"And ſwear I gat them in the Gallia warres." JOHNSON.

[8] The comick ſcenes of *The Hiſtory of Henry the Fourth* and *Fifth* are now at an end, and all the comick perſonages are now diſmiſſed. Falſtaff and Mrs. Quickly are dead; Nym and Bardolph are hanged; Gads-hill was loſt immediately after the robbery; Poins and Peto have vaniſhed ſince, one knows not how; and Piſtol is now beaten into obſcurity. I believe every reader regrets their departure. JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Troyes *in* Champagne[9]. *An Apartment in the* French *King's Palace.*

Enter, at one door, King HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, *and other Lords; at another, the* French *King, Queen* ISABEL, *the Princeſs* CATHARINE, *Lords, Ladies, &c. the duke of* BURGUNDY, *and his Train.*

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met[1]!
Unto our brother France,—and to our ſiſter,
Health and fair time of day:—joy and good wiſhes
To our moſt fair and princely couſin Catharine;
And (as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great aſſembly is contriv'd,)
We do ſalute you, duke of Burgundy;—
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,

[9] Henry ſome time before his marriage with Catharine, accompanied by his brothers, uncles, &c. had a conference with her, the French King and Queen, the Duke of Burgundy, &c. in a field near Melun, where two pavillions were erected for the royal families, and a third between them for the council to aſſemble in and deliberate on the articles of peace. "The Frenchmen, (ſays the Chronicle,) ditched, trenched, and paled their lodgings for fear of after-clappes; but the Engliſhmen had their parte of the field only *barred* and parted." But the treaty was then broken off. Sometime afterwards they again met in St. Peter's church at Troyes in Champagne, where Catharine was affianced to Henry, and the articles of peace between France and England finally concluded.—Shakſpeare, having mentioned in the courſe of this ſcene, "a bar and royal interview," ſeems to have had the former place of meeting in his thoughts; the deſcription of the field near Melun in the Chronicle ſomewhat correſponding to that of a bar or barriers. But the place of the preſent ſcene is certainly Troyes in Champagne. However, as St. Peter's church would not admit of the French King and Queen &c. retiring, and then appearing again on the ſcene, I have ſuppoſed, with the former editors, the interview to take place in a palace. MALONE.

[1] *Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!*] Peace, for which we are here met, be to this meeting.

Here after the chorus, the fifth act ſeems naturally to begin. JOHNSON.

Moſt

Moſt worthy brother England; fairly met:—
So are you, princes Engliſh, every one.

Q. Iſa. So happy be the iſſue, brother England,
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Againſt the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering baſiliſks:
The venom of ſuch looks, we fairly hope,
Have loſt their quality; and that this day
Shall change all griefs, and quarrels, into love.

K. Hen. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

Q. Iſa. You Engliſh princes all, I do ſalute you.

Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great kings of France and England! That I have labour'd
With all my wits, my pains, and ſtrong endeavours,
To bring your moſt imperial majeſties
Unto this bar[2] and royal interview,
Your mightineſs on both parts beſt can witneſs.
Since then my office hath ſo far prevail'd,
That, face to face, and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted; let it not diſgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub, or what impediment, there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,
Dear nurſe of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not, in this beſt garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely viſage?
Alas! ſhe hath from France too long been chas'd;
And all her huſbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies[3]: her hedges even-pleach'd,—

[2] *Unto this bar*—] To this *barrier*; to this place of congreſs. JOHNSON.

[3] *Unpruned* dies:] We muſt read, *lyes*; for neglect of pruning does not kill the vine, but cauſes it to ramify immoderately, and grow wild; by which the requiſite nouriſhment is withdrawn from its fruit. WARBURTON.

This emendation is phyſically right, but poetically the vine may be well enough ſaid to die, which ceaſes to bear fruit. JOHNSON.

Like

Like priſoners wildly over-grown with hair[4],
Put forth diſorder'd twigs: her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
Doth root upon; while that the coulter ruſts,
That ſhould deracinate[5] ſuch ſavagery:
The even mead, that erſt brought ſweetly forth
The freckled cowſlip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the ſcythe, withall uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleneſs; and nothing teems,
But hateful docks, rough thiſtles, keckſies, burs,
Loſing both beauty and utility.
And as our vineyards[6], fallows, meads, and hedges,
Defective in their natures[7], grow to wildneſs;

Even

[4] — *her hedges even-pleach'd,* —

Like priſoners wildly over-grown with hair,] This image of priſoners is oddly introduced. A *hedge even-pleach'd* is more properly impriſoned than when it luxuriates in unpruned exuberance. JOHNSON.

The learned commentator miſapprehended, I believe, our author's ſentiment. Hedges are pleached, that is, their long branches being cut off, are twiſted and woven through the lower part of the hedge, in order to thicken and ſtrengthen the fence. The following year, when the hedge ſhoots out, it is cuſtomary in many places to clip the ſhoots, ſo as to render them even. The Duke of Burgundy therefore, among other inſtances of the neglect of huſbandry, mentions this; that the hedges, which *were* even-pleached, for want of trimming put forth irregular twigs; like priſoners, who in their confinement have neglected the uſe of the razor, and in conſequence are wildly overgrown with hair. The hedge in its cultivated ſtate, when it is *even-pleached*, is compared to the priſoner; in its "wild exuberance," it reſembles the priſoner "overgrown with hair."

As a hedge, however, that is *even-pleached* or woven together, and one that is *clipt*, are alike reduced to an even ſurface, our author with his uſual licence might have meant only by *even-pleached*, "our hedges which were heretofore *clipp'd* ſmooth and even."

The line "Like priſoners," &c. it ſhould be obſerved, relates to the one which follows, and not to that which precedes it. The conſtruction is, Her even-pleached hedges put forth diſordered twigs, reſembling perſons in priſon, whoſe faces are from neglect over-grown with hair. MALONE.

[5] —*deracinate* —] To *deracinate* is to force up by the roots. STEEV.

[6] *And* as *our vineyards* —] The old copy reads—And *all* our vineyards. The emendation was made by Mr. Roderick. MALONE.

[7] *Defective in their natures,* —] *Nature* had been changed by Dr. Warburton into *nurture*; but, as Mr. Upton obſerves, unneceſſarily. *Sua deficiuntur natura.* They were not defective in their *creſcive* nature

Even ſo our houſes, and ourſelves, and children,
Have loſt, or do not learn, for want of time,
The ſciences that ſhould become our country;
But grow, like ſavages,—as ſoldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
To ſwearing, and ſtern looks, diffus'd attire[8],
And every thing that ſeems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour[9],
You are aſſembled: and my ſpeech entreats,
That I may know the let, why gentle peace
Should not expel theſe inconveniencies,
And bleſs us with her former qualities.

K. Hen. If, duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
Whoſe want gives growth to the imperfections
Which you have cited, you muſt buy that peace
With full accord to all our juſt demands;
Whoſe tenours and particular effects
You have, enſchedul'd briefly, in your hands.

Bur. The king hath heard them; to the which, as yet,
There is no anſwer made.

K. Hen. Well then, the peace,
Which you before ſo urg'd, lies in his anſwer.

Fr. King. I have but with a curſorary eye
O'er-glanc'd the articles: pleaſeth your grace
To appoint ſome of your council preſently
To ſit with us once more, with better heed
To re-ſurvey them, we will, ſuddenly,
Paſs our accept, and peremptory anſwer[1].

K. Hen.

ture, for they grew to wildneſs; but they were defective in their proper and favourable nature, which was to bring forth food for man. STEEV.

[8] — diffus'd *attire,*] *Diffus'd* is ſo much uſed by our author for *wild, irregular,* and *ſtrange,* that in *The Merry Wives of Windſor* he applies it to a ſong ſuppoſed to be ſung by fairies. JOHNSON.

See Vol. I. p. 284, n. 1. MALONE.

[9] —*former favour,*] Former *appearance.* JOHNSON.

[1] — *we will ſuddenly*

Paſs our *accept, and peremptory anſwer.*] Dr. Warburton reads,—Paſs *or* accept; in which he is followed by the ſubſequent editors. "As the French king (ſays he,) deſires more time to conſider of the articles, 'tis abſurd in him to ſay abſolutely that he would accept them all.

K. Hen. Brother, we ſhall.—Go, uncle Exeter,—
And brother Clarence *,—and you, brother Gloſter,—
Warwick,—and Huntington,—go with the king:
And take with you free power, to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wiſdoms beſt
Shall ſee advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in, or out of, our demands;
And we'll conſign thereto.—Will you, fair ſiſter,
Go with the princes, or ſtay here with us?

Q. Iſa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them;
Haply, a woman's voice may do ſome good,
When articles, too nicely urg'd, be ſtood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our couſin Catharine here with us;
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Iſa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all but* HENRY, CATH. *and her Gentlewoman.*

K. Hen. Fair Catharine, and moſt fair[2]!

Will

He muſt mean that he would at once *wave* and *decline* what he diſliked, and conſign to ſuch as he approved of."—But the objection is founded, I apprehend, on a miſconception of the word *accept*, which does not, I think, import that he would accept them all, but means *acceptation*. We will immediately, ſays he, deliver our *acceptation* of theſe articles, —the opinion which we ſhall form upon them, and our peremptory anſwer to each particular. Fuller in his *Worthies*, 1660, uſes *acception* for *acceptation*. See Sc. vii. of the preceding act, p. 577, n. 8.

If any change were to be made, I would rather read,—"Paſs *or except*, &c." i. e. *agree* to, or *except* againſt the articles, as I ſhould either approve or diſlike them. So, in a ſubſequent part of this ſcene:

"Nor this I have not, brother, ſo deny'd,
"But your requeſt ſhall make me let it *paſs*." MALONE.

Paſs *our* accept, and peremptory anſwer: i. e. we will paſs our acceptance of what we approve, and we will paſs a peremptory anſwer to the reſt. Politeneſs might forbid his ſaying, we will paſs a denial, but his own dignity required more time for deliberation. Beſides, if we read—Paſs *or* accept, is not *peremptory anſwer* ſuperfluous, and plainly implied in the former words? TOLLET.

* *And brother* Clarence,] Neither Clarence nor Huntingdon, whom the king here addreſſes, has been enumerated in the *Dramatis Perſonæ*, as neither of them ſpeaks a word. Huntington was John Holland, Earl of Huntington, who afterwards married the widow of Edmond Mortimer, Earl of March. MALONE.

[2] *Fair Catharine, and moſt fair!*] Shakſpeare might have taken the hint

Will you vouchſafe to teach a ſoldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-ſuit to her gentle heart?

Cath. Your majeſty ſhall mock at me; I cannot ſpeak your England.

K. Hen. O fair Catharine, if you will love me ſoundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confeſs it brokenly with your Engliſh tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Cath. Pardonnez moy, I cannot tell vat is—like me.

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate; and you are like an angel.

Cath. Que dit-il? que je ſuis ſemblable à les anges?

Alice. *Ouy, vrayment, (ſauf voſtre grace) ainſi dit il.*

K. Hen. I ſaid ſo, dear Catharine; and I muſt not bluſh to affirm it.

Cath. *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes ſont pleines des tromperies.*

K. Hen. What ſays ſhe, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice. *Ouy*; dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princeſs.

K. Hen. The princeſs is the better Engliſh woman. I'faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy underſtanding: I am glad, thou canſt ſpeak no better Engliſh; for, if thou couldſt, thou wouldſt find me ſuch a plain king [3], that thou wouldſt

hint for this ſcene from the anonymous play of *Henry V.* ſo often quoted, where the king begins with greater bluntneſs, and with an exordium moſt truly Engliſh:

"How now, fair lady Katharine of France!
"What news?" STEEVENS.

3 — *ſuch a plain king,*—] I know not why Shakſpeare now gives the king nearly ſuch a character as he made him formerly ridicule in Percy. This military groſſneſs and unſkilfulneſs in all the ſofter arts does not ſuit very well with the gaieties of his youth, with the general knowledge aſcribed to him at his acceſſion, or with the contemptuous meſſage ſent him by the dauphin, who repreſents him as fitter for the ball-room than the field, and tells him that he is not *to revel into dutchies,* or win provinces *with a nimble galliard.* The truth is, that the poet's matter failed him in the fifth act, and he was glad to fill it up with whatever he could get; and not even Shakſpeare can write well without a proper ſubject. It is a vain endeavour for the moſt ſkilful hand to cultivate barrenneſs, or to paint upon vacuity. JOHNSON.

wouldſt think, I had ſold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to ſay—I love you: then, if you urge me farther than to ſay—Do you in faith? I wear out my ſuit. Give me your anſwer; i'faith, do; and ſo clap hands, and a bargain[4]: How ſay you, lady?

Cath. *Sauf voſtre honneur*, me underſtand well.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verſes, or to dance for your ſake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor meaſure; and for the other, I have no ſtrength in meaſure[5], yet a reaſonable meaſure in ſtrength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my ſaddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it ſpoken, I ſhould quickly leap into a wife. Or, if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horſe for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and ſit like a jack-an-apes, never off: but, before God, I cannot look greenly, nor gaſp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in proteſtation; only downright oaths, which I never uſe till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canſt love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whoſe face is not worth ſun-burning, that never looks in his glaſs for love of any thing he ſees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I ſpeak to thee plain ſoldier: If thou canſt love me for this, take me: if not, to ſay to thee

Our author, I believe, was led imperceptibly by the old play to give this repreſentation of Henry, and meant probably, in this ſpeech at leaſt, not to oppoſe the *ſoldier* to the *lover*, but the plain honeſt *Engliſhman*, to the leſs ſincere and more talkative *Frenchman*. In the old *King Henry V.* quatto, 1598, the correſponding ſpeech ſtands thus:

" *Hen.* Tuſh Kate, but tell me in plain terms,
" Canſt thou love the king of England?
" *I* cannot do *as theſe countries do*,
" That ſpend half their time in wooing:
" Tuſh, wench, *I am none ſuch*;
" But wilt thou go over to England?"

The ſubſequent ſpeech, however, " Marry, if you would put me to verſes," &c. fully juſtifies Dr. Johnſon's obſervation. MALONE.

4 — *and ſo* clap hands, *and a bargain:*] See Vol. IV. p. 128, n. 9. MALONE.

5 *I have no ſtrength in* meaſure,] That is, in the dance ſo called. See Vol. II. p. 405, n. 4. MALONE.

—that

—that I ſhall die, is true; but—for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou liveſt, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined conſtancy[6]; for he perforce muſt do thee right, becauſe he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for theſe fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhime themſelves into ladies' favours,—they do always reaſon themſelves out again. What! a ſpeaker is but a prater; a rhime is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a ſtraight back will ſtoop; a black beard will turn white; a curl'd pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is the ſun and the moon; or, rather, the ſun, and not the moon; for it ſhines bright, and never changes, but keeps his courſe truly. If thou would have ſuch a one, take me: And take me, take a ſoldier; take a ſoldier, take a king: And what ſay'ſt thou then to my love? ſpeak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Cath. Is it poſſible dat I ſhould love de enemy of France[7]?

K. Hen. No; it is not poſſible, you ſhould love the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me, you ſhould love the friend of France; for I love France ſo well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

Cath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which, I am ſure, will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her huſband's neck, hardly to be ſhook off. *Quand j'ay la poſſeſſion de France, & quand vous avez le poſſeſſion de moi,* (let me ſee, what then? Saint Dennis be my ſpeed!)—*donc voſtre eſt France, & vous eſtes mienne.*

6. —*take a fellow of plain and* uncoined *conſtancy*;] To *coin* is to *ſtamp* and to *counterfeit*. He uſes it in both ſenſes; *uncoined* conſtancy ſignifies *real* and *true* conſtancy, *unrefined* and *unadorned*. JOHNSON.

"Uncoined conſtancy," reſembling a plain piece of metal that has not yet received any impreſſion. Catharine was the firſt woman that Henry had ever loved. A. C.

7 *Is it poſſible dat I ſhould love de enemy of France?*] So, in the anonymous play of the *Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*: "*Kate.* How ſhould I love thee, which is my father's enemie? STEEVENS.

It is as eaſy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to ſpeak ſo much more French: I ſhall never move thee in French, unleſs it be to laugh at me.

Cath. *Sauf voſtre honneur, le François que vous parlez, eſt meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.*

K. Hen. No, faith, is't not, Kate: but thy ſpeaking of my tongue, and I thine, moſt truly falſely, muſt needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, doſt thou underſtand thus much Engliſh? Canſt thou love me?

Cath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll aſk them. Come, I know, thou loveſt me: and at night when you come into your cloſet, you'll queſtion this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will, to her, diſpraiſe thoſe parts in me, that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princeſs, becauſe I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'ſt mine, Kate, (as I have a ſaving faith within me, tells me, —thou ſhalt,) I get thee with ſcambling[8], and thou muſt therefore needs prove a good ſoldier-breeder: Shall not thou and I, between ſaint Dennis and ſaint George, compound a boy, half French, half Engliſh, that ſhall go to Conſtantinople[9], and take the Turk by the beard? ſhall we not? what ſay'ſt thou, my fair flower-de luce?

Cath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promiſe: do but now promiſe, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of ſuch a boy; and, for my Engliſh moiety, take the word of a king and a bachelor. How anſwer you, *la plus belle Catharine du monde, mon tres chere et divine deeſſe?*

Cath. Your *majeſté* 'ave *fauſſe* French enough to deceive de moſt *ſage damoiſelle* dat is *en France.*

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my falſe French! By mine honour, in true Engliſh, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not ſwear, thou loveſt me; yet my blood be-

[8] —*with* ſcambling,] i. e. ſcrambling. See p. 452, n. 5. STEEV.

[9] —*go to Conſtantinople,* —] Shakſpeare has here committed an anachroniſm. The Turks were not poſſeſſed of Conſtantinople before the year 1453, when Henry V. had been dead thirty one years. THEOBALD.

gin

gins to flatter me that thou doſt, notwithſtanding the poor and untempering effect[1] of my viſage. Now beſhrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a ſtubborn outſide, with an aſpect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I ſhall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more ſpoil upon my face: thou haſt me, if thou haſt me, at the worſt; and thou ſhalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; And therefore tell me, moſt fair Catharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden bluſhes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empreſs; take me by the hand, and ſay—Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou ſhalt no ſooner bleſs mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud—England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I ſpeak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the beſt king, thou ſhalt find the beſt king of good fellows. Come, your anſwer in broken muſick; for thy voice is muſick, and thy Engliſh broken: therefore, queen of all, Catharine, break thy mind to me in broken Engliſh, Wilt thou have me?

Cath. Dat is, as it ſhall pleaſe de *roy mon pere*.

K. Hen. Nay, it will pleaſe him well, Kate; it ſhall pleaſe him, Kate.

Cath. Den it ſhall alſo content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I will kiſs your hand, and I call you —my queen,

Cath. *Laſſez, mon ſeigneur, laiſſez, laiſſez: ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abbaiſſez voſtre grandeur, en baiſant la main d'une voſtre indigne ſerviteure; excuſez moy, je vous ſupplie, mon tres puiſſant ſeigneur.*

[1] — untempering *effect* —] The ſenſe is, I underſtand that you love me, notwithſtanding my face has no power to *temper*, i. e. ſoften you to my purpoſe:

" —nature made you
" To *temper* man—." Otway.

So again, in *Titus Andronicus*, which may, at leaſt, be quoted as the work of an author contemporary with Shakſpeare:

" And *temper* him with all the art I have." STEEVENS.

K. Hen.

K. Hen. Then I will kiſs your lips, Kate.

Cath. *Les dames, & damoiſelles, pour eſtre baiſées devant leur nopces, il n'eſt pas le coûtume de France.*

K. Hen. Madam my interpreter, what ſays ſhe?

Alice. Dat it is not be de faſhion *pour les* ladies of France,—I cannot tell what is, *baiſer, en* Engliſh.

K. Hen. To kiſs.

Alice. Your majeſty *entendre* bettre *que moy.*

K. Hen. It is not a faſhion for the maids in France to kiſs before they are married, would ſhe ſay?

Alice. *Ouy, vrayment.*

K. Hen. O, Kate, nice cuſtoms curt'ſy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak liſt of a country's faſhion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places, ſtops the mouth of all find-faults; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice faſhion of your country, in denying me a kiſs: therefore, patiently, and yielding. [*kiſſing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a ſugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council; and they ſhould ſooner perſuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs[2]. Here comes your father.

Enter the French *King and Queen,* BURGUNDY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WESTMORELAND, *and other* French *and* Engliſh *Lords.*

Bur. God ſave your majeſty! my royal couſin, teach you our princeſs Engliſh?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair couſin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good Engliſh?

Bur. Is ſhe not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz; and my condition is not ſmooth[3]: ſo that, having neither the voice nor the

[2] —*your lips—ſhould ſooner perſuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs.*] So, in the old anonymous *Henry V:* "Tell thy father from me, that none in the world ſhould ſooner have perſuaded me," &c. STEEVENS.

[3] —*my* condition *is not ſmooth:*] *Condition* is temper. So, in *K. Henry IV.* Part I. ſc. iii:

"——my *condition,*

"Which has been ſmooth as oil," &c. STEEVENS.

heart

heart of flattery about me, I cannot ſo conjure up the ſpirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeneſs.

Bur. Pardon the frankneſs of my mirth[4], if I anſwer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you muſt make a circle: if conjure up love in her in his true likeneſs, he muſt appear naked, and blind: Can you blame her then, being a maid yet roſed over with the virgin crimſon of modeſty, if ſhe deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked ſeeing ſelf? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to conſign to.

K. Hen. Yet they do wink, and yield; as love is blind, and enforces.

Bur. They are then excuſed, my lord, when they ſee not what they do.

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your couſin to conſent to winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to conſent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well ſummer'd and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Hen. This moral ties me over to time[5], and a hot ſummer; and ſo I ſhall catch the fly, your couſin, in the latter end, and ſhe muſt be blind too.

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is ſo: and you may, ſome of you, thank love for my blindneſs; who cannot ſee many a fair French city, for one fair French maid that ſtands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you ſee them perſpectively, the cities turn'd into a maid; for they are all girdled

4 *Pardon the frankneſs of my mirth,*—] We have here but a mean dialogue for princes; the merriment is very groſs, and the ſentiments are very worthleſs. JOHNSON.

5 *This moral*—] That is, the application of this fable. The *moral* being the application of a fable, our author calls any application a *moral*. JOHNSON.

See Vol. II. p. 265, n. 7. MALONE.

with maiden walls [6], that war hath never enter'd.

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So pleaſe you.

K. Hen. I am content; ſo the maiden cities you talk of, may wait on her: ſo the maid, that ſtood in the way for my wiſh, ſhall ſhew me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have conſented to all terms of reaſon.

K. Hen. Is't ſo, my lords of England?

Weſt. The king hath granted every article:
His daughter, firſt; and then in ſequel all [7],
According to their firm propoſed natures.

Exe. Only, he hath not yet ſubſcribed this:—
Where your majeſty demands,—That the king of France, having any occaſion to write for matter of grant, ſhall name your highneſs in this form, and with this addition, in French,—*Notre tres cher filz Henry roy d' Angleterre, heretier de France*; and thus in Latin,—*Præclariſſimus filius* [8] *noſter Henricus, rex Angliæ, & hæres Franciæ.*

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, ſo deny'd,
But your requeſt ſhall make me let it paſs.

[6] — *they are all girdled with maiden walls*, &c.] We have again the ſame alluſion in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

" This moves in him more rage, and leſſer pity,
" To make the breach, and enter this ſweet *city*.

Again, in his *Lover's Complaint*:

" And long upon theſe terms I held my *city*,
" Till thus he 'gan beſiege me."

See alſo *All's well that ends well*; Vol. III. p. 359. MALONE.

[7] — *and* then *in ſequel all*,] *Then*, which is not in the old copy, was ſupplied for the ſake of the metre, by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[8] — *Noſtre tres cher filz*—and thus in Latin; *præclariſſimus filius.*—] What, is *tres cher*, in French, *Præclariſſimus* in Latin? We ſhould read, *precariſſimus*. WARBURTON.

" This is exceeding true," ſays Dr. Farmer, " but how came the blunder? It is a typographical one in Holinſhed, which Shakſpeare copied; but muſt indiſputably have been corrected, had he been acquainted with the languages." STEEVENS.

In all the old hiſtorians that I have ſeen, as well as in Holinſhed, I find this miſtake; but in the preamble of the original treaty of Troyes, Henry is ſtyled *Præcariſſimus*; and in the 22d article the ſtipulation is, that he ſhall always be called, " in lingua Gallicana notre tres cher fils, &c; in lingua vero Latina hoc modo, noſter *præcariſſimus* filius Henricus," &c. See Rymer's Fœd. IX. 893. MALONE.

K. Hen.

K. Hen. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the reſt:
And, thereupon, give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair ſon; and from her blood raiſe up
Iſſue to me: that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whoſe very ſhores look pale
With envy of each other's happineſs,
May ceaſe their hatred; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and chriſtian-like accord
In their ſweet boſoms, that never war advance
His bleeding ſword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Now welcome, Kate:—and bear me witneſs all,
That here I kiſs her as my ſovereign queen. [*Flouriſh.*

Fr. Queen. God, the beſt maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms ſuch a ſpouſal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealouſy,
Which troubles oft the bed of bleſſed marriage,
Thruſt in between the paction of theſe kingdoms[9],
To make divorce of their incorporate league;
That Engliſh may as French, French Engliſhmen,
Receive each other!—God ſpeak this Amen!

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Prepare we for our our marriage[1]:—on which day,
My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers', for ſurety of our leagues.—
Then ſhall I ſwear to Kate,—and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and proſp'rous be! [*Exeunt.*

9 — *the* paction *of theſe kingdoms,*] The old copy has—the *pation*—. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

1 *Prepare we,* &c.] The quartos 1600 and 1608 conclude with the following ſpeech:

Hen. *Why then fair Catharine,*
Come, give me thy hand:
Our marriage will we preſent ſolemnize,
And end our hatred by a bond of love.
Then will I ſwear to Kate, and Kate to me,
And may our vows once made, unbroken be. STEEVENS.

Enter CHORUS.

Thus far, with rough, and all unable pen,
Our bending author [2] hath purſu'd the ſtory;
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by ſtarts [3] the full courſe of their glory.
Small time, but, in that ſmall, moſt greatly liv'd
This ſtar of England: fortune made his ſword;
By which the world's beſt garden he atchiev'd,
And of it left his ſon imperial lord.
Henry the ſixth, in infant bands crown'd king
Of France and England, did this king ſucceed;
Whoſe ſtate ſo many had the managing,
That they loſt France, and made his England bleed:
Which oft our ſtage hath ſhown; and, for their ſake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take [4]. [*Exit.*

2 *Our* bending *author*—] By *bending*, our author meant *unequal to the weight of his ſubject, and bending beneath it*; or he may mean, as in *Hamlet*, "Here *ſtooping to your* clemency." STEEVENS.

3 *Mangling by ſtarts*—] By touching only on ſelect parts. JOHNSON.

4 This play has many ſcenes of high dignity, and many of eaſy merriment. The character of the king is well ſupported, except in his courtſhip, where he has neither the vivacity of Hal, nor the grandeur of Henry. The humour of Piſtol is very happily continued: his character has perhaps been the model of all the bullies that have yet appeared on the Engliſh ſtage.

The lines given to the Chorus have many admirers; but the truth is, that in them a little may be praiſed, and much muſt be forgiven; nor can it be eaſily diſcovered why the intelligence given by the Chorus is more neceſſary in this play than in many others where it is omitted. The great defect of this play is the emptineſs and narrowneſs of the laſt act, which a very little diligence might have eaſily avoided. JOHNSON.

THE END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.